

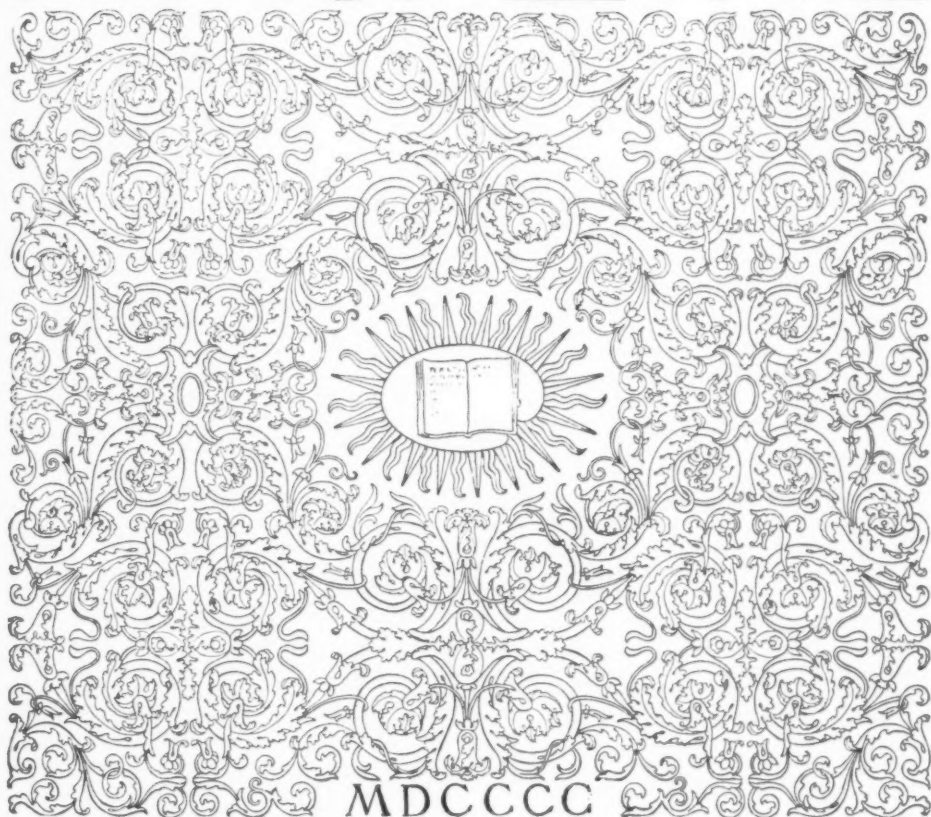
"Dr. North and His Friends," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 5.



THE NATIONAL ZOO AT WASHINGTON.

A STUDY OF ITS ANIMALS IN RELATION TO THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,

Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

AT the beginning of this century the continent of North America was one vast and teeming game-range. Not only were the Buffalo in millions across the Mississippi, but other large game was fully as abundant, though less conspicuous. Herds of Elk, numbering ten or fifteen thousand, were commonly seen along the upper Missouri. The Antelope ranged the higher plains in herds of thousands; Whitetail Deer, though less gregarious, were seen in bands of hundreds; while Bighorn Sheep, though still less disposed to gather in large flocks, were rarely out of sight in the lower parts of the eastern Rockies, and it was quite usual to see several hundred Blacktail in the course of a single day's travel.

But a change set in when the pioneer Americans, with their horses, their deadly rifles, their energy, and their taste for murder, began to invade the newly found West.

The settlers increased in numbers, and the rifles became more deadly each year; but the animals did not improve in speed, cunning, or fecundity in an equal ratio, and so were defeated in the struggle for life, and started on the down grade toward extinction.

Aside from sentimental or esthetic reasons, which I shall not here discuss, the extinction of a large or highly organized animal is a serious matter.

1. It is always dangerous to disturb the balance of nature by removing a poise. Some of the worst plagues have arisen in this way.

2. We do not know, without much and careful experiment, how vast a service that animal might have done to mankind as a domestic species.

The force of this will be more apparent if we recollect how much the few well-known domestic species have done for the advancement of our race. Who can decide which has done more for mankind, the Cow or the steam-engine, the Horse or electricity, the Sheep or the printing-press, the Dog or the rifle, the Ass or the loom? No one indeed can pronounce on these, yet all on reflection feel that there is reason in the comparisons. Take away these inventions, and we are put back a century, or perhaps two; but further, take away the domestic animals, and we are reduced to absolute savagery, for it was they who first made it possible for our aboriginal forefathers to settle in one place and learn the rudiments of civilization.

And it is quite possible, though of course

not demonstrable, that the humble chuckie barn-fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth to-day where the barn-fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is *the* mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.

Now, if the early hunters of these our domestic animals had succeeded in exterminating them before their stock was domesticated,—which easily might have been, for domestication succeeds only after long and persistent effort and, in effect, a remodeling of the wild animal by select breeding,—the loss to the world would have been a very serious matter, probably much more serious than the loss of any invention, because an idea, being born of other ideas, can be lost but temporarily, while the destruction of an organized being is irreparable.

in the end, will prove more truly economic. We are informed, on excellent authority, that man's most important business here is to "know himself."

Evidently one cannot comprehend the nature of a wheel in a machine by study of that wheel alone; one must consider the whole machine or fail. And since it is established that man is merely a wheel in the great machine called the universe, he can never arrive at a comprehension of himself without study of the other wheels also. Therefore to know himself man must study not only himself, but all things to which he is related. This is the motive of all scientific research.

There is no part of our environment that is not filled with precious facts bearing on the "great problem," and the nearer they are to us the more they contain for us. He who will explain the House Sparrow's exemption from bacteriological infections, the White Bear's freedom from troubles that we attribute to uric acid in the blood, or the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

AMONG THE BUFFALO.

And we to-day, therefore, who deliberately exterminate any large and useful, possibly domesticable, wild animal, *may be* doing more harm to the country than if we had robbed it of its navy.

This is the most obvious economic view of the question of extermination. But there is another, a yet higher one, which,

Buffalo's and the Flamingo's immunity from the deadliest malaria, is on the way to conferring like immunities on man. Each advance of science enables us to get more facts out of the same source, so that something that is studied to-day may yield a hundred times the value that it could or did ten years ago; and if that source of knowledge happens to be



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

A BUFFALO COW.

perishable, one can do the race no greater harm than by destroying it.

The Sibylline Books were supposed to contain all necessary wisdom; they were destroyed, one by one, because the natural heir to that wisdom did not realize their value. He did waken up at last, but it was too late to save anything except a fragment. What Tarquin did to the books offered by the Cumæan Sibyl, our own race in America has done to some much more valuable books offered by Nature. To illustrate: Each animal is in itself an inexhaustible volume of facts that man must have to solve the great problem of knowing himself. One by one, not always deliberately, these wonderful volumes have been destroyed, and the facts that

might have been read in them have been lost.

It is hard to imagine a greater injury to the world of thought, which is, after all, the real world, than the destruction of one of these wonderful unread volumes. It is possible that the study of "Man" would suffer more by the extinction of some highly organized animal than it did by the burning of the Alexandrian Library. This is why men of science have striven so earnestly to save our native animals from extinction.

In 1878 there were still millions of Buffalo in the West. That year the Northern Pacific Railroad opened up the Missouri region, and the annual slaughter was greatly increased. In 1882 there were still thousands of Buffalo.

In 1884 all were gone but a few small scattered bands. In 1885 there were probably less than five hundred Buffalo left alive in the United States. In 1886 an expedition fitted out by the government secured with great difficulty enough specimens to make the mounted groups in the National Museum, and it was then clear that unless the authorities took immediate and vigorous steps the Buffalo, within a year or two, would cease to exist.

About this time there appeared a number of articles by well-known observers, calling attention to the fact that the Buffalo's fate was also awaiting, in the near future, all our finest animals, the probable order of extinction being Buffalo, Elk, Antelope, Moose, Bighorn Sheep, Mountain-goat, Mule-deer, Virginia Deer; and the farthest probable date for the ruthless consummation was put at twenty years hence. It required no great argument to convince the public of the truth of these writers' main statements. It was obvious that no possible good was to be gained by exterminating these harmless animals, for the love of slaughter, not the need for their skin, flesh, or range, was the incentive; and the public, though not yet able to look on these animals as the student does, nevertheless realized that it was about to be robbed of something valuable by a few mean-spirited and selfish hunters.

Additional point was given to the obvious moral by the circumstance that, through its far-reaching system of correspondence, the Smithsonian Institution was continually receiving gifts of living animals, which, for lack of space to keep them, had either to be turned into dead specimens or given away to outside zoos, or else returned to their donors.

This was the state of affairs in 1887, when the newly appointed Secretary of the Institution, Mr. S. P. Langley, who, though an astronomer and a physicist, had been very strongly impressed by the fact that all our largest and most interesting native animals were rapidly approaching extinction, conceived the idea of securing a tract of country, as primitive as possible, that might be made a lasting city of refuge for the vanishing races. This was the main idea when first Mr. Langley went before Congress to urge the establishment of a National Zoological Park.

In all ages it has been the custom of potentates to keep a collection of wild animals for their amusement, and the American people, being their own ruler, had numberless

precedents before them when urged to make this much-needed collection of animals.

In such a case the advantage of a monarchy is that only one man must be convinced, whereas in the republic the consent of a majority of seventy millions had to be obtained.

This took time. Fierce battles had to be fought with ignorant and captious politicians. One objected that he did not see why the people should pay "to have the Nebraska Elk and Florida Alligators cooped up." If they had to spend money for it they would want things they could not see at home—Dog-faced Baboons, Kangaroos, Man-eating Tigers, etc. Another, a fervent patriot, objected to any money being spent on exotic species, as it was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution to encourage or import foreigners!

Altogether the Secretary of the Smithsonian found it no easy bill to carry, though it was indorsed by nearly every scientist and educator in the country.

After three years of persistent effort, involving vastly more worry than the management of the whole Smithsonian Institution for three times that period, Mr. Langley succeeded in carrying both houses of Congress over the successive stages of ridicule, toleration, and favorable consideration, to the point of accepting and providing for the scheme.

An appropriation was made for a National Zoological Park to be established in the District of Columbia for the "Advancement of Science and the Instruction and Amusement of the People," as well as a city of refuge where those "native animals that were threatened with extinction might live and perpetuate their species in peace."

An appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was made, but it was clogged with several irksome conditions. One half the expense was to be paid by the District of Columbia, thereby giving the commission a control which changed the plan, making the collection more like the ordinary menagerie. No animals were to be bought, which was much like a rich man building himself a picture-gallery, and saying, "Now, if my friends choose to present me with pictures, all right, I'll house them; but I've done enough for myself in building the gallery." And yet, though falling short of its promoter's original wish, the scheme has notably progressed, and no one who is capable of measuring the future of the Institution can doubt that in founding this Park, where those "na-

tive animals that were threatened with extinction might live and perpetuate their species in peace," Congress has done more for the learning, science, and amusement of the nation than it would in expending a much larger amount in a university, a theater, and a choice library combined; for the fields of the three are already well covered, but the Park, by preserving the nation's heritage of wild animals, has opened important regions of biological research and zoölogical art.

He was a wise old farmer who said to his son, "John, make sure of your land, and everything else will take care of itself." The whole appropriation was wisely expended in securing land, and although scientists have not the highest reputation for business sense, the Park's projector was enough of a business man to secure land that would now fetch at least ten times what was paid for it ten years ago.

It comprises one hundred and sixty-seven acres of land, beautifully diversified with woods and streams, in the suburbs of the city of Washington—land which the Secretary had discovered years before when on rides for recreation, and the absolute fitness of which for the purpose in hand had been helpful in developing the original plan. It included the historical grounds and building of the Quincy Adams Mill and the classical old Holt House; but, better still, it secured a region that had always been a familiar resort of the native birds and quadrupeds of the District of Columbia, affording the best of expert testimony in favor of its salubrity. Mr. Langley recognized the merit of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the well-known naturalist and taxidermist, and obtained his able and energetic superintendence during the earliest formative period of the Park; and when he was called to duties elsewhere, Dr. Frank Baker took up the burden, and under the direction of the Secretary, whose other duties have never interfered with the attention he has given to his own creation, the Park, it has been carried on with all the success that could be expected under the conditions of inadequate support.

Thus the National Zoo was founded under conditions that illustrate in a curious way the adage that the onlooker sees more than the players. Goethe, the poet, surrounded by zoölogists, was the first to point the true way for zoölogical science; it was for Franklin, the philosopher-printer, to teach his contemporaries how a perfect fireplace might be made; and so also Lang-

ley, the physicist, though surrounded by zoölogists, has been the first to discern the pressing need of the study of American zoölogy.

The circumstances which led up to the idea were then unusual, as the plan itself was unique. There have been many menageries in which the animals were confined in box-cages, and there have been many game-parks where the various animals inclosed have wandered at will, with no barrier but the outward wall of the grounds; but this was to be the first zoölogical collection in which each kind of animal was to have a park of its own, where it could live as its race should live, among natural surroundings, with as little restraint as was compatible with its safe-keeping. The available acreage was barely enough to allow of the park scheme being extended to our more important native animals, so that the foreigners, particularly those from the tropic regions, are perforce managed as in the better-class menageries elsewhere. But the glory of the place is in its individual parks. The fencing used is of the invisible kind, which rarely intrudes itself on the observer, and yet is strong enough to restrain the biggest Buffalo. The ample stretches of woods and hills in each inclosure are unmarred by its lines, and the effect is as nearly as possible of seeing animals in the open.

Here they live, and no doubt enjoy their lives, and the observer has a chance to see them pretty much as they were in their native range. They group themselves naturally among trees and rocks, while the uneven ground induces attitudes of endless variety, and the close imitation of natural conditions causes the animals to resume the habits native to their lives in a wild state, thus affording the zoölogist and the artist an opportunity for study never before equaled among captive animals.

The scheme is of course in its infancy yet. Wonders have been done with small appropriations, but many of its essential divisions have not yet been touched.

The Antelope are provided with a little plain, and the Deer have a small woodland where none can harm them or make them afraid. The Buffalo has its little rolling prairie-land, where it may bring forth its young without fear of the deadly omnipresent rifle, and regardless of its ancient foe, the ever-near Gray Wolf, that used to hang on the outskirts of the herds to kill the mother at her helpless time, or, failing, to sneak around like an arrow in a bent bow,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK. FROM THE PICTURE OWNED BY ATHERTON CURTIS.

"GRAY WOLF WATCHING HIS CHANCE."

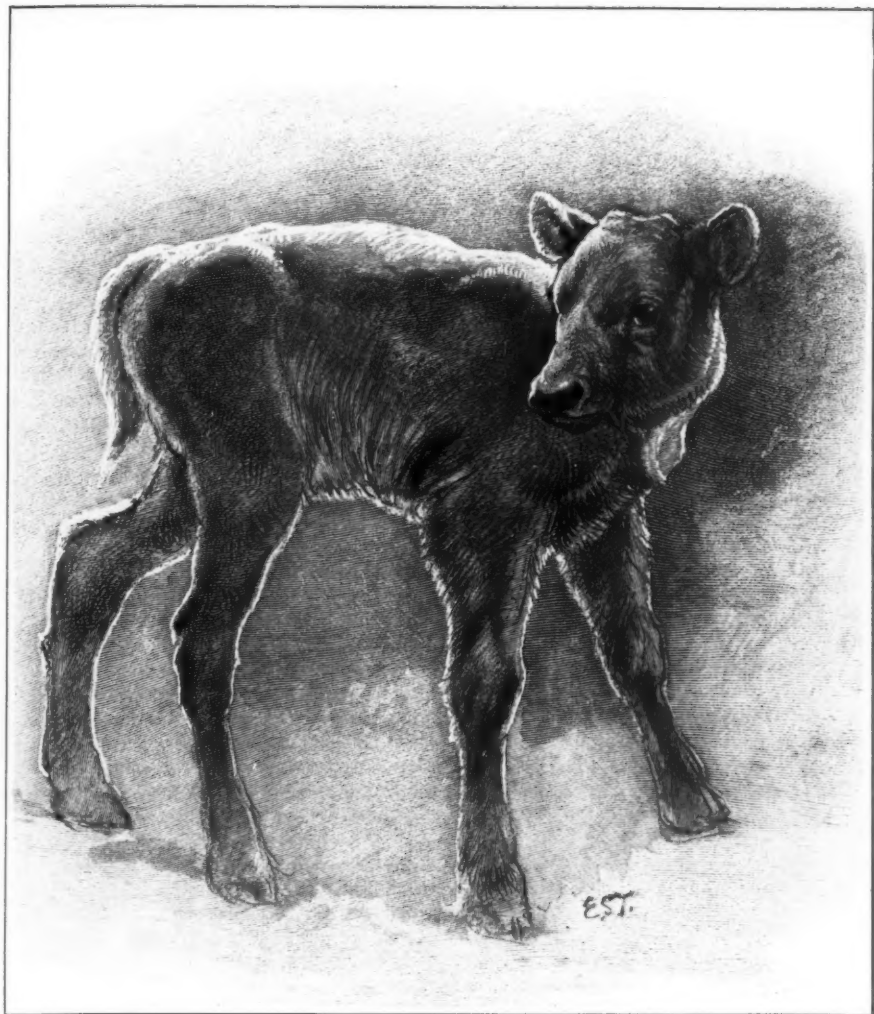
watching his chance to spring and tear the tender calf.

Here, indeed, the Elk can bugle his far-sounding love-song in the fall, without thereby making his stand the center of a rush of ruthless hunters. But many of our forest animals are still unprovided for. The Bighorn Sheep, the coast Blacktail, the Mule-deer, the Moose, and the Mountain-goat, as well as the Grizzly Bear, so rapidly following the Buffalo, have as yet no refuge in the National Zoo.

It is too late to talk of such species as the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck, and the West India Seal; and in one year, or at most two years, unless Congress is willing to devote the price, or at least half the price, of a single big gun to it, the world will have lost forever the great Alaskan Bear, the largest and most wonderful of its race.

II.

THE paddock immediately to the left on entering by the West Gate of the Zoölogi-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

BUFFALO CALF A WEEK OLD.

cal Park brings us face to face with the first game-animals that met the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers, as well as those of the first settlers of Virginia; and it is tolerably certain that General Washington himself hunted the superb creature, the Virginia Deer, over this very ground where it is now protected in the city of Washington and assured a little land of lasting peace.

Of all the American game-animals the Virginia or Whitetail Deer is the greatest success as a species; that is, it has developed

a better combination of hardiness, fecundity, speed, intelligence, keen wits, and adaptability than any of its relatives, and therefore maintains itself better in spite of the hunter. Its ancient range covered all of the United States east of the Rockies, as well as part of Canada, and to-day, notwithstanding guns, more numerous and deadly each year, there are Whitetail Deer in every part of their original range that still contains primitive woods.

In the list giving the probable order of

extinction of our great game it will be seen that the Virginia Deer stands last, despite the fact that it is the only one in that list whose home is in the thickly settled Eastern States. An incident will show the respect in which hunters hold the Whitetail's gift for taking care of himself.

During October of 1899 I was staying at a camp on the east side of the Rockies. One morning a miner came in and reported that he had started four deer less than a mile away. Meat was scarce, and a hunter present became keenly interested.

"Whitetails or Blacktails?" said he.

"Whitetails," said the miner.

"That settles it," said the hunter, resuming his seat by the fire. "If they were Blacktails I'd get one within a mile, but a scared Whitetail knows too much for me."

Although some of the deer in this paddock were born in the Park, they show many of their wild habits. During the heat of the day they lie hidden among the bushes at the back end of their range; but early in the morning or late in the evening they come to the watering-place in the open, and if alarmed there they make for the trees, raising and waving, as they go, the "white flag" famous in all hunting lore.

This conspicuous action might seem a mistake in an animal that is seeking to escape unnoticed; but the sum of advantage in the habit is with the deer, or he would not do it, and its main purpose will be seen in one very important and frequent situation. A mother deer has detected danger; she gives a silent but unmistakable notification to her fawns by raising the "danger-flag," a white one in this case; and then when she leads away through the woods, they are enabled to keep sight of her in the densest thickets and darkest nights by the aid of the shining beacon, which is waved in a way peculiar to this species, and is not, therefore, liable to be mistaken for the white patch on any other animal.

In the sign-language of the Indians the gesture for Whitetail Deer is made up of the general sign for Deer, and then a waving of the flat open hand with fingers up, in imitation of the banneret as it floats away through the woods.

The form adopted for the Whitetails' paddock is the result of experience. It was found that the animals became alarmed sometimes and dashed along the invisible fences, until suddenly met by another at right angles, and in this way several were hurt; but the improved plan of substituting

obtuse angles, or a curve at the corners, causes them to be turned aside without injury.

One cannot linger many minutes by the Virginia Deer paddock without seeing some of those gorgeous Asiatics, the Peacocks, walking about among the thicket, or negotiating the wire fences with absolute precision whenever it suits their purpose to do so. The original half-dozen birds have increased to a hundred, and the vast stretch (several hundred acres for them) of broken, wooded country is so perfectly suited to their needs that they give us a very good imitation of life in the Indian jungle. During the winter they roam about in promiscuous troops, but when the early spring comes, and the cock is in his full regalia, the mating instinct prompts them to scatter, and each family withdraws to a part of the jungle—the Park, I mean—that is understood to be theirs, and to defend which the cock is ready to do battle with all feathered intruders.

Close to the Deer-paddock is a sunny open glade that was for long the special domain of one particular Peacock. All about it is thick shrubbery, where the soberly dressed hens might have been seen quietly moving about, paying no obvious heed to their gorgeous partner, who mounted habitually on a little sand-bank, and spread and quivered his splendid jewelry in the sun, turning this way and that way to get the best effect, occasionally answering the far-away call of some rival with a defiant *qua*, or replying to the dynamite explosions in a near quarry with a peculiar *bizz*, the exact meaning of which I have failed to discover.

The daily display here and in many parts of the Park gives the observer a chance to see the geometric perfection of the pattern made by the "eyes" when the Peacock's train is raised. I reproduce a diagram of this, made and published some years ago, when first I discovered the mathematics of this miracle in feathers.

On crossing the road from the Deer-paddock toward the middle and more open part of the Park, the stranger is likely to come suddenly on a band of Antelope. They seem to be grazing along their native upland prairie, not far from timber, and the visitor, if he have any of the feeling of the hunter-naturalist, is sure to feel the same little thrill that would come if he met with them thus in the wild West. He has ample time to admire and watch their changing and picturesque grouping before he realizes that between him

and them is the slight, but necessary, wire fence. The effect of this invisible fence is seen on the animals if they have been undisturbed for some hours, as well as on the onlooker; for the sudden appearance of a human being close at hand, with no massive screening barrier between, causes them to

peared several times, and then began moving southward. Then, in another direction, I discovered other white specks, which also seemed to flash and disappear. A glass showed them to be Antelope, but it did not wholly explain the flashing or the moving which ultimately united the two bands. I



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

A RUNNING WOLF.

behave for a moment much as they did when wild and free; and their startlement is expressed in pose and act exactly as it might have been on their native wilds. But they soon realize that they are safe, and no harm is done. The erected mane and rump-patch sink, and the animals resume their feeding, leaving, nevertheless, on the air a peculiar musky odor, that is quite strong when one is on their lee side.

Some years ago, while riding across the upland prairie of the Yellowstone, not very far from where these very Antelope had been captured, I noticed certain white specks in the far distance. They showed and disap-

made note of the fact, but found no explanation until the opportunity came to study the Antelope in the Washington Zoo. I had been quietly watching the grazing herd on their hillside for some time; in fact, I was sketching, which is quite the best way to watch an animal minutely. I was so quiet that the Antelope seemed to have forgotten me, when, contrary to rules, a dog chanced into the Park. The wild Antelope habit is to raise its head every few moments while grazing, to keep a sharp lookout for danger, and these captives kept up the practice of their race. The first that did so saw the dog. It uttered no sound, but gazed at the wolfish-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.
STUDIES OF ANTELOPE HEADS.

looking intruder, and all the long white hairs of the rump-patch were raised with a jerk that made the patch flash in the sun like a tin pan. Every one of the grazing Antelope saw the flash, repeated it instantly, and raised his head to gaze in the direction where the first was gazing. At the same time I noticed on the wind a peculiar musky smell—a smell that certainly came from the Antelope.

Some time later the opportunity came to make a careful dissection of the Antelope's rump-patch, and the keystone to the arch of

facts was supplied. My specimen, taken in Jackson's Hole, was a male under six months old, so that all the proportions, and indeed the character, are much less developed than in the adult.

The fresh skin was laid flat on a board, and then the pattern and mechanism of the rump-patch were clearly seen. The hairs at the upper part of the patch (A) were $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, grading to the center (B) and lower parts, where they were only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, all snowy white, and normally lying down flat, pointing toward the rear. At the point B, among the roots of the hair, was a gland secreting a strong musk. On the under side of the skin was a broad sheet of muscular fibers, which were thickest around B; they have power to change the direction of the hair, so that all below B stands out, and all above is directed forward. As soon, therefore, as an Antelope sees some strange or thrilling object, this muscle acts, and the rump-patch is changed in a flash into a great double disk or twin chrysanthemum of white, that shines afar like a patch of snow; but in the middle of each bloom a dark-brown spot, the musk-gland, is exposed, a great quantity of the odor is set free, and the message is read by all those that have noses to read.

Of all animals man has the poorest nose; he has virtually lost the sense of smell, while among the next animals in the scale scent is their best faculty; yet even man can distinguish this danger-scent for many yards down wind, and there is no reason to doubt that another Antelope can detect it a mile away.

Thus the observations on the captive ani-



AN ANTELOPE POSE.

mals living under normal conditions prove the key to those made on the plains, and I know now that the changing flecks in the Yellowstone uplands were made by this Antelope heliograph while the two bands signaled each other, and the smaller band, on getting the musky message, "Friends," laid aside all precaution and fearlessly joined their relations.

This animal has five different sets of glands about it, each exuding a different kind of musk for use in its daily life, as a means of getting and giving intelligence to its kind. These are situated one on each foot between the toes, one on each angle of the jaw, one on the back of each hock, one on the middle of each disk on the rump, and one at the base of the tail.

Those on the jaw seem related to the sexual system, as they are largest in the buck; those on the rump, as seen, have a place in their heliographic code; and the purpose of the others, though not yet fully worked out, is almost certainly to serve in conveying the news. To illustrate: An Antelope passes along a certain plain, eats at one place, drinks at another, lies down at a third, is pursued by a Wolf for half a mile, when the Wolf gives up the unequal race, and the Antelope escapes at his ease. A second Antelope comes along. The foot-scent from the interdigital glands marks the course of his relative as clearly for

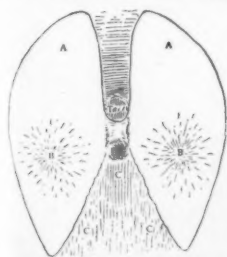


DIAGRAM OF ANTELOPE'S RUMP-PATCHES.

him as the track in the snow would for us. Its strength tells him somewhat of the time elapsed since it was made, and its individuality tells him whether his predecessor was a stranger or a personal friend, just as surely as a dog



THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN BLOOM.

can tell his master's track. The frequency of the tracks shows that the first one was not in haste, and the hock-scent, exuded on the plants or ground when he lay down, informs the second one of the action. At the place where the Wolf was sighted, the sudden diffusion of the rump-musk on the surrounding sage-brush will be perceptible to the newcomer for hours afterward. The wide gaps between the traces of foot-scent now attest the speed of the fugitive, and the cause of it is clearly read when the wolf-trail joins on. This may sound a far-fetched tale of Sherlock Holmes among the animals, but not so if we remember that the scent faculty is better than the sight faculty in these animals, while their sight faculty is at least as good as ours, and that, finally, if all this had been in the snow we also could have read it with absolute precision.

The Prong-horned Antelope, or Prong-buck of books, is the only horned ruminant in North America that has only two hoofs on each foot. Nature's economic plan has been to remove all parts that cease to be

of use, and so save the expense of growing and maintaining them. Thus man is losing his back or wisdom teeth since civilized diet is rendering them useless. The ancestor of the Antelope had four hoofs on each foot, like a Deer or a Pig, but the back pair on each foot has been dropped. At an earlier step the common ancestor of Antelope and Deer had five well-developed toes on each extremity, but it seems that while this makes an admirable foot for wading in treacherous swamps, it is for mechanical reasons a *slow foot*: the fewer the toes the greater the speed. The Deer, still living in swamps, could not afford to dispense entirely with the useful little hind or mud hoof. There they are still for bog use, though much modified from the original equal-toed type, more nearly shown in the Pig. But the Antelope, living on the hard, dry uplands, had no use for bog-trotters, and exchanged them for a higher rate of speed, so that it now has only two toes on each foot.

The Horse family went yet further, for they lived in a region where evolution went faster. They shunned the very neighborhood of swamps; all their life was spent on the firm, dry, level country; speed and sound feet were their very holds on life, and these they maintained at their highest pitch by adopting a foot with a single hoof-clad toe.

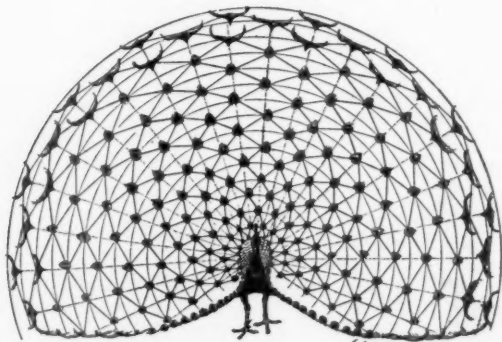
There is one other remarkable peculiarity of the Antelope to note, and that is its horns. The Ox and Sheep tribes of the world have simple horns of true horny material, permanently growing on a bony core which is part of the skull. The Deer have horns of branched form and of bony material, sprouting from the head, but dropping off to be renewed each year. Our Antelope is the only

animal in the world whose weapons are of true horn growing on a bony core, as in the Ox tribes, yet branched and dropping off each year, as in the Deer.

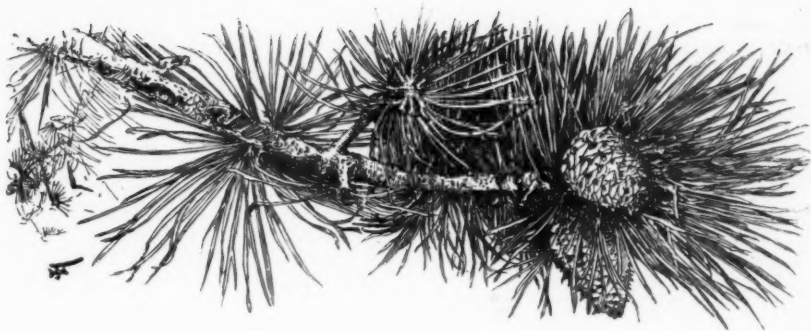
It is now an axiom of science that not the smallest detail is without a distinct purpose, for which it has been carefully adapted after ages of experiment; yet long ago Darwin, the apostle of the belief, confessed himself puzzled by the form of the Antelope's horns. It seemed as though a simple, straight spike would be so much more effective. If the great philosopher had been with me in the Washington Zoological Park that day his puzzle would have been solved for him by two of the Antelope themselves. They were having one of their periodical fights for the mastery; they approached with noses to the ground, and after fencing for an opening, they closed with a clash, and as they thrust and parried the purpose of the prong was clear. It served the Antelope exactly as the guard on a bowie-knife does a Mexican, or that on a foil does a swordsman, for countless thrusts that would have slipped up the horn and reached the head were caught with admirable adroitness in this fork.

And the inturnd, harmless-looking points! I had to watch long before I saw how dangerous they might be when the right moment arrived. After several moments of fencing one of the bucks got under the other one's guard, and making a sudden thrust, which the other failed to catch in the fork, he brought his inturnd left point to bear on the unprotected throat of his opponent, who saved himself from injury by rearing quickly, though it seemed to me that such a move could not have stopped a fatal thrust if they had really been fighting a deadly duel.

(To be continued.)



PLAN OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL TO SHOW THE GEOMETRICAL ARRANGEMENT WHEN EACH FEATHER IS PRESENT IN PERFECT CONDITION. FROM MR. SETON-THOMPSON'S "ART ANATOMY OF ANIMALS."



TO THE LAPLAND LONGSPUR.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.

OH, thou northland bobolink,
Looking over summer's brink
Up to Winter, worn and dim,
Peering down from mountain rim,
Something takes me in thy note,
Quivering wing, and bubbling throat;
Something moves me in thy ways—
Bird, rejoicing in thy days,
In thy upward-hovering flight,
In thy suit of black and white,
Chestnut cape and circled crown,
In thy mate of speckled brown;
Surely I may pause and think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

II.

Soaring over meadows wild
(Greener pastures never smiled);
Raining music from above,
Full of rapture, full of love;
Frolic, gay and debonair,
Yet not all exempt from care,

For thy nest is in the grass,
And thou worriest as I pass:
But nor hand nor foot of mine
Shall do harm to thee or thine;
I, musing, only pause to think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

III.

But no bobolink of mine
Ever sang o'er mead so fine,
Starred with flowers of every hue,
Gold and purple, white and blue;
Painted-cup, anemone,
Jacob's-ladder, fleur-de-lis,
Orchid, harebell, shooting-star,
Crane's-bill, lupine, seen afar,
Primrose, poppy, saxifrage,
Pictured type on Nature's page—
These and others, here unnamed,
In northland gardens, yet untamed,
Deck the fields where thou dost sing,
Mounting up on trembling wing;
While in wistful mood I think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

IV.

On Unalaska's emerald lea,
On lonely isles in Bering Sea,
On far Siberia's barren shore,
On north Alaska's tundra floor,
At morn, at noon, in pallid night,
We heard thy song and saw thy flight,
While I, sighing, could but think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.



BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

PARIS being a great manufacturing city, its plebs have naturally had the ambition to rule the roast. This is what has given it the importance it has had all through French history. Multiply the natural quickness of the race into the development of that quickness by the practice of the skilled crafts, and this product again into the sense of great events ever passing on a great stage, and you have, in the colossal result, the medium in which the Paris man in the street has ever moved. He is the heir of the ages of the most stimulating suggestions of glory and power. So fashioned, like the Athenian of old, he has naturally come to regard himself as a sort of center of things. He is one to whom the making of a new constitution for his country, or, for that matter, for the human race, is the easiest thing in the world.

Hence the self-importance of the faubourgs from a very early stage of their history. The word is used here, not in its etymological sense of a suburb, an outskirts, a part without the gates, but, on the contrary, of a part that has come very much

within them as the city has enlarged its boundaries. Nor, even in this sense, does it apply to those faubourgs which are still the haunt of the richer class. The faubourg of my theme is any part to which the poor have been pushed from the center to the circumference, or shut out from the center on their invading march from the outside. Even in this sense it is still hardly to be regarded as a geographical expression, and is not much more than a conventional term. Wherever the toilers and the small folk of every social category are gathered together, there you have a faubourg "within the meaning of the act." The great manufacturing plain of St.-Denis is still a faubourg beyond the walls, but it has a street of the faubourg within them.

The faubourg has ever played its part with the most perfect good faith. Its successive generations have been animated by the hope of ultimate success in the invention of a perfect governmental machine. This contrivance is to do the trick for the regeneration of mankind by a device as simple as

that of putting a penny in the slot. It is to turn out equality, fraternity, and even liberty itself, as a kind of bonus, by an automatic process that precludes the need of personal exertion. The convenience of this arrangement is that it is less concerned with the conduct of the regenerators than with the conduct of those who are to be regenerated. You look after your neighbor, and allow yourself a reasonable exemption from watchfulness as inventor's royalty.

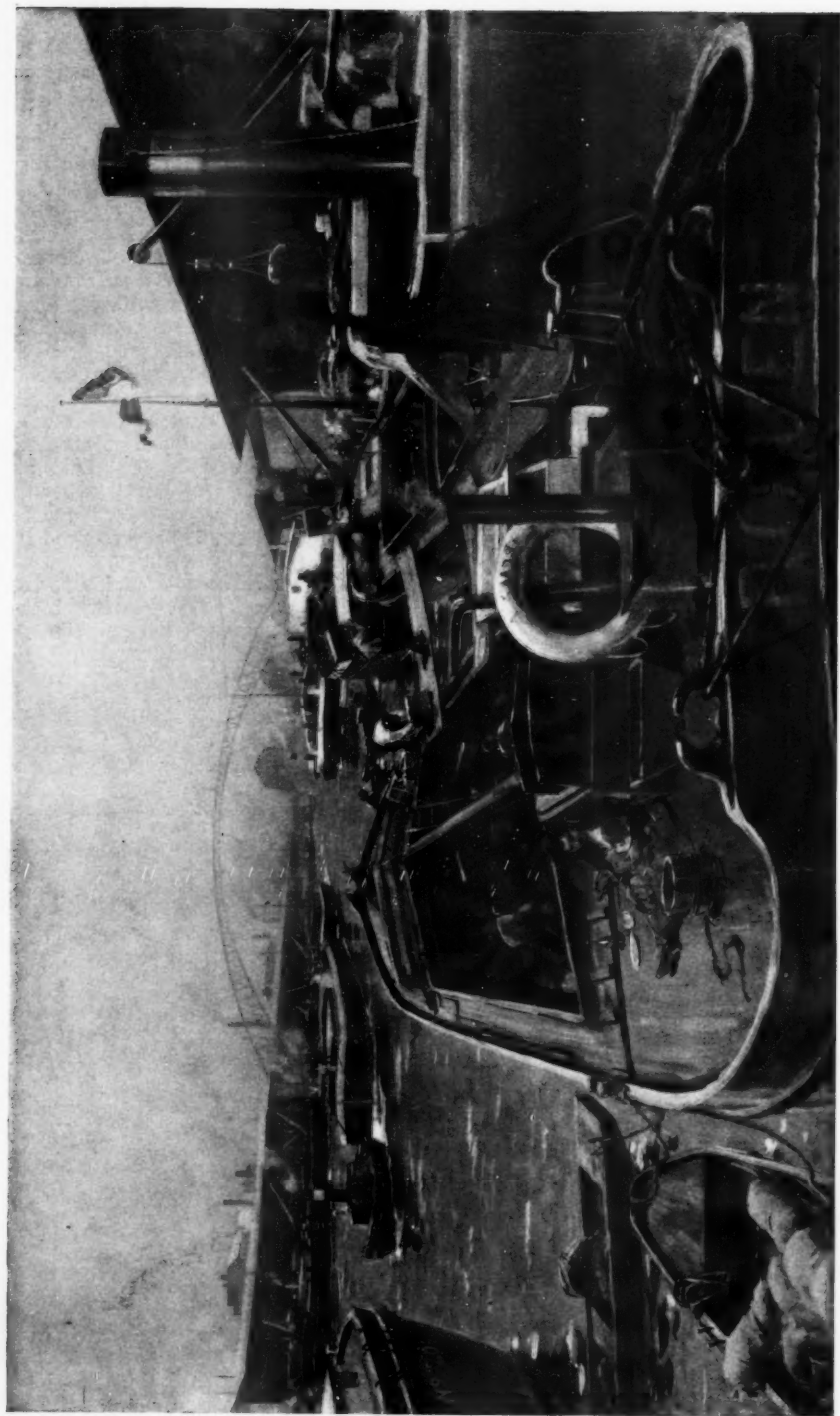
The people of the faubourgs, the humble folk generally,—small traders and small annuitants as well as workmen,—like all the rest of us, are the product of their surroundings. They are shaped by the private life and by the public life, by the street and the home. These people in Paris owe a great deal to the public life. It condescends to their needs for color, variety, movement, in a way universal among the Latin nations. Out of doors is merely their larger home, and they expect to find adequate provision there for every kind of enjoyment. Our own race tends to regard that domain as a mere thoroughfare between the workshop and the fire-

side, where all our interests are centered. If it serves that purpose that is about all we ask of it. It may be as ugly as it likes, and, within certain limits of indulgence, almost as dirty. To the Frenchman it is more than a place of transit; it is almost a place of sojourn.

So the Parisian common man has his share of the Champs-Élysées and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades and their bordering alleys of tender green. He comes down-stairs to them, so to speak, as soon as the scavengers have done their timely work. He descends to his thoroughfare as the millionaire expects to descend to his breakfast-room or his study, with all its appointments fresh from the broom, and shining in their brightness of metal and glass. So, whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect, his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the



SCENE AT A CRÈCHE.



THE CANAL PORT OF LA VILLETTE.

great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent compositions of the Arch. The very lamp-post that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. Compare it with the English bar of cast-iron, hideous to the eye in form and color, foul with the mud-stains of years of traffic. The Frenchmen must have it suave and shapely in its lines, a model of good Renaissance ornament in its decorations, bronze in its material, and washed and polished every week or so to keep it smart.

Extend this difference in the point of view to the whole public scene, and one can understand why the street is the distinctive thing in Paris. The very plans for the houses have to pass municipal muster. You build as you please only within certain limits, and your right of purchase includes no license of monstrosity. The very letters in which you advertise your name and business must be in gold-leaf—at any rate, in the principal thoroughfares. Compare the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde with the obelisk of the Thames Embankment—the first standing clean and clear-cut on its fine pedestal, with its whole message like a sheet of print to any one who knows the character; the other begrimed with the London soot, and with the fine figures at its base bearing innumerable traces of their degradation of use as a playground for the hobnailed urchins. The Parisian has looked on such things from his earliest infancy. He has never, except by pure mischance, looked on anything that is not beautiful in the public domain. The very house-fronts must be scraped for him into their original tint of still cream every two or three years. He is born to a splendid tradition of culture in the principles of taste. The poorest wretch who munches his crust in the open sees nothing that is not fine, whatever his luck in his nightly lair. For all the daylight hours he may be as lucky in that respect as the porter in the halls of Sindbad. And he has the equivalent of the purse of sequins in his share of the millions that have been spent on his morning promenade, from the shady Bois, at one end of the prospect, to the tiniest garden that gives him an oasis of comfort on his way to the gate of Vincennes, at the other.

The boulevard is all life, and well-nigh all beauty, in the stately frontages—beauty of high art at Barbédienne's and in the picture-shops, beauty of texture and dyes, of fine craftsmanship in a thousand articles of luxury, in the others. Especially is it all life.

The appeal to the fancy and the imagination is not to be missed in its insistency. The kiosks give our quidnunc a sense of all-abounding vitality. Here the hawkers shout their latest sensation from the uttermost ends of the earth, new editions piping hot with nothing in them, and yet with everything in their power of providing for the passing moment, which is the all in all. His enemies, home and foreign, are caricatured in the gaudy colored prints. The soldiers pass, the idlers take their afternoon absinthe. It is a pageant which does not depend for its effect on the consideration whether you see it from a bench on the trottoir or from a fauteuil under the awning, for, thanks to the municipal foliage, the bench is shaded just as pleasantly as the chair.

The general result gives every beholder to the manner born the sense that he is a citizen of no mean city. If the appeal lies too directly to the sensations and too little to the reflective part, that need not count. The creature, at any rate, lives in every nerve, and his tendency to go off half primed in every fugitive fancy entails no personal inconvenience, since, in the long run, it is France that pays. This is the street of our proletariat of the Latin races. You see it, with differences which are only local, in Barcelona and in Seville, in Florence and in Naples. It is a place made for the waking hours, the sleeping-quarters being very much of an accident, as they were in old Rome.

Still the question remains, What sort of home does he go home to? It is not a bad one if he is a Parisian of the working-class. The wife is still apt to be the angel of the house in cleanliness, neatness, and management, and she runs no risk of losing her wings by taking to drink. The poorer classes throughout the world have to make their choice between the life out of doors and the life within. Even with the help of the angel in the house, the Parisian workman is but poorly off. She can but do her best in her domain, and when that domain is only one half or one quarter story out of seven, she can hardly be called a controller of events.

The family of the faubourg is still too commonly lodged in the tenement-house, and that house in Paris wants what it wants pretty much everywhere else. It towers to the sky, though in comparison with the elevations common in Chicago and in New York it is an ant-hill. It gets light and air for the back rooms from a fetid court. Its sanitary arrangements—but why insist? See one of these places in any latitude, and



TOY-MAKERS.

you see them in all the broad earth. This is no new thing. Paris has built in the air for generations. New York probably learned the trick from her as a grain of the wisdom brought home in the close fist of "Poor Richard" on his return from abroad. All the old fortified cities built in the air—built high and built narrow so as to lessen the circuit of the walls. In its origin it is rather ancient need than modern greed. To this day some of the highest houses and the nar-

rowest streets of Paris are to be found in the old quarters near the Institute, and by no means a hundred miles from the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. The latter was once a real "street of the brook"—a brook gradually fouled into a gutter, and running so fouled within the memory of those now living.

The contrast in the workmen's homes is between the fairly neat and well-ordered interiors and the abominations that begin at



THE AFTERNOON BITE (WORKING-MEN AT A BRASSERIE).

the staircase. Our race strives more for the amenity and the independence of the small house. Within the fortifications of Paris the small house is almost unknown, the yard or garden patch, as the possession of a single family, quite unknown. There are great possibilities in the small house, if you choose to make the best of them, and there is still the individualized independence dear to the Anglo-Saxon, even if you make the worst. The hideous neglect of cleanliness and

beauty in the public domain, in the poorer quarters of London, is one result of the difference of conditions. The poor man is content to find nothing attractive in the thoroughfares, because there is his own "little bit of a place" at the journey's end. As the great model lodging-houses multiply, however, he is losing this compensation. His demand for its equivalent out of doors is therefore beginning to tell in the labors of the County Council for the planting of

gardens and for the merely decorative improvement of the streets.

The poor man of the Latin race met smiling on the promenades seems to say, "Please don't follow me home." His nights, then, are something of a terror if his days are a delight. One is reminded of the choice presented to fancy in the nursery tale. Under which fairy will you take service—the one who gives a waking experience of every kind of happiness, with a sleeping life of all the horrors of nightmare, or the other, who offers the experience the other way about? Be careful how you choose offhand. The Frenchman of the great cities may sleep in a cupboard after roaming all day in a pleasure.

The workman lives in a barrack. The small house has vanished. Sheer necessity has compelled the builders to forget the Stoic warning against raising the roofs of the houses instead of the souls of the citizens. The evil is that rich and poor now dwell by tribes, each in its own quarter. The very poor are in one ward, the half poor in another, and so on until you reach districts where it is all millionaire. In the old days the poor of Paris, like the poor of London, abode all over the place. It was the lower part of the house for the rich, the upper part for the less prosperous, but the whole social order under one roof. There have been many laws to amend this state of things in France, one of the earliest of the modern dating from 1850. It failed because it was permissive. It is thought that the state should make some gigantic effort to house everybody in the right way. The money might be found in the savings-bank fund, now amounting in paper to between two and three thousand millions of francs. But where is the savings-bank fund? Nobody can say. It is distributed all over the surface of French finance. It has served as a sort of lucky bag into which the embarrassed minister dips when he is at a loss for a balance. Some fear national bankruptcy on this issue alone, and a second Revolution as bad as the first.

For all the years since the beginning of the century these thrifty and industrious people have been pouring their savings into the hands of the state in the sure and certain hope of finding them at call. They could not find them in the lump, and a panic might have the most fearful consequences. Then, money or no money, where are you to build? It is impossible to continue the invasion of the skies, so there is nothing for

it but lateral extension. Why not take the fortifications, just as they have already done in Vienna, raze the walls, fill the ditches, and make a workman's zone? The scheme is feasible. It would put the people on the circumference of Paris within striking distance of the center or of the suburbs. But it supposes a good civic railway system, and, happily, there is just a beginning of this in the new line (to be finished for the Exposition) which runs through the city from east to west. It has already burrowed under the Champs-Élysées, and it is now well on its way down the Rue de Rivoli.

Without this and a good deal more of the same kind Paris would soon be impossible. The omnibus system, even with its enormous supplementary force of the tramways, has completely broken down as a service for the needs of this vast population; for Paris grows worse overcrowded than ever, owing to the work for the Exposition, and, indeed, to the rebuilding generally. This brings up thousands from all parts of the country, and most of them come to stay. Some, like the masons, come only for the summer work, and in the winter go back to their villages. While they are here they lodge in wretched *garnis*, or furnished lodgings, like Chinese, sleeping no one quite knows how many in a room.

Of eight hundred and twenty-five thousand habitations, great and small, six hundred thousand are at a yearly rental below five hundred francs, or a hundred dollars. Of course by habitations I do not mean separate houses, but merely separate dwellings of any and every sort. Think of what this means, and of how little in the way of house-room and of the decencies of domestic life those who pay so little can expect. But there is worse behind. Some habitations are below sixty dollars. This surely cannot give the right to much more than a cupboard, and a very dirty cupboard at that. Nor is this the lowest depth. I have seen the rag-pickers in shanties with mere ground for the floor. In one and the same hut they sorted the filth, housed the family, worked, cooked, and slept, were born, and died. An infant, who had just gone through the former process, lay in its cradle in one corner, and beside the cradle was a crib, where two others slept; a bed for father, mother, and yet an infant more, occupied another corner. Rags, bones, broken bottles, and bits of rusty iron completed the furniture.

This is all the more trying in Paris, because in their work the Parisians are a highly domesticated folk. Wherever they can do it,

they work at home. The hardest thing in the world is to bring the artificial-flower makers into a factory. All the fine taste of these girls seems to go out of them when you range them in rows. What they like is to be left in their own garrets and to feign nature at their ease with a modeling-tool and a tinted rag. It is, in one view, the French passion for little industries of all kinds. They put off the evil day of machinery as long as they can. Whole districts are still cultivated with the spade. Many Parisian industries depend only less on hand-labor than the Japanese.

This is specially the case in the toy trade, a considerable item in the exports of France. All those fanciful creations which are the delight of the boulevards on the 1st of January are more or less traceable to dismal back rooms, looking out on walls of giant buildings which know no visitation of the sun. Even where the curious industry is established on the larger scale it still has something domestic in its character. There may be twenty people under a master as petty as themselves, but they still have to contrive to work in the master's lodgings. He finds room somehow, and as they turn out of his impoverished workshop he turns in to go to bed. In this medium, and in this medium only, his serene spirit works at its ease in inventions for the toy market. Here he elaborates his wonderful buzzing bees and skipping monkeys, his industrious mechanical mice that creep up a string and down a string, and all the rest of it. A popular toy is a fortune. The man who first found out how to make a puppet walk, with his girl on his arm, and his poodle-dog in leash, must long since have retired in affluence. A thousand considerations of policy and prudence affect this industry. Political toys are of no use except for the purely Parisian market, and the inventor strikes both for that and for the export trade. For the latter the non-political puppet with the poodle elbows the heroes out of the field.

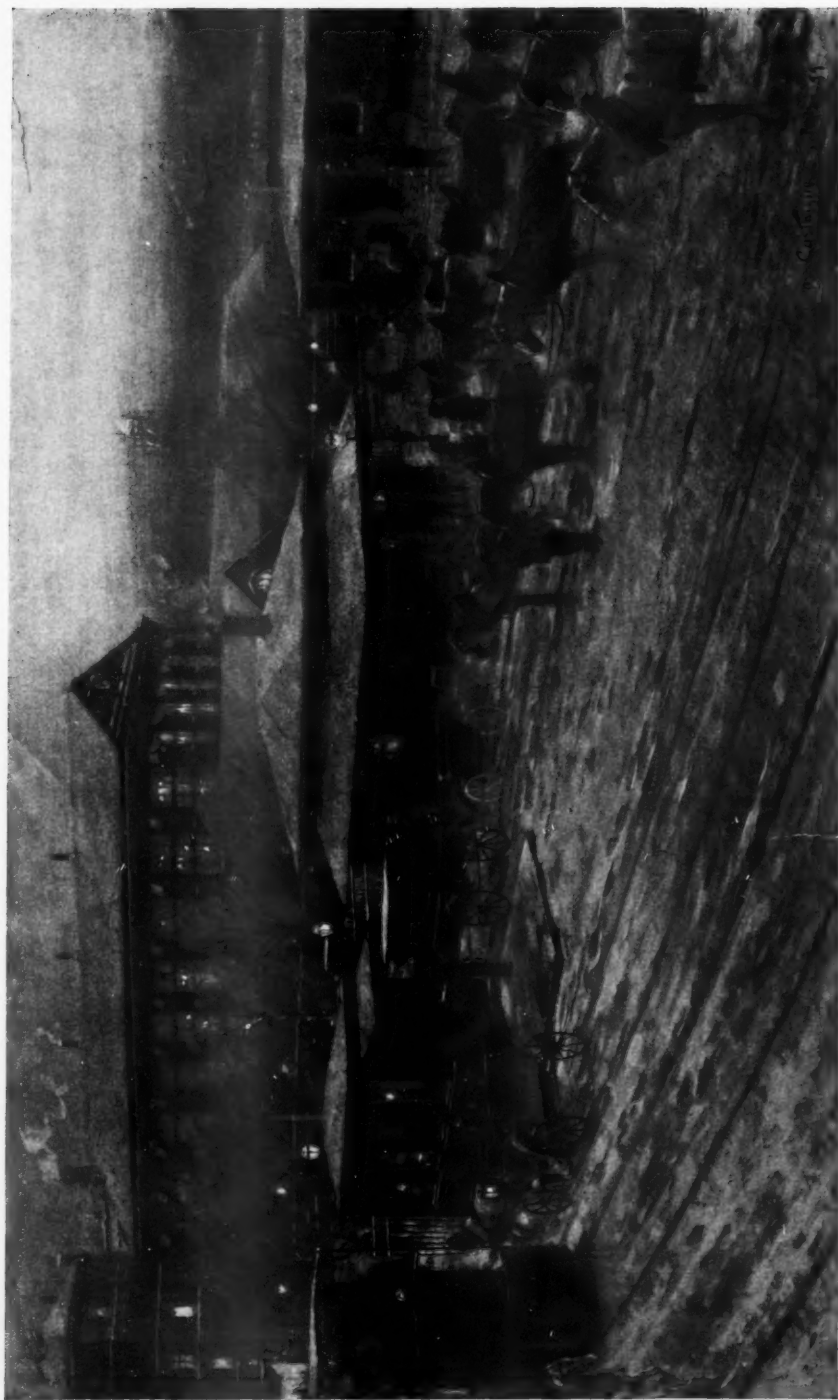
Many of the great manufacturing houses try to lodge their own work-people in comfort and decency. At the iron-works of Creusot they make endless efforts of this sort, and are, on the whole, fairly successful. The working-class city founded by Jean Dolfus at Mulhouse is a wonderful creation. The well-known Phalanstère de Guise is a sort of Republic of Plato, or Utopia of More, adapted to working-class needs. These philosophic employers of labor, who have tried to rear men as others rear pheasants, have

a good deal to show for their pains, in settlements in which every one, down to the humblest, is lodged in a way that differentiates the human being from the brute. These are the industrial experiments.

Then there are the religious ones. The revivalist movement in the Catholic Church that began after the Franco-Prussian war is very active in the industrial domain. The church tried to turn the moral of that awful catastrophe entirely to its own profit. It has just completed its monumental temple at Montmartre, visible from every quarter of the city, and designed to warn the populace forever and forever of the wickedness of the Commune, and of the need of intercessory prayers. In the same way it has started all over the country workmen's clubs "to combat democracy and infidelity"—clubs which are intended to procure work for the faithful from the faithful, and which put the poor and pious tailor in the way of mending the breeches of the Catholic millionaire. These have some success, though the artisan, as a rule, fights shy of them and regards their members with the utmost scorn. They give free social entertainments, not to say free lunches, all on the easy condition of a due submission to the powers that be, both in church and state.

Connected with the religious organizations is the scheme of cheap houses. There is a great society for the building of *habitations à bon marché*, and it does good work, but still on what seems to me the unsatisfactory basis of charity. Some of its houses are built on the conception that a small house and garden belong to the natural state of civilized man. This idea, of course, can be carried out only in the country, where space is not so precious. At Auteuil there is a whole street of *maisonnettes* of this description, and of three-story houses in which two or more families may lodge in comfort and decency on the tenement system. With these, and forming part of the scheme, is a coöperative store, where the tenants get nearly all necessities at cost price. There are other dwellings of the same society at St.-Denis, the great manufacturing plain beyond the walls, and in other parts of France.

But the dwelling-house is only one of the conditions. The workshop is another. In fact, where you work is perhaps more important than where you lodge, for there you spend the greater part of your time under one roof. A good deal has been done by legislative and administrative supervision to put the workshops in a healthier state. All



COLLECTING CUSTOMS AT THE BARRIERS.

this, however, is to be judged by the standard of the country, and it must be confessed that in certain matters the French standard is not high. Workshops that would pass muster in France as being quite on the improved plan would be considered by other communities as only less objectionable than a Kaffir kraal. You are to bear in mind that it is an old country, and that it does all things in a more or less old-fashioned way. Its own idea that it is the newest of the new is merely its fun. The apprenticeship laws abound in all sorts of quaint provisions. Boys and girls are to have one day's rest a week, though the day is not fixed. There are strict regulations as to the weight of burdens that may be carried by the apprentice, according to sex and age.

Then there is another sobering influence in the question of wages. The skilled workman in the Department of the Seine—that is to say, in Paris and its neighborhood—earns from six to eight francs a day. This is only the average. It means much higher wages for some in the highly skilled and purely artistic trades, and much lower wages for others. The same kind of workmen earn from four to five francs in the provinces. This may serve to mark the difference in the proportion throughout. The lowest-paid—the unskilled in the country—earn from two to three francs a day; the same class, of course, take relatively higher wages in the capital. There is a sort of middle term of the half-skilled trades, ranging in earnings between the two. All these rates, low as they are, represent an increase of a hundred per cent. in the last fifty years. Of course they have to be considered strictly in relation to their purchasing power, which is fairly high. If the French workman lived now exactly as he lived half a century ago, the cost of living would be only twenty-five per cent. higher as against the hundred per cent. of income. But his claim in living has naturally gone up. He wants better things, so his actual outlay is doubled. The net result, however, is an enormous increase in well-being. If in one way he receives more only to spend more, the more he spends now gives him comforts undreamed of in the philosophy of his grandfather. Watch him at his midday meal at the *brasserie*, and you will see that he is fairly well provided with food. He gets a better dinner—a dinner with more meat in it, and less onion and thin soup—than his father had. It is meat, if only meat of a kind.

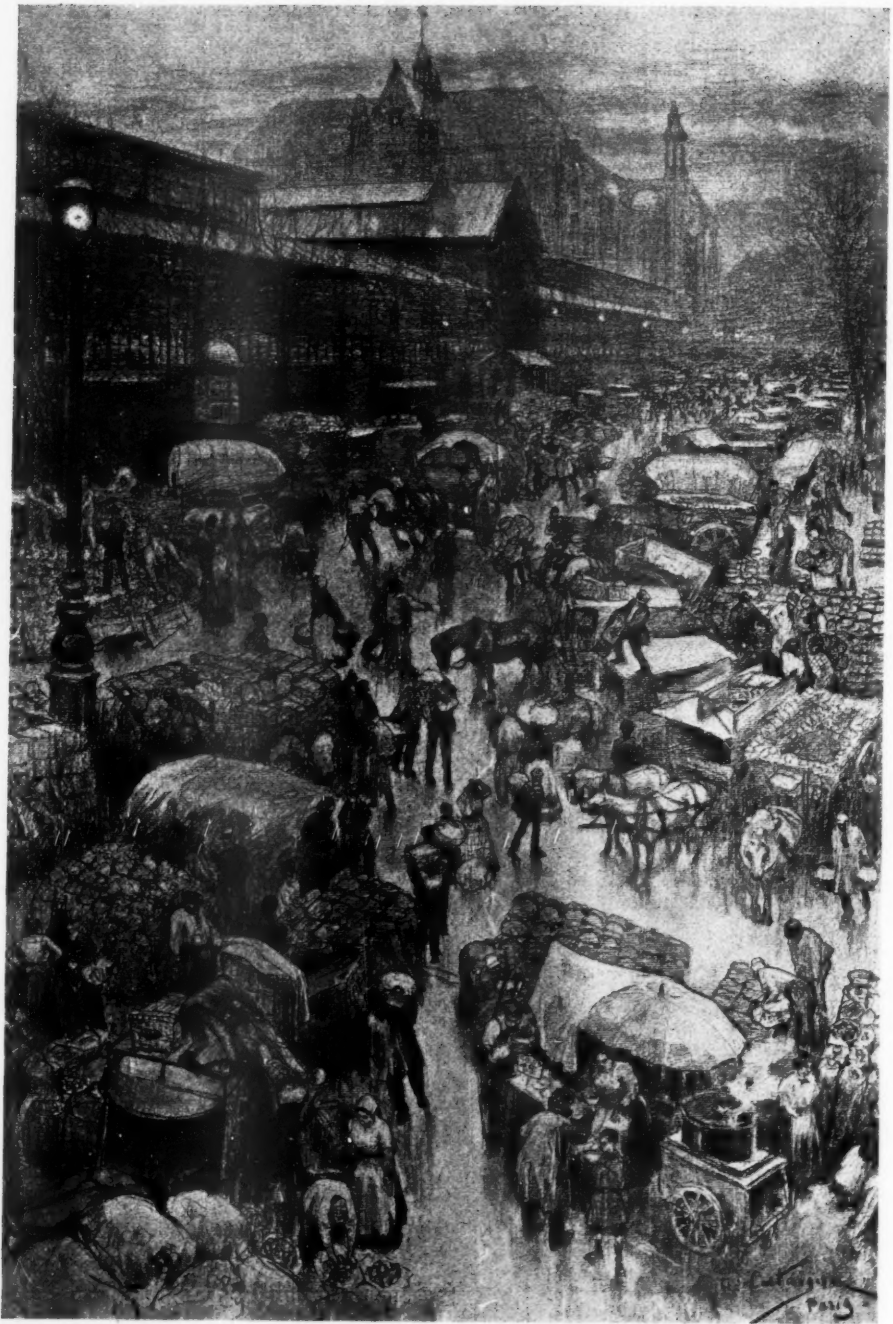
The purchasing power of wages is increased

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to the utmost by the excellent system of markets. They are a wholesome survival of the old economy in which there was no middleman. The country folk brought their wares into town, and the townspeople went to buy them. That system obtains almost in its primitive simplicity in the Paris of to-day. All over the city there are local markets which are supplied directly by the growers in the suburbs. Here you may meet all classes—the workman's wife and the smart young housekeeper, followed by her servant, who carries the basket. The city dues have, of course, to be reckoned in the cost. There is the charge of the octroi at the gates, and there are the market charges; but, with all this, the buyer gains a good deal by not having to go to a costly shop. The octroi is a survival that promises to be perpetual. The French people will not endure direct taxation. They will pay to any extent through the nose, but it is hateful to them to have to put their hands into their pockets and bring out a substantial sum for any public service. You have to take toll of them in advance by laying a charge on everything they eat, drink, or wear. It is only the ha'penny or the penny in the franc, which they don't miss. It is just the same in their contributions to charity. They are seldom capable of writing a check in cold blood, but they will do anything in reason, or in unreason, to see a charity performance, or to buy a trinket at a charity bazaar.

Most foreigners who study the markets generally make the mistake of going to the great central establishment of the Halles. It is wonderful, of course, but the smaller markets give one a clearer insight into the true civic life. The Halles is the place for the supply of the great shops, and the greater part of its trade is really wholesale. Its twenty-two acres, its two or three thousand stalls, its twelve hundred cellars, are on a scale that precludes profitable observation. It is a wondrous scene, but so are all great markets of the kind. The carts rumble along all the night through from the market-gardens, with freights of eatables, alive or dead, that give one a positive horror of the human appetite. It is a still more awful sight at the cattle market at La Villette, with its six thousand oxen, its nine thousand calves and pigs, its twenty-five thousand sheep, marching in every Monday and Thursday to fill the insatiable maw of Paris. Most of these are brought in by the river port of La Villette.

The great wine market is another ex-



EARLY MORNING SCENE AT THE CENTRAL MARKET (HALLES CENTRALES).

traordinary sight, and with its thousands of barrels ranged along the quays it reminds one of the Lilliputian preparations for a meal of Gulliver. Near this market is a wonderfully good restaurant, almost wholly unknown to the general diner in Paris, but exceedingly well known to the prosperous wine-merchants who visit this remote quarter to trade. There are such restaurants, good, and little known to the outsider, near most of the great markets. The *Pied de Mouton*, in the neighborhood of the Halles, is a famous one, and its cellar is one of the best in Paris. There is another overlooking the neighboring square in which stands the beautiful fountain by Jean Goujon.

So the French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life, and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship, and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of him. The question of questions is, Will he take his guidance from the recognized agencies within the law, or from the agencies of revolt? The state, and also, as we have seen, the church, offer him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self-help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee, and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt. The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it wags. The French workman has been bred in the belief in revolution as a recognized agency of progress, and by instinct and habit he loathes second-best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, coöperation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old political economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the Commune, anarchy sometimes, and with these the barricade.

The societies of mutual help form an enormous force on the side of the established order. Their numbers are counted by thousands; their capital is over a hundred million francs. Some are "municipal," and this means they are helped by public funds. In this instance they give help in sickness only. The "professional," those formed without such help among the crafts themselves, give

aid to men out of work, and sometimes pensions to the aged and infirm. The state "approves" those of the first type, and only "authorizes" the others. The savings-banks have been under government patronage for the better part of one century, or, to carry it still further back to the origin of the Society of Deposits, for more than three. The organization of that petty thrift which is the foundation of national wealth dates from a decree of Henry III issued in 1578.

The coöperative movement in France has two aspects, and one of them is revolutionary. The wilder spirits are always trying to capture coöperation as it was captured in 1848 for the national workshops. Their aim is the forcible abolition of the middleman—in one word, of the boss. The more thoughtful are content to work out their own salvation by the slower processes of thrift, self-denial, and self-control. The revolutionary line is indicated by what was once the great superiority of the productive over the distributive societies. The workmen wanted to begin at the beginning, by getting hold of the workshops. Everything, they said to themselves, is, at first, a thing made, and if they and they alone could make it, the question of distribution would already be half solved. The less theoretical English workman was content to take the thing as made—no matter by what agency of the lordship of capital—and to buy it at the cheapest rate for distribution to the consumer. The French seem slowly coming round to that view. At any rate, the consuming societies are now very far in excess of the others. As it is, they have no affinity with the English trading-stores, which virtually sell to everybody, and they are compelled to confine their operations strictly to the circle of membership.

On the other hand, some of the productive societies are highly prosperous, and under the republican system they get a share of the government work. Two societies of printers used to have the contract for the "*Journal Officiel*," and, for aught I know to the contrary, have it to this day. The relations of all these societies with the state are regulated by a special bureau, very much to the disgust of the "clubs of social studies," who want to be as free as air. The play of the two opposing forces of liberty and authority is incessant in this as in every other institution in France. Coöperation now moves all along the line, not only in manufactures, but in agriculture, for cheap houses and for cheap loans. A newer type is one in which masters



DAUGHTERS OF THE PEOPLE (LEAVING A FACTORY).

and workmen combined, each contributing their capital, large or small, and sharing benefits, of course in proportion to the amount of their subscription. This, it was hoped, would bring coöperation into the department of "grand industry," and provide for the purchase of extensive and costly plant. But it has not had much success, owing to constant discussion between the

workmen and the syndicate, and there is now a tendency to revert to the earlier system of small coöperators, providing everything for themselves.

The man who has tried most to make the social movement evolutionary, instead of revolutionary, is the Comte de Chambrun. He is the great patron of the coöperative movement, and he has given his money and

his time to it. In nights of insomnia great waking thoughts that were better than visions came to him, and urged him to make himself useful to his kind. So the "Social Museum" of his creation is now a government department, where you may study every branch of the subject with the aid of one of the best special libraries in the world. His Temple of Humanity at the Exposition—still perhaps a temple of fancy only—is to have two doors. One is to bear the date of the expiring century, and is to be labeled "Salary"; the other the date of the century to come, with the title "Association." France has scores of men of this sort all working to the same end by different means, some of them revolutionary. Edmond Potonié, whom I used to know, sacrificed the succession to a large business to live on a fifth floor at the East End and promote the cause of universal peace. The brothers Réclus—one of them the great geographer, who was just saved from the worst after the Commune by a memorial widely signed throughout the world—were for blood and fire. Yves Guyot, journalist, ex-minister, and a man of perfect honor and integrity all through, is a free-trader of the old school. His life has been in a mild sort of way a martyrdom, because he insists on the perfect harmony of interests between labor and capital. This is ever the great line of division between the two schools. In labor insurance, for instance, one school cries, "State aid," and the other, "Self-help." The state-aid schools stand for the taxation of wealth, the self-help schools for frugality. The new law is received with only partial favor by the advanced party.

It is the same in technical education. Nobody disputes the need of it, but many think that the old guild schools were the best. The municipality, however, has long had possession of the greater part of the field, and it does wonders in training the poorest children in those principles of taste which come by nature, in the first place, to the majority of Frenchmen. A municipal crafts-school is a wonderful sight. The pupils study high art, in its application to all the superior industries, without spending a penny for the best teaching in the world. They draw, model, and paint from the best examples. They are the pick of the elementary schools, where drawing is one of the subjects, though naturally it is taught only in its elements; but whenever special aptitude is shown, the higher school seeks the parents out, and takes counsel with them as to the propriety of giving the pupil a chance

in one of the art trades. If all goes well the child is sent to the school. If the earlier promise is not fulfilled, the parents are again warned that they had better think of something else. If it is fulfilled, the school does its very best for three or four years. Then one of the great art houses in bronze or marble or stone carving or engraving, or some other of the many applied arts, makes an opening for the new hand. Fame and, in a modest way, fortune is the next step. This, and this alone, is the secret of the French supremacy in the precious metals. It comes by no accident; it is the result of a careful selection of the fittest at every stage.

The wives and womankind generally of the laboring class are a great force on the side of the domestic virtues. The well-brought-up Frenchwoman of whatever class is order, method, thrift, and industry personified. If a representative goddess of these virtues were wanted, there she is ready to hand. Within her degree she is, as I have said, neat from top to toe, well shod, trim in her attire. Within the same limit of opportunity she is notoriously a good cook. She will work early and late. Her children rise up and call her blessed as they put on the shirts and stockings which she has mended overnight. Strong drink is a vice almost unknown to her experience in so far as it is one affecting her own sex. So far as I know there is no analogue in France to the British matron of the working-class who tipsles at the public-house bar. It is an insistent fancy of mine that the Frenchwoman, both for good and ill, is the stronger of the sex combination for the whole race. Like the person in the nursery rhyme, when she is bad she is horrid, because of the will and the mental power that she puts into her aberrations. But when she is good—and she is generally so (for in all life, thank Heaven! the averages are usually on the right side)—she is a treasure. She keeps the poor man's home straight.

Her daughter grows up like her, with the most elementary notions as to rights and pleasures, with the sternest notions as to duties. The home is, of course, the best nursery of these virtues, and I could wish that the girl had never to pass its bounds for the indiscriminate companionship of the factory. She has been taught to look for a sort of maternal initiative in all things, and she is apt to feel like a corporal's file without its corporal when she stands alone. She is not so well fortified as the English—above all, as the American—girl by pride in her self-



WINE-TRUCKS AT THE WINE MARKET.

reliance. She is best where she best likes to be—at home. After all, the best of factories is only the second-best of this ministrant sex, as the best of crèches, where one day, I suppose, the cradles will be rocked by steam-power, is only second-best for her baby brother or sister. Both are very much better than nothing; no more can be said. In France, as in England, the workman's ideal is to keep the woman at home.

These in their sum are the great steady-ing influences that correct the boulevard and the wine-shop for the French working-man. They also correct the platforms of the revolution. Where they are not well developed he is apt to run a little wild. His parting of the ways points to thrift, toil, hardship, on the one hand; on the other, to revolution as the promised short cut to the temple of happiness. In one section, and a large one, the faubourg is invincibly revolutionary, and as much given to the formula and the nostrum of curative regeneration as any *malade imaginaire*. Sometimes the workman thinks that if you can simply overturn the existing order and set forth liberty, equality, and fraternity by decree, you will at once change

the face of the world. Disappointed in that, and disappointed, if he could only see it, by the play of his own passions and appetites as much as by aught else, he turns with hope and longing to equally fantastic schemes. He perished in his thousands after the war to make Paris one of thirty-six thousand communes of France, sovereign within its own borders, and uniting with the others for any and every purpose of law, government, and commerce only at its sovereign pleasure. The literature of these movements is based on the Genevese dreamer's concept of man as naturally good, and wanting only a single bath of light to reveal him in his native purity. That is why the faubourg so contentedly dies—just to provide the bath for the human race.

The well-known institution of the Bourse du Travail is an instructive case. In its origin it was a sort of labor exchange, founded at the public expense to bring employers and workmen together in their relations of demand and supply, and to enable the latter to study all the economic problems affecting the welfare of their order. With this it was a teaching institution officered by

some of the best specialists in Paris; but its working-class members, being of those who think that all roads lead to socialism, soon proposed that as the end of the journey, and the government took the alarm. The institution was closed; but the influence of the essentially democratic constituency of the municipal council was strong enough to have it reopened, and there it is to-day, in the Rue du Château d'Eau, more flourishing than ever.

It has a workmanlike look. You are received by men in blouses at the door; you find men in blouses in many of the offices; and you may haply discover a meeting of men on strike in the great hall. They come there when they are out of work, either by their own volition, or by the chances of the market. In the latter case they expect the Bourse to let them know of all the work that is going. In the former they discuss their grievances, and choose deputations to lay them before the employers. They have their own organs, monthly and annual, and other organs which, perhaps, speak more effect-

ally in their name because they have no official sanction. The trend toward extreme doctrine is seen in their "*Ouvrier des Deux Mondes*," a monthly review. One of the numbers of this publication celebrates the International and condemns the "atrocious suppression" of the Commune. Another declares that the policy of the revolutionary party is to get all it can while waiting for "the coming revolution." "Not that we ought to ask anything of capital," pursues the writer, "though we should take something at once." And in the official "*Annual*" I find an account of a little festival on which one of the guests toasted the Commune, and boasted that the organization of the Bourse du Travail was a benefit "snatched from the egotism of the bourgeoisie." This, in fact, is the dominant note. It means that capital and labor in France are still as wide apart as the poles, and that the vast majority of the poor of Paris still take their "funeral of the eighth class" as much under protest as ever.



A FUNERAL OF THE EIGHTH CLASS.



FROM A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE WORKS

HESPERIDES:
OR,
THE WORKS
BOTH
HUMANE & DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK *Esq.*

OVID.
Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.



L O N D O N
Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*,
and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold
in *Saint Pauls Church-yard*. 1648.

OF ROBERT HERRICK, OWNED BY BEVERLY CHEW.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAN AND THE POET.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



LITTLE over three hundred years ago England had given to her a poet of the very rarest lyrical quality, but she did not discover the fact for more than a hundred and fifty years afterward. The poet himself was aware of the fact at once, and stated it, perhaps not too modestly, in countless quatrains and couplets, which were not read, or, if read, were not much regarded at the moment. It has always been an incredulous world in this matter. So many poets have announced their arrival, and not arrived!

Robert Herrick was descended in a direct line from an ancient family in Lincolnshire, the Eyrics, a mentionable representative of which was John Eyrick of Leicester, the poet's grandfather, admitted freeman in 1535, and afterward twice made mayor of the town. John Eyrick, or Heyricke,—he spelled his name recklessly,—had five sons, the second of which sought a career in London, where he became a goldsmith, and in December, 1582, married Julian Stone, spinster, of Bedfordshire, a sister to Anne, Lady Soame, the wife of Sir Stephen Soame. One of the many children of this marriage was Robert Herrick. It is the common misfortune of the poet's biographers, though it was the poet's own great good fortune, that the personal interviewer was an unknown quantity at the period when Herrick played his part on the stage of life. Of that performance, in its intimate aspects, we have only the slightest record.

Robert Herrick was born in Wood street, Cheapside, London, in 1591, and baptized at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, on August 24 of that year. He had several brothers and sisters, with whom we shall not concern ourselves. It would be idle to add the little we know about these persons to the little we know about Herrick himself. He is a sufficient problem without dragging in the rest of the family.

When the future lyricist was fifteen months old his father, Nicholas Herrick, made his will, and immediately fell out of an upper window. Whether or not this fall was an intended sequence to the will, the high almoner, Dr. Fletcher, Bishop of Bristol, promptly put in his claim to the estate, "all goods and chattels of suicides" becoming his by law. The circumstances were suspicious, though not conclusive, and the good bishop, after long litigation, consented to refer the case to arbitrators, who awarded him two hundred and twenty pounds, thus leaving the question at issue—whether or not Herrick's death had been his own premeditated act—still wrapped in its original mystery. This singular law, which had the possible effect of inducing high almoners to encourage suicide among well-to-do persons of the lower and middle classes, was afterward rescinded. Nicholas Herrick did not leave his household destitute, for his estate amounted to five thousand pounds, that is to say, twenty-five thousand pounds in today's money; but there were many mouths to feed. The poet's two uncles, Robert Herrick and William Herrick of Beaumanor, the latter subsequently knighted¹ for his usefulness as jeweler and money-lender to James I, were appointed guardians to the children.

Young Robert appears to have attended school in Westminster until his fifteenth year, when he was apprenticed to Sir William, who had learned the gentle art of goldsmith from his nephew's father. Though Robert's indentures bound him for ten years, Sir William is supposed to have offered no remonstrance when he was asked, long before that term expired, to cancel the engagement and allow Robert to enter Cambridge, which he did as fellow-commoner at St. John's College. At the end of two years he transferred himself to Trinity Hall, with a view to economy and the pursuit of the law—

goldsmith in Cheapside, was knighted for making a Hole in the great Diamond the King doth wear. The party little expected the honour, but he did his work so well as won the King to an extraordinary liking of it."

¹ Dr. Grosart, in his interesting and valuable "Memorial-Introduction" to Herrick's poems, quotes this curious item from Winwood's "Memorials of Affairs of State": "On Easter Tuesday [1605], one Mr. William Herrick, a

the two frequently go together. He received his degree of B. A. in 1617, and his M. A. in 1620, having relinquished the law for the arts.

During this time he was assumed to be in receipt of a quarterly allowance of ten pounds—a not illiberal provision, the pound being then five times its present value; but as the payments were eccentric, the master of arts was in recurrent distress. If this money came from his own share of his father's estate, as seems likely, Herrick had cause for complaint; if otherwise, the pith is taken out of his grievance. The Iliad of his financial woes at this juncture is told in a few chance-preserved letters written to his "most careful uncle," as he calls that evidently thrifty person. In one of these monotonous and dreary epistles, which are signed "R. Herrick," the writer says: "The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson, bookseller, in Paule's Church-ward, the ordinarie sume of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie as you maye." He also indulges in the natural wish that his college bills "had leaden wings and tortice feet." This was in 1617. The young man's patrimony, whatever it may have been, had dwindled, and he confesses to "many a throe and pinches of the purse." For the moment, at least, his prospects were not flattering.

Robert Herrick's means of livelihood, when in 1620 he quitted the university and went up to London, are conjectural. It is clear that he was not without some resources, since he did not starve to death on his wits before he discovered a patron in the Earl of Pembroke. In the court circle Herrick also unearthed humbler, but perhaps not less useful, allies in the persons of Edward Norgate, clerk of the signet, and Master John Crofts, cup-bearer to the king. Through the two New Year anthems, honored by the music of Henry Lawes, his Majesty's organist at Westminster, it is more than possible that Herrick was brought to the personal notice of Charles and Henrietta Maria. All this was a promise of success, but not success itself. It has been thought probable that Herrick may have secured some minor office in the chapel at Whitehall. That would accord with his subsequent appointment (September, 1627) as chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham's unfortunate expedition to the Isle of Rhé. Precisely when Herrick was invested with holy orders is not ascertainable. If one may draw an inference

from his poems, the life he led meanwhile was not such as his "most careful uncle" would have warmly approved. The literary clubs and coffee-houses of the day were open to a free-lance like young Herrick, some of whose blithe measures, passing in manuscript from hand to hand, had brought him faintly to light as a poet. The "Dog" and the "Triple Tun" were not places devoted to worship, unless it were to the worship of "rare Ben Jonson," at whose feet Herrick now sat, with the other blossoming young poets of the season. He was a faithful disciple to the end, and addressed many loving lyrics to the master, of which not the least graceful is "His Prayer to Ben Jonson":

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

On September 30, 1629, Charles I, at the recommending of the Earl of Exeter, presented Herrick with the vicarage of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire. Here he was destined to pass the next nineteen years of his life among surroundings not congenial. For Herrick to be a mile away from London stone was for Herrick to be in exile. Even with railway and telegraphic interruptions from the outside world, the dullness of a provincial English town of to-day is something formidable, as the traveler knows. The torn back number of "Punch" on the coffee-room table makes a solid gloom in itself. The dullness of a sequestered English hamlet in the early part of the seventeenth century must have been appalling. One is dimly conscious of a belated throb of sympathy for Robert Herrick. Yet, however discontented or unhappy he may have been at first in that lonely vicarage, the world may congratulate itself on the circumstances that stranded him there, far from the distractions of the town, and with no other solace than his Muse, for there it was he wrote the greater number of the poems which were to make his fame. It is to this accidental banishment to Devon that we owe the cluster of exquisite pieces descriptive

of obsolete rural manners and customs—the Christmas masks, the Twelfth-night mummeries, the morris-dances, and the May-day festivals. The November following Herrick's appointment to the benefice was marked by the death of his mother, who left him no heavier legacy than "a ring of twenty shillings." Perhaps this was an understood arrangement between them; but it is to be observed that, though Herrick was a spendthrift in epitaphs, he wasted no funeral lines on Julian Herrick. In the matter of verse he dealt generously with his family down to the latest nephew. One of his most charming and touching poems is entitled "To His Dying Brother, Master William Herrick," a posthumous son. There appear to have been two brothers named William. The younger, who died early, is supposed to be referred to here.

The story of Herrick's existence at Dean Prior is as vague and bare of detail as the rest of the narrative. His parochial duties must have been irksome to him, and it is to be imagined that he wore his cassock lightly. As a preparation for ecclesiastical life he forswore sack and poetry; but presently he was with the Muse again, and his farewell to sack was in a strictly Pickwickian sense. Herrick had probably accepted the vicarship as he would have accepted a lieutenancy in a troop of horse—with an eye to present emolument and future promotion. The promotion never came, and the emolument was nearly as scant as that of Goldsmith's parson, who considered himself "passing rich wick forty pounds a year"—a height of optimism beyond the reach of Herrick, with his expensive town wants and habits. But fifty pounds—the salary of his benefice—and possible perquisites in the way of marriage and burial fees would enable him to live for the time being. It was better than a possible nothing a year in London. Herrick's religious convictions were assuredly not deeper than those of the average layman. Various writers have taken a different view of the subject; but it is inconceivable that a clergyman with a fitting sense of his function could have written certain of the poems which Herrick afterward gave to the world—those astonishing epigrams upon his rustic enemies, and those habitual bridal compliments which, among his personal friends, must have added a terror to matrimony. Had he written only in that vein the posterity which he so often invoked with pathetic confidence would not have greatly troubled itself about him. It cannot positively be as-

serted that all the verses in question relate to the period of his incumbency, for none of his verse is dated, with the exception of the "Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia." The date of some of the compositions may be arrived at by induction. The religious pieces grouped under the title of "Noble Numbers" distinctly associate themselves with Dean Prior, and have little other interest. Very few of them are "born of the royal blood." They lack the inspiration and magic of his secular poetry, and are frequently so fantastical and grotesque as to stir a suspicion touching the absolute soundness of Herrick's mind at all times. The lines in which the Supreme Being is assured that he may read Herrick's poems without taking any tincture from their sinfulness might have been written in a retreat for the unbalanced. "For unconscious impiety," remarks Mr. Edmund Gosse,¹ "this rivals the famous passage in which Robert Montgomery exhorted God to 'pause and think.'" Elsewhere, in an apostrophe to "Heaven," Herrick says:

Let mercy be
So kind to set me free,
And I will straight
Come in, or force the gate.

In any event, the poet did not propose to be left out!

Relative to the inclusion of unworthy pieces and the general absence of arrangement in the "Hesperides," Dr. Grosart advances the theory that the printers exercised arbitrary authority on these points. Dr. Grosart assumes that Herrick kept the epigrams and personal tributes in manuscript books separate from the rest of the work, which would have made a too slender volume by itself, and on the plea of this slenderness was induced to trust the two collections to the publisher, "whereupon he or some unskilled subordinate proceeded to intermix these additions with the others. That the poet himself had nothing to do with the arrangement or disarrangement lies on the surface." This is an amiable supposition, but merely a supposition. Herrick personally placed the "copy" in the hands of John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, and if he were over-persuaded to allow them to print unfit verses, and to observe no method whatever in the contents of the book, the discredit is none the less his. It is charitable to believe that Herrick's coarseness was not the coarseness of the man, but of the time,

¹ In "Seventeenth-Century Studies."

and that he followed the fashion *malgré lui*. With regard to the fairy poems, they certainly should have been given in sequence; but if there are careless printers, there are also authors who are careless in the arrangement of their manuscript, a kind of task, moreover, in which Herrick was wholly unpractised, and might easily have made mistakes. The "*Hesperides*" was his sole publication.

Herrick was now thirty-eight years of age. Of his personal appearance at this time we have no description. The portrait of him prefixed to the original edition of his works belongs to a much later moment. Whether or not the bovine features in Marshall's engraving are a libel on the poet, it is to be regretted that oblivion has not laid its erasing finger on that singularly unpleasant counterfeit presentment. It is interesting to note that this same Marshall engraved the head of Milton for the first collection of his miscellaneous poems—the precious 1645 volume containing "*Il Penseroso*," "*Lycidas*," "*Comus*," etc. The plate gave great offense to the serious-minded young Milton, because of certain minute figures of peasant lassies who are very indistinctly seen dancing frivolously under the trees in the background. Herrick had more reason to protest. The aggressive face bestowed upon him by the artist lends an air of veracity to the tradition that the vicar occasionally hurled the manuscript of his sermon at the heads of his drowsy parishioners, accompanying the missive with pregnant remarks. He has the aspect of one meditating assault and battery. To offset the picture there is much indirect testimony to the amiability of the man, aside from the evidence furnished by his own writings. He exhibits a fine trait in the poem on the Bishop of Lincoln's imprisonment—a poem full of deference and tenderness for a person who had evidently injured the writer, probably by opposing him in some affair of church preferment. Anthony Wood says that Herrick "became much beloved by the gentry in these parts for his florid and witty [wise] discourses." It appears that he was fond of animals, and had a pet spaniel called Tracy, which did not get away without a couplet attached to him:

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
For shape and service spaniell like to thee.

Among the exile's chance acquaintances was a sparrow, whose elegy he also sings, comparing the bird to Lesbia's sparrow, much to the latter's disadvantage. All of Herrick's

geese were swans. On the authority of Dorothy King, the daughter of a woman who served Herrick's successor at Dean Prior, we are told that the poet kept a pig, which he had taught to drink out of a tankard—a kind of instruction he was admirably qualified to impart. Dorothy was in her ninety-ninth year when she communicated this fact to Mr. Barron Field, the author of the paper on Herrick published in the "*Quarterly Review*" for August, 1810, and in the Boston edition¹ of the "*Hesperides*" attributed to Southey.

What else do we know of the vicar? A very favorite theme with Herrick was Herrick. Scattered through his book are no fewer than twenty-five pieces entitled "*On Himself*," not to mention numberless autobiographical hints under other captions. They are merely hints, throwing casual side-lights on his likes and dislikes, and illuminating his vanity. A whimsical personage without any very definite outlines might be evolved from these fragments. I picture him as a sort of Samuel Pepys, with perhaps less quaintness, and the poetical temperament added. Like the prince of gossips, too, he somehow gets at your affections. In one place Herrick laments the threatened failure of his eyesight (quite in what would have been Pepys's manner had Pepys written verse), and in another place he tells us of the loss of a finger. The quatrain treating of this latter catastrophe is as fantastic as some of Dr. Donne's *conceits*:

One of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already, and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall, which soon will be:
First dies the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

With all his great show of candor Herrick really reveals as little of himself as ever poet did. One thing, however, is manifest—he understood and loved music. None but a lover could have said:

The mellow touch of musick most doth wound
The soule when it doth rather sigh than sound.

Or this to Julia:

So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,

¹ The "Biographical Notice" prefacing this volume of "*The British Poets*" is a remarkable production, grammatically and chronologically. On page 7 the writer speaks of Herrick as living "in habits of intimacy" with Ben Jonson in 1648. If that was the case, Herrick must have taken up his quarters in Westminster Abbey, for Jonson had been dead eleven years.

But listen to thee walking in thy chamber
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

. . . Then let me lye
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly;
And by thy musick stricken mute,
Die, and be turn'd into a lute.

Herrick never married. His modest Devonshire establishment was managed by a maid-servant named Prudence Baldwin. "Fate likes fine names," says Lowell. That of Herrick's maid-of-all-work was certainly a happy meeting of gentle vowels and consonants, and has had the good fortune to be embalmed in the amber of what may be called a joyous little threnody:

In this little urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Herrick addressed a number of poems to her before her death, which seems to have deeply touched him in his loneliness. We shall not allow a pleasing illusion to be disturbed by the flippancy of an old writer who says that "Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse." She was a faithful handmaid, and had the merit of causing Herrick in this octave to strike a note of sincerity not usual with him:

These summer-birds did with thy master stay.
The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fates abide
As well the winter's as the summer's tide:
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not two, but all the seasons of the year.

Thus much have I done for thy memory,
Mistress Prew!

In spite of Herrick's disparagement of Deanbourn, which he calls "a rude river," and his characterization of Devon folk as "a people currish, churlish as the seas," the fullest and pleasantest days of his life were probably spent at Dean Prior. He was not unmindful meanwhile of the gathering political storm that was to shake England to its foundations. How anxiously, in his solitude, he watched the course of events, is attested by many of his poems. This solitude was not without its compensation. "I confess," he says,

I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the presse
Than where I loath'd so much.

A man is never wholly unhappy when he is writing verses. Herrick was firmly convinced that each new lyric was a stone added to the pillar of his fame, and perhaps his sense of relief was tinged with indefinable regret when he found himself suddenly deprived of his benefice. The integrity of some of his royalistic poems is doubtful; but he was not given the benefit of the doubt by the Long Parliament, which ejected the panegyrist of young Prince Charles from the vicarage of Dean Prior, and installed in his place the venerable John Syms, a gentleman with pronounced Cromwellian views.

Herrick snapped his fingers metaphorically at the Puritans, discarded his clerical habiliments, and hastened to London to pick up such as were left of the gay-colored threads of his old experience there. Once more he would drink sack at the Triple Tun, once more he would breathe the air breathed by such poets and wits as Cotton, Denham, Shirley, Selden, and the rest. "Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too." In the gladness of getting back "from the dull confines of the drooping west," he writes a glowing apostrophe to London—that "stony stepmother to poets." He claims to be a free-born Roman, and is proud to find himself a citizen again. According to his earlier biographers, Herrick had much ado not to starve in that same longed-for London, and fell into great misery; but Dr. Grosart disputes this, arguing, with justness, that Herrick's family, which was wealthy and influential, would not have allowed him to come to abject want. With his royalistic tendencies he may not have breathed quite freely in the atmosphere of the Commonwealth, and no doubt many tribulations fell to his lot, but among them was not poverty. The poet was now engaged in preparing his works for the press, and a few weeks following his return to London they were issued in a single volume with the title "Hesperides; or, The Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq."

The time was not ready for him. A new era had dawned—the era of the commonplace. The interval was come when Shakespeare himself was to lie in a kind of twilight. Herrick was in spirit an Elizabethan, and had strayed by chance into an artificial and prosaic age—a sylvan singing creature alighting on an alien planet. "He was too natural," says Mr. Palgrave in his "Chrysomela," "too purely poetical; he had not the learned polish, the political allusion, the tone

of the city, the didactic turn, which were then and onward demanded from poetry." Yet it is strange that a public which had a relish for Edmund Waller should neglect a poet who was fifty times finer than Waller in his own specialty. What poet then, or in the half-century that followed the Restoration, could have written "Corinna's Going a-Maying," or approached in kind the ineffable grace and perfection to be found in a score of Herrick's lyrics?

The "Hesperides" was received with chilling indifference. None of Herrick's great contemporaries has left a consecrating word concerning it. The book was not reprinted during the author's lifetime, and for more than a century after his death Herrick was virtually unread. In 1796 the "Gentleman's Magazine" copied a few of the poems, and two years later Dr. Nathan Drake published in his "Literary Hours" three critical papers on the poet, with specimens of his writings. Dr. Johnson omitted him from the "Lives of the Poets," though space was found for half a score of poetasters whose names are to be found nowhere else. In 1810 Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, issued a small volume of selections. It was not until 1823 that Herrick was reprinted in full. It remained for the taste of our own day to multiply editions of him.

In order to set the seal to Herrick's fame, it is now only needful that some wise-acre should attribute the authorship of the poems to some man who could not possibly have written a line of them. The opportunity presents attractions that ought to be irresistible. Excepting a handful of Herrick's college letters there is no scrap of his manuscript extant; the men who drank and jested with the poet at the Dog or the Triple Tun make no reference to him; and in the wide parenthesis formed by his birth and death we find as little tangible incident as is discoverable in the briefer span of Shakspeare's fifty-two years. Here is material for profundity and ciphers!

Herrick's second sojourn in London covered the period between 1648 and 1662, during which interim he fades from sight, excepting for the instant when he is publishing his book. If he engaged in further literary work there are no evidences of it beyond one contribution to the "Lacrymæ Musarum" in 1649. He seems to have had lodgings, for a while at least, in St. Anne's, Westminster. With the court in exile and the grim Roundheads seated in the seats of the mighty, it was no longer the merry Lon-

don of his early manhood. Time and war had thinned the ranks of friends; in the old haunts the old familiar faces were wanting. Ben Jonson was dead, Waller banished, and many another comrade "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." As Herrick walked through crowded Cheapside or along the dingy river-bank in those years, his thought must have turned more than once to the little vicarage in Devonshire, and lingered tenderly.

On the accession of Charles II a favorable change of wind wafted Herrick back to his former moorings at Dean Prior, the obnoxious Syms having been turned adrift. This occurred on August 24, 1662, the seventy-first anniversary of the poet's baptism. Of Herrick's movements after that tradition does not furnish even the shadow of an outline. The only notable event concerning him is recorded twelve years later in the parish register: "Robert Herrick, vicker, was buried ye 15th day October, 1674." He was eighty-three years old. The location of his grave is unknown. In 1857 a monument to his memory was erected in Dean Church. And this is all.

THE details that have come down to us touching Herrick's private life are as meager as if he had been a Marlowe or a Shakspeare. But were they as ample as could be desired they would still be unimportant compared with the single fact that in 1648 he gave to the world his "Hesperides." The environments of the man were accidental and transitory. The significant part of him we have, and that is enduring so long as wit, fancy, and melodious numbers hold a charm for mankind.

A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence. Though it may have been said three hundred years ago, it is as modern as yesterday; though it may have been said yesterday, it has the trick of seeming to have been always in our keeping. This quality of remoteness and nearness belongs, in a striking degree, to Herrick's poems. They are as novel to-day as they were on the lips of a choice few of his contemporaries, who, in reading them in their freshness, must surely have been aware here and there of the ageless grace of old idyllic poets dead and gone.

Herrick was the bearer of no heavy message to the world, and such message as he had he was apparently in no hurry to deliver. On this point he somewhere says:

Let others to the printing presse run fast;
Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste.

He had need of his patience, for he was long detained on the road by many of those obstacles that waylay poets on their journeys to the printer. Herrick was nearly sixty years old when he published the "Hesperides." It was, I repeat, no heavy message, and the bearer was left an unconscionable time to cool his heels in the antechamber. Though his pieces had been set to music by such composers as Lawes, Ramsay, and Laniere, and his court poems had naturally won favor with the Cavalier party, Herrick cut but a small figure at the side of several of his rhyming contemporaries who are now forgotten. It sometimes happens that the light love-song, reaching few or no ears at its first singing, outlasts the seemingly more prosperous ode which, dealing with some passing phase of thought, social or political, gains the instant applause of the multitude. In most cases the timely ode is somehow apt to fade with the circumstance that inspired it, and becomes the yesterday's editorial of literature. Oblivion likes especially to get hold of occasional poems. That makes it hard for feeble poets laureate.

Mr. Henry James once characterized Alphonse Daudet as "a great little novelist." Robert Herrick is a great little poet. The brevity of his poems—for he wrote nothing *de longue haleine*—would place him among the minor singers; his workmanship places him among the masters. The Herricks were not a family of goldsmiths and lapidaries for nothing. The accurate touch of the artificer in jewels and costly metals was one of the gifts transmitted to Robert Herrick. Much of his work is as exquisite and precise as the chasing on a dagger-hilt by Cellini; the line has nearly always that vine-like fluency which seems impromptu, and is never the result of anything but austere labor. The critic who called these carefully wrought poems "wood-notes wild" mistook his vocation. They are full of subtle simplicity. Here we come across a stanza as severely cut as an antique cameo,—the stanza, for instance, in which the poet speaks of his lady-love's "winter face,"—and there a couplet that breaks into unfading daffodils and violets. The art, though invisible, is always there. His amatory songs and catches are such poetry as *Orlando* would have liked to hang on the boughs in the forest of Arden. None of the work is hastily done, not even that portion of it we could wish had not been done at all. Be the motive grave or

gay, it is given that faultlessness of form which distinguishes everything in literature that has survived its own period. There is no such thing as "form" alone; it is only the close-grained material that takes the highest finish. The structure of Herrick's verse, like that of Blake, is simple to the verge of innocence. Such rhythmic intricacies as those of Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne he never dreamed of. But his manner has this perfection: it fits his matter as the cup of the acorn fits its meat.

Of passion, in the deeper sense, Herrick has little or none. Here are no "tears from the depth of some divine despair," no probings into the tragic heart of man, no insight that goes much farther than the pathos of a cowslip on a maiden's grave. The tendrils of his verse reach up to the light, and love the warmer side of the garden wall. But the reader who does not detect the seriousness under the lightness misreads Herrick. Nearly all true poets have been wholesome and joyous singers. A pessimistic poet, like the poisonous ivy, is one of nature's sarcasms. In his own bright pastoral way Herrick must always remain unexcelled. His limitations are certainly narrow, but they leave him in the sunshine. Neither in his thought nor in his utterance is there any complexity; both are as pellucid as a woodland pond, content to duplicate the osiers and ferns, and, by chance, the face of a girl straying near its crystal. His is no troubled stream in which large trout are caught. He must be accepted on his own terms.

The greatest poets have, with rare exceptions, been the most indebted to their predecessors or to their contemporaries. It has wittily been remarked that only mediocrity is ever wholly original. Impressionability is one of the conditions of the creative faculty: the sensitive mind is the only mind that invents. What the poet reads, sees, and feels, goes into his blood, and becomes an ingredient of his originality. The color of his thought instinctively blends itself with the color of its affinities. A writer's style, if it have distinction, is the outcome of a hundred styles. Though a generous borrower of the ancients, Herrick appears to have been exceptionally free from the influence of contemporary minds. Here and there in his work are traces of his beloved Ben Jonson, or fleeting impressions of Fletcher, and in one instance a direct infringement on Suckling; but the sum of Herrick's obligations in this sort is inconsiderable. This indifference to other writers of his time, this insularity, was

doubtless his loss. The more exalted imagination of Vaughan or Marvell or Herbert might have taught him a deeper note than he sounded in his purely devotional poems. Milton, of course, moved in a sphere apart. Shakspeare, whose personality still haunted the clubs and taverns which Herrick frequented on his first going up to London, failed to lay any appreciable spell upon him. That great name, moreover, is a jewel which finds no setting in Herrick's rhyme. His general reticence relative to brother poets is extremely curious when we reflect on his penchant for addressing four-line epics to this or that individual. They were, in the main, obscure individuals, whose identity is scarcely worth establishing. His London life, at two different periods, brought him into contact with many of the celebrities of the day; but his verse has helped to confer immortality on very few of them. That his verse had the secret of conferring immortality was one of his unshaken convictions. Shakspeare had not a finer confidence when he wrote:

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlast my powerful rhyme,

than has Herrick whenever he speaks of his own poetry, and he is not by any means backward in speaking of it. It was the breath of his nostrils. Without his Muse those nineteen years in that dull, secluded Devonshire village would have been unendurable.

His poetry has the value and the defect of that seclusion. In spite, however, of his contracted horizon there is great variety in Herrick's themes. Their scope cannot be stated so happily as he has stated it:

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes;
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy King;
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Never was there so pretty a table of contents! When you open his book the breath of the English rural year fans your cheek; the pages seem to exhale wildwood and

meadow smells, as if sprigs of tansy and lavender had been shut up in the volume and forgotten. One has a sense of hawthorn hedges and wide-spreading oaks, of open lead-set lattices half hidden with honeysuckle; and distant voices of the haymakers, returning home in the rosy afterglow, fall dreamily on one's ear, as sounds should fall when fancy listens. There is no English poet so thoroughly English as Herrick. He painted the country life of his own time as no other has painted it at any time. The lovely folk-lore of Devonshire and Middlesex finds here its last expression. It is to be remarked that the majority of English poets regarded as national have sought their chief inspiration in almost every land and period excepting their own. Shakspeare went to Italy, Denmark, Greece, Egypt, and to many a hitherto unfooted region of the imagination, for plot and character. It was not Whitehall Garden, but the Garden of Eden and the celestial spaces, that lured Milton. It is the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and the noble fragment of "Hyperion" that have given Keats his spacious niche in the gallery of England's poets. Shelley's two masterpieces, "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci," belong respectively to Greece and Italy. Browning's "The Ring and the Book" is Italian; Tennyson wandered to the land of myth for the "Idylls of the King"; and Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum"—a narrative poem second in dignity to none produced in the nineteenth century—is a Persian story. But Herrick's "golden apples" sprang from the soil in his own day, and reddened in the mist and sunshine of his native island.

Even the fairy poems, which must be classed by themselves, are not wanting in local flavor. Herrick's fairy world is an immeasurable distance from that of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." *Puck* and *Titania* are of finer breath than Herrick's little folk, who may be said to have Devonshire manners and to live in a miniature England of their own. Like the magician who summons them from nowhere, they are fond of color and perfume and substantial feasts, and indulge in heavy draughts—from the cups of morning-glories. In the tiny sphere they inhabit everything is marvelously adapted to their requirement; nothing is out of proportion or out of perspective. The elves are a strictly religious people in their winsome way, "part pagan, part papistical"; they have their pardons and indulgences, their psalters and chapels, and

An apple's-core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to Morn and Even-song;

and very conveniently,

Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,
The Holy-water there is put.

It is all delightfully naïve and fanciful, this elfin-world, where the impossible does not strike one as incongruous, and the England of 1648 seems never very far away.

It is only among the apparently unpremeditated lyrical flights of the Elizabethan dramatists that one meets with anything like the lilt and liquid flow of Herrick's songs. While in no degree Shaksperian echoes, there are epithalamia and dirges of his that might properly have fallen from the lips of *Posthumus* in "*Cymbeline*." This delicate epicede would have fitted *Imogen*:

Here a solemne fast we keepe
While all beauty lyes asleepe;
Husht be all things; *no noyse here*
But the toning of a teare,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

Many of the pieces are purely dramatic in essence; the "Mad Maid's Song," for example. The lyrist may speak in character, like the dramatist. A poet's lyrics may be, as most of Browning's are, just so many *dramatis personæ*. "Enter a Song singing" is the stage-direction in a seventeenth-century play whose name escapes me. The sentiment dramatized in a lyric is not necessarily a personal expression. In one of his couplets

Herrick neatly denies that his more mercurial utterances are intended presentations of himself:

To his Book's end this last line he'd have placed—
Jocund his Muse was, but his Life was chaste.

In point of fact he was a whole group of imaginary lovers in one. Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Perilla, Perenna, and the rest of those lively ladies ending in *a*, were doubtless, for the most part, but airy phantoms dancing—as they should not have danced—through the brain of a sentimental old bachelor who happened to be a vicar of the Church of England. Even with his overplus of heart it would have been quite impossible for him to have had enough to go round had there been so numerous actual demands upon it.

Thus much may be conceded to Herrick's verse: at its best it has wings that carry it nearly as close to heaven's gate as any of Shakspeare's lark-like interludes. The brevity of the poems and their uniform smoothness sometimes produce the effect of monotony. The crowded richness of the line advises a desultory reading. But one must go back to them again and again. They bewitch the memory, having once caught it, and insist on saying themselves over and over. Among the poets of England the author of the "*Hesperides*" remains, and is likely to remain, unique. As Shakspeare stands alone in his vast domain, so Herrick stands alone in his scanty plot of ground.

Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

A TRANSFER OF PROPERTY.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



"AC'INTED? Am I ac'ainted with 'er, Mr. Crosby? Ef ye c'u'd fin' a hoss or a cow as was n't ac'ainted with 'er! She's the talkin'est woman in this hull State!"

"Indeed!" I said. I squared myself in the buggy, turning from contemplation of the brown acres trimmed with their endless little ruffles of green.

I had come from Philadelphia that morning, intrusted by the firm with a document

relative to the property of one Letitia Lunger, resident of Hampton, and wife of Cyrus Lunger, deceased. I knew by name alone the lady who held the title to the deed I carried in my vest. Hampton was a new experience to me. So, as well, was Jacob Slatter, who had approached me at the station with the offer of a "lift" in his rusty vehicle, for which favor he demanded compensation of a quarter, and, tacitly, such additional toll in matter of my personal history as he might be able to extract upon the road.



"HIS INDIGNATION WAXED UNDER MY APPROVAL."

Having put him in possession of a generous number of items regarding myself, I made excuses to my conscience for not refusing to accept the crumb or two that might fall to me concerning Mrs. Lunger. Moreover, there was yet a good mile to be covered before we reached our destination, and the gray was slow.

"Indeed!" I remarked again, but Mr. Slatter was in no need of encouragement. He jerked his slouch-hat over his eyes, and tickled the sumacs and switched them, as an index to his inner state. I was hardly prepared for that which was to follow; I am free to confess I was surprised. But if my chivalry—for which I claim nothing—was not strong enough to keep me from listening to matter so derogatory to one of the other sex, it must, at least, forbid me to become a party to its repetition.

Mr. Slatter was troubled with no compunctions.

"The talkin'est woman!" he would break

out, every now and again, as a sort of interjection. "The *talkin'est* woman! Ef ye c'u'd hear 'er, Mr. Crosby!"

"I shall, you know," I ventured once, but he waved me aside.

"Ef ye c'u'd hear 'er—r'arin' through the village, r'arin' up in meetin', r'arin' aroun' on'er furr! Talkin'? There 's them she 's talked out o' meetin', an' them she 's talked out o' town. An' there 's them she 's talked into the burryin'-groun'—an' glad to git there at that!"

"I dare say," I responded sympathetically. "I dare say."

His indignation waxed under my approval.

"Done all 'er neighbors up," he continued, trailing a long leg out of the buggy, "cle' red 'em out! Furms with bes' prospecks lyin' all aroun' 'er; think they 're occipied? Think they c'u'd rent 'em, Mr. Crosby?"

"Done 'er pore man up; *he's* med 'way with! Managed to stan' it about two year! Goin' like a thrashin'-flapper—clapper, clapper, clap!"

"Trying," I said.

"Tryin'?" he ejaculated.

He screwed his lips together and started up the horse.

"I hope we'll keep 'er with us. I hope 't'll be a spell afore she gits there. I do, Mr. Crosby."

"Gets where?" I inquired.

"To the burryin'-groun'. An' I don't keer ef I hev my say. I hope 't'll be a spell afore she gits roun' to that."

I expressed surprise.

"For the sake o' them that 's there, Mr. Crosby! For the sake o' them that 's tryin' to sleep! Ef so be they put me alongside 'er, I'd git up an' move my tombstun!"

He slashed the mare on both her flanks.

"Ef I owned 'er," he broke out again, "I'd mek 'er a queen."

"You'd make her a queen?"

"Yaas, I'd mek 'er a queen. I'd give 'er one half the airth an' I'd tek the other."

We finished our ride in silence, for Mr. Slatter lapsed into eloquent gloom. He had had his say. The road forked, and we came upon a low white house. "There 's the place," he grunted, indicating with the whip. We ground the stepping-stone ominously.

"You are n't coming in, I suppose?" I inquired a trifle anxiously, alighting.

"Naaw," he returned, without looking at me; "I ain't."

I watched him wheel the buggy round with a sense of desertion.

"Be back for me in half an hour," I called.

He pulled his hat lower, and made a backward motion with his hand.

"Come out to the gate when she 's done with ye. I'll draw up down the road."

I found Mrs. Lunger a good-looking woman, with a gingham apron and a capable

eye. As I was able to gain opportunity and her indulgence, I made her acquainted with my errand, and turned over to her the deed to her late (and unfortunate) husband's estate. But it was not so much the volubility of her talking as the manner of it that overawed me.

"What man was that druv off?" she asked, as I sat with my papers spread upon my lap; and I knew by her eye that she knew exactly who it was, but was going to make me say it. I had to say it, too.

"Why, that was Mr. Slatter," I answered. "He's waiting for me. He did n't come in because—" and here I paused idiotically, being unable even to invent a reason why Mr. Slatter did n't come in.

Mrs. Lunger helped me out; she brought her chair nearer mine, and settled her hands upon her knees.

"I'll tell ye why he did n't come in," she said. Then she waited.

"Why?" I was compelled to ask.

She smiled sarcastically.

"Because, Mr. Crosby, he knowed better."

"I dare say," I responded. I was

bound to make a fool of myself. But she waived it, and hitched the chair closer.

"Ef Jacob Slatter," she said impressively, "should walk his boots in here I'd give him the fire-shovel!"

I laughed perforce. "It 's well his boots are outside, then," I ventured, as a feeble joke. But I was unable to get on with her on any basis of comfortable pleasantries; she took me seriously.

"It 's well they air," she observed, "it 's well they air." She shook her head in mournful deprecation, and smoothed the gingham squares.

"I ain't speakin' in any onchristian sperrit, Mr. Crosby, or tellin' tales; I ain't callin' folks 'tater-bugs—'t ain't right: but



"JAKE SLATTER 'S THE MOST AGGRAVOKIN' MAN THIS SIDE THE AIRTH."

ef I do say as should n't, Jake Slatter's the most aggravokin' man this side the airth."

"Indeed!" I said. I looked meekly, tamely acquiescent. It had been her whole policy to make me commit myself. She caught my eye, and there she had me. I did n't get away within the half-hour, nor within the hour. I made an effort to rise once, if I remember, but she waved me back.

"Set down!" she said.

I learned a great deal about Mr. Slatter—more than, considering all that had passed between us, was comfortable for me to know. Indeed, I could almost have doubted that which I heard, had it not been that Mrs. Lunger appeared so well informed.

I was made to tremble, before I left, that fate had cast him across my pathway, to blush that I must ride back with him on the same wagon-seat. I found that there was hardly an obligation of man to man that he had not disregarded, only few of the commandments that he had left intact: that he did n't like the pastor, that he voted wrong at the election, that he would n't wipe his feet on the door-mat, had let the weeds grow in his garden, and had laid his wife in an early grave—in short, that I had been on the wrong side.

But whatever menace there might be to my soul in further intercourse with him, Mrs. Lunger had acquitted her conscience. I saw him in the high light of what he was.

She followed me out to the hallway.

"Lazy? Ye said lazy, Mr. Crosby?" (I had n't said lazy, though I claim nothing to my credit.) "Git him to p'int out his place on yer way to the caars.

"Mean? Ye said mean? Best look through yer pockets. What you ain't got Jake Slatter hez."

I glanced apprehensively along the drive; I was relieved to find Mr. Slatter far down the road.

"Waal?" he greeted me, as I climbed in beside him.

"Well?" I responded brusquely.

It was early summer when I first visited Hampton, and autumn when I went again. The firm had received a communication from Mr. Slatter. There were no particulars, except that he wished to see a legal adviser (myself the preference), and in due time I was delegated as before.

"Got my letter, did ye?" he inquired, after conversation had dwelt sufficiently on the merits of the colt he had driven down to meet me. "M-m! Thought as how ye done that little job las' spring for—"

"Mrs. Lunger?" I concluded amiably, willing to spare him. He nodded, and I felt that he was grateful. Then I added: "I remember. You thought if I could manage Mrs. Lunger you'd see what I could do for *you*?"

"Yaas," he assented; "guess that's the size of it. Thought"—adjusting a new yellow blanket more comfortably over our knees—"ye'd do better 'n some feller that—"

"You were n't acquainted with? I see. Well," I agreed, "that's the right way to look at it. That's the way we get clients, you know."

The country lay before us in all the contagious indolence of October. There was an afternoon ahead to talk business; I did n't encourage him. We left the village, and he slowed the colt to a walk. The road was losing itself between the rows of sumacs, heavy now with their crimson fruit; through windows in the leafage I could, as before, catch glimpses of the fields. They were rich with harvest. The corn was standing in shocks, and the pumpkins lay in glowing heaps.

We wound round the brow of a little hill, and the cemetery came in sight. I smiled at the memory of a conversation it brought back to me.

"Speaking of Mrs. Lunger," I said to my companion, "I suppose you hear of her, or hear her, now and then?"

His glance rested on the white stones marking the, as yet, untroubled colony of the dead.

"Yaas," he responded, letting the lash of his whip trail along the hedge; "now 'n then."

"How is she? Pretty well?"

"Fer's I ken ventur', purty waal."

"Talks as much as ever, does she?"

"I calc'late she does, Mr. Crosby; I calc'late she does. The fac' is—"

"You've been too busy to listen?" I smiled again at my moderate wit.

The day was sleepy, the sun warm. I was under the impression that the last time I came this way I had been amused. I felt an inclination, born of laziness, to get Mr. Slatter started again.

"She still runs the farm, I suppose," I prospected. He reached for a bit of sassafras, and placed it between his teeth.

"Naaw," he said, after an interval; "firm's to let—be'n some time back. Guess"—with a touch of incredulity—"ye ken't hev heard the news."

I looked expectant, and he chewed with evident relish.

"Moved!" he continued caustically. One could see he was warming to it. "Merried again!"

"No!" I sat up with genuine interest. "You don't mean to tell me! Mrs. Lunger? Married! *Who?*"

"Some cuss on the road up yonner!" He indicated with the whip-lash. "Show ye when we sight 'is place. Long-legged, wuthless, balkin', contrarious critter—las' man ye 'd pick out, o' cource."

"Well," I ejaculated, "I 'll be—" I refrained from saying what I would be. It was hard to find just the word. One needs an assortment in Hampton. "So there was a second man willing to take such a—responsibility? With all due respect to Mrs. Lunger—"

Mr. Slatter regarded me with a glimmer, and jerked the hat over his eyes.

"Ye think ye c'u'd tell where to put 'im? Ye 'd say the fools *wa'n't* all dead?"

I was forced to confess that the thought had occurred to me.

"There's them in the village," he admitted, "as is sayin' the same."

I had n't a doubt. The village would hardly neglect such a morsel.

"But how did it come about?" I said, laughing. "Old flame of hers—this gentleman? Was in love with her, eh?"

"Naaw," he asserted; "not as I know on. Calc'late *not*."

"After him, then, was she? In love with him?"

He gave himself a shift in the wagon, and the coltan unmerited cut.

"'N love with 'im, wuz she? Loved 'im like pizen, so I hear tell."

"Then why did they marry?" I asked. I own I was puzzled. "What made them do it? I don't understand."

"What made 'em do it? Lord knows! Ask me? Why, did ye say, Mr. Crosby? 'Cause folks 'd 'a' sooner bet on the sky cavin' in."

"But will they keep it up? *Can* they? How do they act?" I continued. "What do the neighbors expect?"

"Expeck?" he retorted. "*Expeck?* There's where ye air, Mr. Crosby. That 's what 's onsettlin' the village. That 's jes the ornery part. Her with 'er talkin', an' him with 'is balkin'; think ye c'u'd see a clear case? Livin' as chipper there, ackin' as pesky! Coo'in' like turkle-doves, nosin' like pet lambs, 'cause not a soul but expected 't 'u'd be cats an' dogs! Cussedness—that 's why they done it! Pure, sheer cussedness!"

We emerged from the sumacs, and I saw before us, at the end of the bit of farm-

land, the house he had pointed out to me on my previous visit as his. The button-ball, as I remembered, shaded the dooryard, and the odor of late-blooming flowers strayed out through the pickets. But I laid my hand on his arm as I recognized the figure in the apron who leaned on the gate.

"Why? What?" I stammered; but Mr. Slatter forestalled me.

"Yaas," he said defiantly, from under the hat, "that 's Mrs. Lunger—her as wuz. She wants ye to mek over that there deed to me."





THE LITTLE DEAD CHILD.

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

WHEN all but she were sleeping fast,
And the night was nearly fled,
The little dead child came up the stair
And stood by his mother's bed.

"Ah, God!" she cried, "the nights are three,
And yet I have not slept!"
The little dead child he sat him down,
And sank his head, and wept.

"And is it thou, my little dead child,
Come in from out the storm?
Ah, lie thou back against my heart,
And I will keep thee warm!"

*That is long ago, mother,
Long and long ago!
Shall I grow warm who lay three nights
Beneath the winter snow?*

"Hast thou not heard the old nurse weep?
She sings to us no more;
And thy brothers leave the broken toys
And whisper in the door."

*That is far away, mother,
Far and far away!
Above my head the stone is white,
My hands forget to play.*

"What wilt thou then, my little dead child,
Since here thou may'st not lie?
Ah, me! that snow should be thy sheet,
And winds thy lullaby!"

*Down within my grave, mother,
I heard, I know not how,*

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

*"Go up to God, thou little child,
Go up and meet him now!"*

*That is far to fare, mother,
Far and far to fare!
I come for thee to carry me
The way from here to there.*

*"Oh, hold thy peace, my little dead child,
My heart will break in me!
Thy way to God thou must go alone;
I may not carry thee!"*

*The cock crew out the early dawn
Ere she could stay her moan;
She heard the cry of a little child
Upon his way alone.*

THE "LARGER HOPE."

BY ELIZABETH PATON MCGILVARY.

T WAS all in vain.
Her heart was nigh to break, so great
Its need of speech, while none would come,
Save some brute utterance of the dumb,
Uncouth and inarticulate.
Yet not in vain,
Since thus her heart must needs o'erflow
To fill a little heart below,
Unborn, which chanced to neighbor it.

To her the gift of poesy
Was lost. But as the fragrant dower
Deep in the bosom of a flower
Is sweet spoil for some wandering bee,
So baby lips on bee-like quest
Found it in rosebuds at her breast,
With rose-sweet scent to savor it.

T was all in vain,
That strain of genius in her soul.
Like lyre-strings taken from the lyre,
Mute, tuneless bits of tangled wire,
Her thoughts' fine threads without control.
Yet not in vain,
Since small hands caught each loose, bright string,
And wrought a harp with power to bring
The winds of heaven to play for it.



(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE "FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE
BROKEN UP. PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



THE BAMBOO FLUTE.

(JAPANESE.)

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I HEAR from the shade of the fir-trees
The fisher's flute again—
His importunate lamentations,
His passion and his pain.

Proud lords and lovely ladies
Met there in nights gone by,
While the summer moon was sailing
Like a pleasure-boat on high.

The lords sang amorous ditties,
The ladies touched the lute,
Where, emulous and envious,
The nightingale was mute.

They stole apart in the darkness,
And plighted hearts and hands,
Or, stifling songs with laughter,
Danced on the yellow sands.

There is more in the fisher's music,
Of passion and of pain,
Than he knows. And here at midnight
It comes to me again;

Comes back with a silent sorrow,
The weight of tears unshed,
The longing for vanished voices,
The loved, the lost—the dead!

ELIZA HEPBURN'S DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY B. FULLER,

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

VI.

"I HAVE a niece," announced Eliza. Agatha Mills set down her coffee-cup without a word. Oliver, who was passing the toast, stopped in the midst of his service, with his arm extended in mid-air.

"Yes," said Eliza, detaching still more definitely from the morning's yield of bills, postal cards, and newspapers a letter in a square envelop. "She sends me this."

Oliver recovered the use of his arm and set the dish down. Agatha still found no words, and only stared.

"She is poor brother George's child, it appears. I never knew he had a child. I never heard of his having married."

Agatha still stared. "Where does she write from?" she asked finally.

"From out beyond the Missouri. Poor George had mines or something, I make out."

"What is her name?"

"Maybelle. Maybelle Rutter Hepburn—so she signs herself. I presume Rutter was her mother's name."

"Maybelle!" groaned Agatha. Then, "Is she coming on?"

"It seems so. I gather, anyway, that it would n't need much urging to bring her."

Agatha took refuge in her coffee-cup. She did not know what to think nor what to say.

Some five or six weeks had passed since the purchase of Austin Chester's picture, and the irruption of Chester and Flagg into the dismal and sapless routine of Eliza Hepburn's existence. These weeks had made a vast change in the situation, and in Agatha Mills's position in the house. The introduction of new elements had challenged her easy dominance, and had compromised a future that she had come to look upon as fully assured. Youth had entered and made itself felt—was having its own way, in fact. "Where will it all end?" was Agatha's constant query. And, "Where shall I end?" would be her plaintive supplement.

Now a further influx of youth seemed imminent; change was to follow on change. How was the girl to be considered? As one danger the more, or as an aid in time of direst need? "Will my position here be finally ruined," asked Agatha of herself, "or shall I be able to play these elements off against each other, and to fight fire with fire?"

Agatha, in her state of incertitude, refrained from open comment. She favored Eliza with no opinions, but limited herself to such simple inquiries as she felt the situation actually demanded. The situation, in its earlier and simpler form, she had already discussed with John Dart.

If Agatha's state of feeling fell considerably short of panic, Dart's went far beyond the limits of annoyance, and serious annoyance, too. He had met the brace of young men more than once in Eliza's drawing-room, and could not bring himself to believe that either in their abilities or their personalities was there enough to justify Miss Hepburn in the wilful and freakish courses she had lately taken to. He held a cool, well-tempered view of the arts in general; they had their place, a secondary, subordinate one; and the artist, as such, he had never been able to fit satisfactorily into the general scheme of things that he had devised for his own use and guidance. Checks that tried his patience were beginning to find their way back from the bank to the office of the estate. Eliza was purchasing water-colors at fanciful prices, and was enriching the coffers of the makers of picture-frames. Eliza was arranging with publishers for the printing of nocturnes and ballades, and a voucher for several hundred dollars, that came drifting along one morning, made it plain that she had determined upon giving more publicity to Clerk Flagg's "Fredegunde" than could be gained by the performance of morceaux from in her drawing-room; a stage production, if impracticable, they were compromised in the publication of the voice and



ALLEGRO CON BRIO.

Bills were rolling in, too, from the importers of foreign books and photographs, and though the amounts were small, they helped along the notion that Miss Hepburn was rapidly putting herself into a frame of mind where almost anything might be looked for.

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Agatha, catching at Dart in the front hall one evening, just as he was leaving. "They're simply having their own way with her. You saw how the drawing-room looked? Clement Flagg has had the lambrequins and curtains taken down and the rugs carried away, so as to get a better effect for his precious playing. He composes ballades and *pensées* and things for her, and dedicates them to her, and plays them at her, and makes her cry, and stirs her all up. He's got a real power over her, and just delights in exercising it. We had the piano-tuner here again only last week, and now she spends half her time picking out old airs with one finger, and the rest of the time she is studying Italian with Chester. He has the language at his tongue's end, and is going to improve her accent, it seems. And they speak it together all the time—or try to; even at table they talk over me and around me and across me, and I can't understand a single word. It's all wrong; it's all wrong."

"And you were all four at the opera last night, I believe?" said Dart, with gravity—the almost supernatural gravity with which a man of thirty may discuss the doings of men a few years his juniors. "At least the office boy was sent around for tickets."

"Yes; and we sat in a box—the first time I ever found myself in such a situation in my life. And Eliza—I wish you could have been there; I never saw anything like it in my life. I don't know how she came by the clothes she wore; she must have been getting things without letting me know about it. You've never seen her but in black and brown and gray; you would n't have recognized her! And that white hair of hers, rolled up, sort of, over those black eyebrows; I'm sure I can't think where she got the idea. And she wore one of those standing-up things in it; I don't know the name for them, but I've seen them in the fashion papers. Well, she sat there, right at the front of the box, between those two boys, and looked tremendous. And both of them paying court to her in the eyes of the whole house! And she dropping her fan or mislaying her program as artlessly as a girl of twenty! We were a spectacle in ourselves; everybody stared. Eliza stared back. I had no idea she could

be so stately, or could use a glass with such insolent composure. And those boys, with their attentions and their applause, finally drew the eyes of the people on the stage. Pretty soon the singers began to bow to Eliza. I never felt so conspicuous in my life. I just went to the back of the box. Then the curtain came down, and they began to talk about the Pagliano. Do you know what the Pagliano is?"

"No, I don't," said Dart, honestly.

"Then Chester told about a gala at the—the Pergola. Do you know what the Pergola is? I don't!"

"Some foreign theater, possibly."

"In the next act there was a great to-do. Out came the tenor again and again, and all of a sudden Eliza threw her bouquet on the stage. 'Eliza!' I gasped. 'Better late than never!' she returned. I saw how it was: she had been saving herself up for almost forty years, and those boys understood just how it was, and had set her imagination to work with their own imaginations, and—oh, what is to be done?"

Dart pondered. He felt that the dawning rivalry between the two young men would probably go further than the mere gratification of their own vanity by working on the susceptibilities of a lonely and inexperienced old woman. Eliza was rich as well as susceptible, and self-love might soon enough give way to self-interest. Those millions were there, ready, so far as either competitor knew, to fall into the hands of—nobody in particular. They had had their first nibblings from them; why should not the idea come presently of replacing nobody in particular by somebody in particular?

"Well," said Agatha, anxiously, as she held the pass of the outer door, "shall the girl come or not come?"

Dart pondered a moment. "I think she had better come." He himself would furnish the somebody in particular.

"Very well; she shall." Agatha scented her own defeat—or, at any rate, discomfiture—in either case; but if the girl could prove relationship there would at least be defeat with honor. "We will write her to-morrow."

VII.

MISS MAYBELLE HEPBURN came East a fortnight later. Eliza had considered her credentials and had accepted her as an authentic niece. "But she sha'n't call herself Maybelle. Mabel will do."

Miss Hepburn turned out to be a hearty young barbarian—sound, vigorous, good—

looking in a way, and about the age of twenty. She had lately emerged from mourning for her mother, and seemed inclined to put the past behind her, and to reach out with a firm hand after the good things of life. She had evidently been looked upon as a beauty in her own region, and appeared bent on exacting the homage that is beauty's due. Eliza soon saw that she was frank, affectionate, and disinterested. She had been accustomed to financial ups and downs; she was used to money, and she was used to the absence of money. "She is no self-seeker," said Eliza.

Mabel found her aunt's household in the full swing of its new artistic activities. The very first evening she was hurried off to a concert, where a small orchestra, provided by Eliza, performed the overture to "Fredegunde," and an entr'acte or two from the same work. "Fredegunde" had been composed, of course, during the pre-Italian period. It was very German in conception and execution; it was dry, technical, abstruse. It bristled with the erudition of a young man who had not yet had time to forget how he had learned to write. Mabel was bored; they caught her yawning. Even Eliza's chief satisfaction came from the feeling that she had at least shown her gratitude.

Mabel arrived in time to witness also the culmination of a series of portraits of her aunt, undertaken by Chester. The final crescendo was reached in a full-length of Eliza in her grand-opera *tunee*; the preceding portraits had been in water-color, and had shown Eliza before a number of romantic backgrounds of her own choosing. It all began with Eliza's looking through one of Chester's sketch-books. "Ha!" she exclaimed; "Palermo! I have always wanted to be taken on the terrace above the Marina, with Monte Pellegrino behind me like a big blue tent, and all the shipping of the harbor in between!"

"You shall be there within twenty-four hours," promised Chester.

"I was a very handsome girl in my Sicilian days," declared Eliza, with a wistful boldness, as she eyed the sketch; "but I don't suppose we can turn back the hands of the clock, can we?"

"What need to?" asked Chester, who fully appreciated the value of Eliza as a subject.

They did not stop with Palermo. Eliza appeared—in her black dress and her white hair—as the central figure in a "Battle of Flowers" at Nice; in a sumptuous gondola at an evening fête on the Grand Canal at Ven-

ice, the rain having deprived her of this forty years before; and also among the ruins of the temples at Selinunte, from which excursion rumors of brigandage had deterred her in the same old days. Chester put his high artistic principles in his pocket; he trimmed a little, compromised a little, "fudged" and juggled a little, and felt himself justified in doing so.

The portrait in oil followed. It made Eliza a magnificent old lady, as indeed she was, and she made the painter a magnificent acknowledgment of his sympathy and skill, as she could easily afford to do. The canvas was put on exhibition the day before Mabel arrived, and it served to give the girl her second impression—following the concert. Mabel thought her aunt showed forth as a tremendously fine old personage, but betrayed not the slightest apprehension of the artistic qualities of the work. However, confident of her own good looks, she asked Chester to do her portrait, too, and this brusque demand he was fain to construe as a compliment.

"What do you think of her?" he asked Flagg, upon their parting from Mabel at the gallery.

"I'm afraid she is another of them."

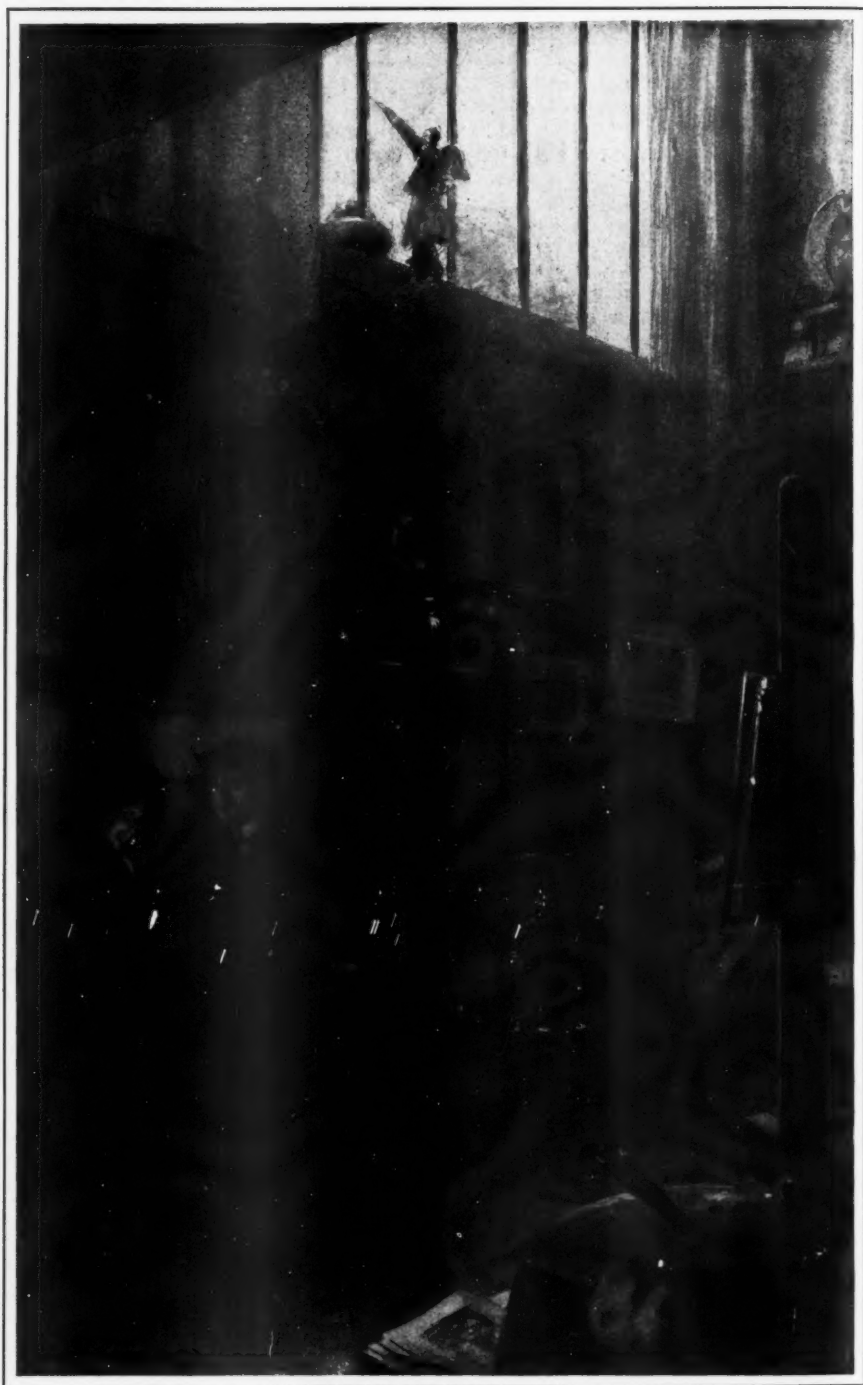
"Another what?"

"Another Philistine. Dart's one—passively. Miss Mills is another—actively. And I expect to find Miss Mabel a third—aggressively. Thank Heaven, we are here to deliver poor old Miss Eliza from such a band!"

The whole boarding-house knew that Clement Flagg had dedicated "Fredegunde" to Miss Hepburn,—there was a copy of the score on the public piano,—and the whole boarding-house, knowing Chester for a friend of Flagg's, had gone in a body to see the portrait on a free Sunday.

"Well, of all the outrageously flattering things!" exclaimed the type-writer of the party, shrugging her shoulders.

But the young woman was wrong. The costume, surely, was authentic, and the color no less so; for Eliza, by some miracle, had kept her complexion, just as her fine old piano, by another, had kept its timbre. Nor did this unfriendly critic realize another thing, that Eliza, after a hiatus of more than a generation, had resumed life just where she had dropped it—in an opera-box. For it was in the box at the Pagliano that she and young Julian had parted. A good many people had envied him as he leaned over her from behind, but Eliza had pitied him as he went out. She recalled him after



FINALE.

all these years: hopeful, handsome, promising, and divided—he always remained so—between music and art. And now, at last, her imagination, under the spur of the youth and hope and promise that surrounded her, was ready to work upon him and upon her younger self. He was no longer living; he died old and worn and disappointed, the failure that she had secretly felt he must of necessity be: but she could not realize him as gone. They might still stroll again round the great fountain-basin of the Cascine; they might still loiter once more above the parapet of Bellosguardo. He lived yet; he passed her fan, he held her glass, he sketched her portrait, he wrote her songs. "I am young still, and as handsome as ever," said Eliza, "and people shall see me at my best." So the portrait of the "rich old Miss Hepburn" was set before the public eye, and made its impression.

"Neck and neck," observed one of the stock-broker's clerks to Flagg at Monday morning's breakfast. "Don't let the other man get ahead of you."

Flagg nodded back with a careless smile, but he was inwardly offended, and felt that Chester, at such a speech, would have been offended still more. Neither of them, certainly, would have confessed to himself that his attentions to Eliza Hepburn had the flavor of ulterior expectations; but both of them seemed presently prompted by an instinctive feeling that if attentions were to go beyond a certain mark it were well to address them to the niece rather than to the aunt. Better, after all, to reach the elder lady by a sort of secondary impact; Mabel, at the worst, would act as a buffer.

They resolved, therefore, not to be too hasty in condemning her as a Philistine. Surely such a bounding young beauty might have much to say in her own behalf. However, Mabel went on declaring herself with a clearness more and more unmistakable; her likes and her dislikes, her traits and her limitations, became plainer with every passing day. Music, painting, and sculpture in their higher forms she utterly rejected; literature she pitched out of doors, neck and crop. Dancing she accepted gladly, and Eliza's drawing-room rang with her two-steps and waltzes. The more tawdry manifestations of the drama alone found favor in her eyes, and she had a special leaning toward the skirt-dancers and acrobatic clowns of vaudeville. She shopped voraciously. She rushed to horse shows and to golf-courses; she climbed crazily on stage-

coaches, and pushed abroad her inquiries after saddle-horses. She gravitated, and willingly enough, into the hands of John Dart. He had her indifference for the arts and her fondness for out-of-door sports. They went off together to golf-links, and rode together in the parks, and attended farce comedies at this theater and that.

"You're worth the two of them together, a dozen times over," she told Dart one day.

"Thank you," replied Dart, with grave self-composure.

Flagg and Chester, for their part, looked upon Mabel as brutally disdainful of the best things of civilization, and as shamefully ignorant of the ways in which civilization had come about.

"Poor child!" said Flagg; "she does n't know the road that brought her here. She has no idea of the labor involved for those who built it."

And both resolved, each one to himself, to redouble his efforts against the quiet but steady advances of that stiff and sapless prig, John Dart.

VIII.

THE course of events soon favored them. The series of autumnal diversions that Dart was offering Mabel Hepburn presently came to an abrupt end. The mails brought letters to the office of the estate; Dart, in turn, brought them to the house, and consultations followed in the somber old library—consultations during which Eliza would knit her fine black brows in perplexity, and snap her finger-nails against each other from pure nervousness and apprehension, while Dart would assure her in his low, grave voice that she was unnecessarily perturbed, and that everything would easily come right in the end. Then he had packed his valise and had gone off on a ten days' trip, to run up a little charge of railroad fares, hotel bills, and court costs for the estate to foot. Mabel was left to strum her two-steps on the piano, and to beat pensive tattoos upon the front window-panes, as she wondered if the postman, on his next round, would do anything for her.

Eliza ignored the tattoos, but she gave full welcome to the glad rush of the two-step. The barbaric trappings of this child of nature pleased her rather than otherwise; it was youth that she and her house wanted more than all else, and she was disposed to let it have its fling, unmindful, for the present, of the finer issues. "We shall trim her down in due time," thought Eliza.

Meanwhile Flagg and Chester stepped in

to hasten the process. Both were far behind Dart in command of social opportunities and of the coin of the realm. Neither was able, even through the offices of fortunate and kindly acquaintances, to rumble with Mabel through the crowded town to the discordant trumpetings of noisy grooms, or to lounge by her side in a red coat over gashed and excoriated meadows. There was little within the reach of these unknown and humble youths, save the theater, the picture-gallery, and the exercise of their respective arts.

But Mabel still looked upon them with more of curiosity than of esteem. Nor did their works fully commend themselves in her eyes. She made unpleasant comparisons between Chester's Calabrian sketches and certain gaudy buttes in Montana. She followed Flagg's musical versions from Tennyson as long as she might mark time with her foot; that point once passed, she would remove the volume from the piano-rack and refuse further attention.

"Shall I put my pride in my pocket?" thought the one youth.

"Must I lapse away from my principles?" thought the other.

Chester fell to the mere level of pen-and-ink caricature—to little avail, since he had no gift for satire, and Mabel small sense of humor. Flagg, who had thrown over his German training, traditions, and repertoire to delight Eliza with Donizetti, sank still lower. He began to grovel among the "popular songs of the day"—the mudsills of music—to please her niece. More, he parodied his idols—Bach, Händel, Mozart; but Mabel was not well informed enough to appreciate these humors, and they ceased.

"The arts and crafts must retire," declared Chester.

"And the pomps and vanities take their place," supplemented Flagg.

So Mabel, with no close scrutiny of the motives involved, was invited to the chrysanthemum show.

Flagg, who called for her, found her beating her tattoo upon the window-pane. As he came in she slipped a letter back into its envelop, and hastily thrust both into her pocket. The letter was from Dart—not the first from him, nor destined to be the last.

"Hope I'm not late," said Flagg. "I should n't like to keep Chester waiting there."

"I don't believe you're late. What time is it, anyway?" Mabel glanced at the clock. Time had been standing still with her for the last quarter of an hour.

They passed out into the street and told off a block or two.

"Here's where we turn," declared Flagg, at a corner.

"Do we? Which way?"

"To the right, for the flower show. To the left, for a bigger and better one."

"A bigger and better one? Where is it?"

"In the park itself—the autumn foliage, the blue dome of heaven, and the fall hats."

"That sounds very well," said Mabel. "The air's nice, is n't it? Good day for walking."

"We might stroll about a little first. Still, there's poor Chester waiting just inside, by the catalogue-girl's desk."

"Perhaps he could talk to her for a while. Think he would?"

"I'm afraid not; I know he would n't."

"So do I. He's too quiet and serious. Very nice fellow, though; I've quite come to like him."

"Well, shall we make it the park?" asked Flagg.

"Suppose we do," assented Mabel. She inflated her tan-colored jacket with a deep breath. "Just the afternoon for a walk."

"Chester will think me an out-and-out traitor," hesitated Flagg, turning to the left.

"Oh, *that* will be all right," said Mabel, serenely. "Don't feel uneasy," she added, falling in with his step.

"You don't think it's an unfair advantage?"

"Not a bit," declared Mabel, plumply. "It won't make the—the slightest difference."

"I like that."

"You would n't have me making both of you uncomfortable?"

"Uncertainty is uncomfortable," said Flagg, darkly.

"So it is. Poor Austin Chester! But it won't last long."

Flagg lashed a passing lamp-post with his stick. "It would n't if the public recognized one's gifts. One may wait and wait, and—"

"Why wait? Take a step. Compel them to recognize you."

"Compel people to be pleased?"

"Why want to please, anyway? Serve. Be useful. Don't beg a reward. Earn it; exact it!"

"Don't be the strolling player on the king's highway, you would say; be the highwayman himself."

"Yes. Hold them up. Don't beg of them; go through them!"

"You don't understand the artist!"

"But I have a good eye for a man. I know one the minute I see him."

"You've been seeing one lately?"

"I think so—thanks to Aunt Eliza."

"No highwayman, I hope?"

"Not at all," returned Mabel, emphatically. "Anyway, not one that will ever hurt her."

"You have her assurance?"

"Yes, I have. Aunt Eliza and I understand each other very well."

Flagg considered. "You are a lucky girl," he said at last.

"I'm beginning to think so."

"Only beginning?"

"Well, I can keep it up—I can go on with it."

"There will be other things to thank your stars for, then?"

"I hope so; I expect so."

They clicked over the flags of another crossing.

"Well, there's the park, just ahead," the young man observed. "Shall we go on for the fall foliage and the fall hats, or—"

"Or back for the chrysanthemums? That would be fairer."

"You mean to hold the even scale?"

"Why not?"

"You are conscientious."

"I hope so. Aunt Eliza does n't think any differently. Come, let's turn back; we must n't keep that poor boy waiting."

"And fortunate, too."

"Well, we have our ups and downs. Take them as they come. Rather a nice thing to be up to stay there."

"Yes; to have your bread cut and buttered for all time."

"Um—h'm; and to have somebody to put away the crusts and brush up the crumbs and look after the crockery. Nothing like a good butler. Only think of Oliver. Does he keep the accounts, too, in some little book or other?"

"Miss Mills does that."

"Miss Mills," repeated Mabel, with a grimace. "She does n't quite like me. But never mind; housekeepers are easily come by. A nice, good office man and cashier is rarer," she went on, audaciously playing with her idea. "Only, you can't keep accounts with a paint-brush, nor on sheets of music-paper. Now, can you?"

"I presume not," said Flagg, much piqued.

"You set him down at his desk with his books and his pen and ink," the girl resumed, "and up he shoots before your very eyes: steward, agent, general manager, interest

in the business, full partner, and, to finish with, Boss—with a big B."

"You don't want a—a boss, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I need one, don't I?"

"Perhaps you do."

"Well, I've got one in mind. It must be somebody who is rather quiet, but very firm. He will say, in a low tone, 'Mabel, drop it!' and Mabel will drop it—quick. Or, 'Mabel, come running!' and Mabel will come running—as fast as ever she can. Of course she would n't come running for everybody—not for you, to make an instance. Well," pointing to a florid façade a few hundred feet down the street, "is that your flower show—traitor?"

"Um," replied Flagg, sulkily.

"He won't be there now; but we can say we looked for him."

Chester was not there, nor did he appear until the following Sunday, when he came in for tea. Sunday evening tea was now a fixed feast, at which each member of the little circle was expected to be present. Dart was the only absentee, and the restlessness both of Eliza and of her niece indicated that though out of sight he was not out of mind. As they rose from the table the door-bell rang, and his voice was heard in the hall.

Eliza rushed out to him in some trepidation.

"Is it all right—is everything settled?"

"Why, yes, of course. What was there to worry about?"

"Oh, John, how good you are! How well you are looking after us!" She called him John for the first time.

"What else am I for?" he asked composedly.

Mabel followed her aunt out into the hall, and remained there a few moments after Eliza's return to the drawing-room. She came back with Dart; she was openly very happy, and perfectly self-possessed withal.

Eliza sidled up to Mabel, and repeated her inquiry in a whisper.

"Is it all right—is everything settled?"

Mabel gave her answer with all the precision of a countersign.

"Why, yes, of course. What was there to worry about?"

For the next half-hour Eliza beamed and nodded and fluttered and whispered. She felt herself in the heart of a veritable romance, and found it hard to keep still. Flagg and Chester looked at her in some curiosity; Agatha Mills, none too content, glowered from the shadow of the big lamp-shade.

"Let me tell them!" cried Eliza at last.

"Certainly," said Mabel.

"Why so much haste?" mumbled Dart, who never asked for a general sympathetic participation in his affairs.

"Let me," insisted Eliza. "Listen, everybody. John and Mabel are going to be married, and they are going abroad on their wedding-trip, and they are going to let me go with them! We sail for Genoa in a month."

IX.

"I'm afraid that's the last bell," said Dart. He leaned on the port rail close beside his wife, and slightly apart from Eliza and the two young men. Agatha Mills, casting back a Parthian glance at the treacherous Dart, had left the ship a few moments before, with Oliver, who had put her into a cab and started her back to the house, where she was to have the consolation of holding sway, with no further infraction of the *status quo*, until the return of Eliza in the spring. Dart had addressed his observation to Chester and Flagg, and appeared quite willing that they should follow Agatha ashore without the further loss of a second.

But Eliza detained them at the head of the gang-plank, and let escaping landsmen jar and jostle as they would. The mild sunshine of an early December afternoon illumined the deck; but Eliza, burning with her own enthusiasm, irradiated a glow that paled the half-hearted sun completely. The corona of expectancy hovered above her head; Italy was visibly beckoning and welcoming a returning child. The old woman's being sang like a harp; airs from Posilipo and Val d'Arno were already playing upon her; and in her eye there shone the recurring possibility of an extravagance that were better given rein abroad than at home. Dart stood at her side, a grave angel of guardianship and restraint. Mabel, with her hand on his arm, was radiantly happy, as became a two days' bride—not over Italy, which meant no more than any other new land, but over the prospect of change and excitement experienced *à deux*. But Eliza was more than happy, she was triumphant; her lamp was trimmed and burning, and she awaited with impatience the glad cry of the parable, aware that the oil held on high within her shining vessel was plentiful and pure.

"And now, my dear boys, good-by! I owe this entirely to you. Write to me; I shall

write to you both. And come to see me as soon as I get back."

Eliza shifted a big bunch of red roses from one hand to the other, and gave each of the young men a hearty shake. These flowers had originally been in two bunches, just alike; but Eliza had unconsciously merged them into one. Flagg had noticed this, and had shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said to his companion, as they stood on the pier and watched the steamer swing out into the stream, "am I? Are you you? Are we distinct beings? No; she has fused us just as she mingled our flowers—you noticed? And she is going to write, not to each of us, but to 'both' of us. We shall hear from her on the same sheet of paper; she will put 'both' of our names on one envelop. I don't understand it; I don't like it."

"I am glad she is gone," said Chester, thoughtfully. "It is an escape for both of us. There were days when I felt the strain. I was—I was jealous when you were giving that concert."

"And I suffered while you were painting that portrait."

"Perhaps our principles were beginning to suffer, too. How about that chrysanthemum afternoon?—never fully accounted for," insinuated Chester.

"Never mind; it matters nothing now," rejoined Flagg.

"We have both abased ourselves, and uselessly," pursued the other. "I shall go in for a strict course of *plein air*; I shall leave Tyrrhenian fantasias alone."

"And I shall return to the Germans, where I belong; I shall forswear even Boito and Giordano."

"She will be happy over there?" asked Chester, in a tone of speculation.

"She has my best wishes," conceded Flagg. "She may certainly be busy enough," he added.

"Busy?"

"Yes. With Europe to aid her, she might try to civilize Mabel and to humanize Dart."

Chester ignored this bitter speech. He looked after the wake of the receding steamer and the black plume of smoke that was beginning to streak the sky.

"Well, there she goes—she whom we were to deliver out of the hands of the Philistines."

"Ha!" said Flagg, turning on his heel: "and, after all, it is the Philistines who have come along and delivered her out of the hands of the Elect!"


THE END.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics" etc.

I.

ARLY in the summer, five years after my marriage with Alice Leigh, my friend Clayborne moved into the country. This step surprised all of our little circle. He had said nothing about it, and on our return from our holiday we learned, for the first time, of this amazing change. I say amazing, because the great scholar liked company of his own choosing, and the move thus made was sure to deprive him of the occasional visits of many whom he was well pleased to see. He explained his action by the statement that he desired to have more leisure to complete his work on the Mohammedan sects, which was now nearing a conclusion. We, his friends, were not well pleased to have this familiar resort so far removed, nor were we quite satisfied with his reasons for this radical alteration in his mode of life.

He had in the past lacked neither will nor way to secure to himself the solitude in which thought matures. When he had been of a mind to be alone we respected the least hint of such intention, and none of us, except St. Clair, ventured to intrude. As to this indulged favorite, Clayborne said grimly, "One cannot make laws for kittens."

We of course discussed among ourselves this change of residence, which seemed to us to involve so much, but soon ceased to criticize, being sure that our friend must, as usual, have competent reasons for so great an alteration in his mode of life. Moreover, we were not given to that excess of gossip about friends or relatives which is common. Vincent especially disliked such debates. We decided that, at all events, Clayborne's change of home must not be allowed to lessen the freedom of relation which had come to mean so much for all concerned. And yet as some of us were very busy people, Clayborne's move did at times render inconvenient the claim he never ceased to make on the men and women who were dear to him.

St. Clair had just before this time returned from wandering in the East Indies. Nothing unusual in the lives of men surprised him.

He laughed when he heard of Clayborne's change of residence, and said it was well, and that perhaps now he would learn to tell a pine from a hemlock; and did Mrs. Vincent know why he had chosen the country, for which he had a frequently declared want of taste?

Mrs. Vincent shook her head at this, and declined to express an opinion. She knew no more than we, but had a well-understood weakness as to being supposed to know more of Clayborne than the rest of us. This was at times a source of annoyance to my wife. Vincent thought that the scholar had been wise, and that all men when growing old should escape from cities, because age is irritable, and some limitation of human contact becomes therefore desirable. As Clayborne liked nothing better than a bitter feud with other scholars, and, failing this, a tangled lawsuit, the explanation did not seem to me to assist our quest after reasonably explanatory motives.

When I told Mrs. Vincent that Clayborne had bought his new home two years before he moved into it, she remarked, with an air of gentle dejection: "And he never told me. Did he tell Alice?" This was my wife. Fortunately I was able to say "No," and that he had altered the house and had the garden put in order nearly a year ago. "And never mentioned it?"

"No; certainly not to me. He may have told Fred Vincent; as his counsel, he may very likely have done so."

"I shall ask him why he was so mysterious," said she, decisively. I was very sure that she would do nothing of the kind.

We ourselves had returned to the city early in the autumn. Clayborne called at once, and then it was that, for the first time, we learned of the new home, for, as I have said, he had been silent as to the matter, and, I fancy, rather enjoyed the completeness of our surprise. He bade us to come out any afternoon and see his house. We must arrange to come with the Vincents, he added, and with no more words he left us.

"I did want to ask him so many questions," said my wife.

We drove to Holmwood of a delightful afternoon, into a neighborhood somewhat unfamiliar to me at least. As we reached the house Clayborne was in the act of mounting for his daily ride. He turned back much pleased, and with the eager joy of a child showed us over the house and garden, loading Mrs. Vincent and my wife with autumn flowers. The drawing-room was still without furniture. Mrs. Vincent was to furnish it, he told her. A wise arrangement; her taste was perfect. My wife said: "How delightful, Anne! We must talk it over together." "Certainly, dear"; but I, who am sometimes wise, knew this talk would never occur, or, if it did, would never have materially influential results.

These two women loved each other sincerely, but were inclined to feed, with fractional opportunities, the reserve of half-concealed jealousy they felt as to Clayborne. At one time, years before, Mrs. Vincent did not like him, then she endured him, and at last was conquered by his honest qualities and his devotion to Frederick Vincent. My wife had always liked him.

We remained an hour, and as we were leaving Clayborne insisted that we should dine with him every Saturday, or at least while the autumn weather made the little journey agreeable. To this we willingly assented. "I have some queer people to show you by and by," he said; "some of my neighbors and others. You have always wanted a round table; now, my dear ladies, I have one."

We had a glad welcome at that first dinner. He was particular about his diet, and had the peculiarity of giving but one wine during the dinner. It might be a Burgundy, a claret, or a vintage champagne, but we were given no other until, after our good old fashion, the cloth was removed and the decanters of Madeira were set on the well-rubbed mahogany table. Vincent and I had often remonstrated with our friend on this disregard of the tastes of his guests. He replied that the Jews had the sense not to mix wines when they drank. Vincent remarked that a too generous use of texts would probably leave us neither drink nor diet, and certainly would forbid champagne. We did not change Clayborne's ways, and he continued, I do not know why, to limit us to the one wine he that day fancied. At table he talked very little, but knew well how to keep going the talk of others. Now and then he could be teased into strenuous gusts of talk, though rarely into the merry give and take of lighter chat. When by good luck in

this more companionable mood he was the best table-comrade I ever knew, although since then I have sat beside Lowell and George Meredith, and dined often with one great bishop, who, when at his best, was a brilliant companion.

But it was after dining, when we had wandered into the great library, that Clayborne was most happy. It had long been understood that Anne Vincent and my wife should share with us the pleasant privilege of this easy digestive hour. Here in the great book-lined room we chatted in groups, or were free to wander in this home of learning, to look at the latest additions, or to comment on the last new water-color left on the table for St. Clair's stringent criticisms. Soon or late we were sure to settle down about the blazing hickory logs. The coffee and liqueurs were left on a side-table, pipe or cigar was lighted, and we talked or were silent, as suited the after-dinner mood of each.

I had been respectfully and temperately amused during this first dinner by a slight discussion which arose as to the furnishing of the drawing-room, confided to Anne Vincent's taste. Clayborne had himself some indistinct appreciation of the fact that he was looked upon as the legitimate prey of two unusual women. He liked it. He had always been happy in friendship and luckless in love, and this I believe to be common. In middle age he began, as St. Clair once said, to collect a variety of friendships, and gave up all effort to find a domestic partner. His two women friends constantly advised marriage; but, as Vincent said, this advice was given for self-justification alone, and meant nothing. In fact, although, as I have observed, Mrs. Vincent and my wife were jealous of each other, they were ready, with childlike absence of self-analysis, to unite forces against any other woman who seemed desirous of sharing in the task of looking after Clayborne's comfort. Men are rarely jealous as to their friends; women are often thus when the friends are men, and sometimes when they are women; but this latter is a vice of youth. I am not sure that to be capable of controlled jealousy is not a needful qualification for both love and friendship.

As we came out from dinner Vincent and his wife and I settled down with our host near to the fire; St. Clair and Mrs. North wandered about the room. She had come hither by an earlier train, and had busied herself in decorating the library with great branches of gloriously tinted maple and oak. At the hearth-side there was silence awhile,

for here we felt free to say nothing when we were so disposed.

St. Clair said to my wife: "Why do you bring all this autumn splendor out of the woods to shrivel in a hot room?"

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not? It was alive on its slow, beautiful, changeful way to nature's death."

My wife never quite admitted the honesty of some of St. Clair's fancies. "Why," said she, "do you air these affectations before us who know you? Now, is it not pure affectation?"

"I thank the affectations of life that I know at least one woman who never allows a flower to be cut in her garden."

"And who is she?"

"As if I would tell you! The next thing would be her conversion to brutal common—very, very common—sense. A word of surprise would—well, would change her."

"Then she must be rather weak. I am sorry that any woman should be so foolish."

"Thank God for the fools!" he returned. "What were life without them? There is no promise of wisdom in another world. That is a comfort. There will, I trust, be a few fool-angels. No, as I live, I am never affected. I am impulsive, excessive; I represent in extremes what I am sure you feel, must feel. The next time you cut a great lily, think, think! Do you like to see a noble tree fall, ruined by the ax? It gives you a pang. Oh, it does!"

"Yes, it does."

"Well, what of the lily? All deaths are horrible to me. I never got over the scene in that hospital with North. He said death was common. So said *Hamlet's* stepfather, but I doubt if that comforted the melancholy prince, or any heart before or since. No one really believes in death; I do not. I suppose you think that nonsense."

"I do. But as to the oak. It is centuries old, all manner of romance surrounds its life. If I were a poet I could—oh, how hard to be unable to answer fitly!"

"Then let me help, and answer, too, for oak and lily. No, it is not my verse.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

"You have no right to call in other folks to help you to say things; and yet the verse was worth while. Thank you. It is not unfamiliar. I forgive and believe you. But as you are an avowed vegetarian since you came home, what of—say the cabbages cut for dinner?"

"Oh, they are ugly."

"So is Clayborne," she said, pointing with her fan. He was of a grand, nobly rugged type of ugliness. "Would that make it a less crime to do for him as some of his critics would desire?"

"I hate argument," he replied.

"But this is illustration."

"Oh, I hate illustration. Did you see the new edition of my book of poems? The illustrations were—I always see the illustrations now. They have killed my ideal people in the drama, and set in their place lay figures. Illustrations never illustrate."

As Clayborne and Vincent at the fireside were smoking in entire silence, I carried my cigar across the library, to where my wife's laughter called me.

"A laugh is always a riddle," I said.

"What is amusing you, Alice?"

"We were discussing illustrations. But I was just now laughing at the way Mr. St. Clair wriggled out of an absurd proposition. On the whole I agree with him in his dislike of the illustrations in well-known books, and yet," she added, turning to him, "there is something more to be said. Remember how the great masters have illustrated the Bible stories. When I think of the Virgin it is the tender figure of Del Sarto's 'Annunciation' I see. And then there is the Christ of the Brera, Da Vinci's. That does help one to realize the Christus. I think—I am sure that face has done much good, has helped many. I saw once a grave, middle-aged officer stand long before that picture. He walked away in tears."

"You are right," returned St. Clair; "but oil-paintings are not in my sense illustrations. I might urge also the fact that even the great artists have sometimes hurt, rather than helped, our appreciation of some of the most beautiful of the Bible stories. Ideals are tender things; one has to be careful. But we were really talking of the books of to-day. As to helpful illustration of the Bible, no modern man seems to be competent. These fables you good people so lightly accept—"

"Stop, please," said my wife; "you know our agreement. You are on forbidden ground."

"I step off it," he said gently. "Pardon the trespasser."

"Thank you; but tell me, was it that the great painters honestly believed with a faith unmatched to-day?"

"No; they were a most dissolute lot, those old fellows; some had no more belief than Filippo Lippi. They painted for priest, pope, or prince, to order, and were paid, as I was for my last book or statue."

My wife paused in thought for a moment, and said: "Work is none the worse because men pay for it. But it was not money which gave them something the world has missed ever since. You say they had no faith, or at least that some of the greatest had no more than has many an artist to-day. Why, then, were they so great?"

"I will tell you," he replied. "It was because they were both poets and artists. Certainly the greatest were poets. Who is this to-day? What artist—Rossetti; yes. But who else? Who else writes poetry? These men did: Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael the Archangel, who was the Milton of painters. I do not say a deep faith would not have gone for something. No doubt some of them had it at times; but now art has neither faith nor poetry, and imagination in art is dead—dead."

"And yet two years ago you saw the future of all art in the Church of Rome. You meant to become a monk. You tried it."

"I did, for three weeks. They were dirty. I left."

"Three weeks was pretty long. You are like a bird. Every bough is good for a while; then the wind swings it and away you go."

St. Clair tossed up his hands in mirthful protest. "Alas for the limitations of friendship! Let us join those by the fire. The room is cold, and we are on the way to a minor quarrel. Only my sweet temper saved us. How is the girl?"

"She is four years old to-day. You have not seen her for a week, and I told you then of her birthday. Will you kindly explain that, sir?" When at home he rarely passed a day without seeing the child.

"I was very busy," he said; "my best workman got himself married; I was busy."

"Ah, my dear Mr. St. Clair," cried the indignant mother, "your life is punctuated with excuses!"

"How cruel you are! I shall come to-morrow. I have two Indian dolls for the maid, and a Tibet shawl for you. Only don't abuse me. What is Mrs. Vincent saying?"

"You are a delightful man," said my wife.

"I always accept practical excuses. Let us go and hear Anne Vincent. I think she must be rousing Mr. Clayborne; I have not heard his voice this half-hour."

We went across the room and found places at the fireside. Mrs. Vincent had, as we learned, just announced a Frenchwoman's dictum as to conversation. She said: "I saw in a very unpleasant book yesterday what a Frenchwoman said of conversation; she thought there would be only silence if gossip, scandal, the fatuous and commonplace were left out of social talk."

"She was right," said Clayborne, through a cloud of smoke.

"Let us accept her proposition," said Vincent, "and talk scandal, gossip, and commonplace, and fine any one a dollar who says any intelligent thing."

"But," said Mrs. Vincent, "I forbid gossip."

"And I scandal," cried my wife.

"Then," laughed St. Clair, "we are reduced to the commonplace—"

"And fatuous," I added.

"Well, begin, one of you. It should be easy," smiled Clayborne.

There was a long silence.

"Commonplaces seem to exact a good deal of thinking," laughed Mrs. Vincent.

"No," said Clayborne; "they imply absence of thought. And we fail because we are all thinking, which is quite uncommon."

"One dollar gone," cried I. "Try it again."

The poet said, with the tone of one conducting a party of tourists: "The Venus of Milo is universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful of statues."

"Stuff!" said Clayborne; "it is not Venus, and the Japanese consider it a quite brutal type."

"Pay up," said St. Clair, overjoyed.

"There is no such thing as universally indubitable commonplace," said my wife; "it is a question of time and people. You had best begin by defining it."

"It does not exist as a noun in the old dictionaries. 'To commonplace is to reduce to general heads,' says Johnson. The trite, stale, and hackneyed is a more modern definition," said Clayborne. "We seem to be sadly incompetent. Commonplace—well, that is something any one can say and any one can understand. There is Tupper, a forgotten name, and Walt Whitman; my second definition covers their trash."

"Ah, now," cried St. Clair, "my good old poet Walt!"

Clayborne sat up alert. "He was neither

poet nor—confound our tongue! I want to revive an old word—nor proser. He was so vain that he had no power of self-criticism. No man is great who has lost power to be self-critical. I asked him once if he thought Shakspeare as great a poet as he himself. He said he had often considered that question, and had never been able to make up his mind."

"Oh, but he was jesting," said Mrs. Vincent.

"No, not at all," said I. "I too knew him well. He was matchless in his vanity. He had the courage of his vanity. Very few strong people are fearless enough to tell you their honest self-estimate. The poets have been decently shy about that. One would like to know where Wordsworth and Shelley ranked themselves in the peerage of genius."

"Tell us more about Walt Whitman," said Mrs. Vincent. "He must have been anything but commonplace."

"I will tell you something," said I. "He consulted a physician, a friend of mine, some time ago. When about to leave, well pleased with advice to live out of doors and to take no physic, he asked what he was to give as a fee. The doctor said: 'The debt was paid long ago; it is you who are still the creditor.' Walt rose up, with his great head like that of the Capitoline Jove, and saying, 'Thank you; good morning,' went out of the room as a stout lady entered. A moment later he reappeared, without knocking, set two large hands on the table opposite to the doctor, and said, 'That, sir, I call poetry!'"

"How pretty!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "But what did the stout lady say?"

"I asked that very question. She said, when Walt had gone, 'Is the gentleman insane?' The doctor said 'Yes'; as he was a poet he was of course cracked at times, and that his name was Walt Whitman. The stout lady was the head of a school. She declared that although his books were not for young ladies, she wished she had known his name in time to ask for an autograph. The doctor consoled her with a note of Walt Whitman's."

"Do they still bother you for autographs, Clayborne?" said Vincent.

"Yes, now and then. I use the stamps, and tear up their letters."

"And never answer them?" said my wife. "Never?"

"Yes, I did once. A persistent young woman wrote to me three times, and in a rage I answered her at last. I wrote:

What can a wise man do but laugh
At fools who ask an autograph?

That is the only poetry I ever wrote."

"But she got what she asked for?" said St. Clair.

"No," growled Clayborne; "my secretary wrote it."

"I consider that cruel," said my wife.

"Unkind, she said it was, and then declared, to my surprise, that she was a far-away New England cousin, and that I might have been contented to make no reply, and that she would trouble me no more."

"This being her fourth letter," said I.

"Yes. I suppose that if you were written to once a week as to something you had no mind to do, at some time the request would find you in the mood to say yes."

"That," said I, "is the principle of fly-fishing, of making love, and of advertising."

"And of success in life," said Vincent. "Persevere and change your fly."

"She persevered," said Clayborne.

"And," said Mrs. Vincent, "she found, poor thing, that it was a wicked shark, and not a well-mannered salmon."

"But after? What came next?" said my wife, smiling.

"Nothing, I am sure," returned Anne Vincent. "What should or could come, my dear child?"

"A dozen six-button gloves to one that it did not end there."

"I take it, my dear!"

"Good!" said my wife. "Mr. Clayborne wrote her a nice long letter."

"I did; but who told you?"

"No one!" cried Mrs. North, triumphantly. We laughed, while Mrs. Vincent stared in the fire, reflective.

"Six buttons," said Mrs. North.

"She was a poor little cripple," added Clayborne, "who was trying to get some education at home out of books, and with a faint, far-away interest in the cousin who wrote books. Now I send no smart answers."

"Was it costly, that autograph?" asked St. Clair.

Clayborne made no reply.

Mrs. Vincent shook her head at the poet by way of warning.

I happened to know that Clayborne's care of this girl began four years before he moved to the country. He gave her the chance of education that the girl craved, and now this was the slightly deformed young woman who had but lately come to live in the village, and

who came daily to receive her cousin's dictations and to type-write his letters.

When Clayborne failed to reply, St. Clair knew himself to have been reproved, and lapsed into silence, dismayed like a child. My wife, who had a motherly regard for her abdicated lovers, smiled, and murmured under shelter of her fan: "Did not you know? The girl is the new secretary, Miss Maywood, the young woman we saw in the hall last week."

"How stupid of me!" said St. Clair, aside. "But why should not one speak of another man's bounty? If hidden, it loses its value as an example. Your Bible texts are in conflict. 'Let your light so shine before men,' and then you are given the text about the desirable ignorance of the hand."

"Let us ask Mr. Clayborne," said my wife. "He knows the Bible as few know it."

The general talk had lapsed. The hospitality of silence was one of the charms of this house, and indeed, as I have said, had come to be an accepted freedom whenever we met. It was broken by my wife's question. The scholar looked up with the rare smile he always had ready for those whom he loved.

"Charity, dear lady, is but one of the illuminating virtues which make life to shine. A man's light is not charity. His light is the radiating influence of a good and true life. The text should not be read as inviting to liberality when giving in church. It means nothing there in the way of example. No one knows what you give, or why, which is of far more moment."

"Thank you for the better interpretation," said my wife.

"It is," said Mrs. Vincent, "the other text as to that ignorant left hand which has always puzzled me."

I saw my wife's face light up as it does when thought surprises her with some of its strange revelations. She said with a certain quiet timidity, as if in doubt, "Is there not, Anne, an intimation in the text that giving should be, as it were, a part of the unrecording automatism of a well-trained life, without self-ful sense of good done—something as simple and natural as breathing?"

"But surely, Alice," said Anne Vincent, "you do not mean that we should give without thought? No, pardon me, dear! I was stupid. I see what you mean, but you were hardly clear."

Clayborne looked over at my wife with his large, slow, kindly smile.

"It seems to me clear enough," he said.

"No," said my wife; "I never can express what I mean. Sometimes I think I am clever, but when I talk it out I conclude that I am a fool. Tell me what I mean."

"I think," said the scholar, "you mean that the single act of giving should be merely the easy outcome of a habit formed, like a rut in a road, by endless repetitions. It does not involve absence of considerate thought. It is, it should be, thus of all our virtues. It should be as with our garments, which we used to call habits. Any abrupt change in the habits of the mind should bring to us an awakening sense of awkwardness, of something wrong, and so stay us with self-question."

"I knew he would say it better than I," said my wife.

"Ah!" murmured St. Clair; "habits of the body; garments of the mind to be acquired. I have none, thank goodness! Now I know why I hate to wear a hat or clothes. But go on. It was tremendously like a sermon, except that it was brief, and that the privilege to interrupt was permissible."

"But should not be," said Vincent.

"Oh, I suppose not," returned St. Clair. "When I snap at Clayborne or growl at his dignified attitude of big dog, I am, as you all appear to think, like the little dog Beaver. In fact, Clayborne does sometimes talk astonishing nonsense."

Clayborne smiled. "We don't know the dog Beaver."

"Well, then, here is wisdom. Once on a time, when the rebs were marching on Gettysburg, they passed a house close to the road. On the porch stood a child and her mother. A tiny terrier safe behind the paling-fence barked furiously at the soldiers. Beaver was the name of that loyal dog. Beaver refused to behave himself. Then at last came General A—and rode on the sidewalk. At this liberty the small dog ran to and fro, and barked yet more angrily. Upon this the general heard the child cry out in alarm, 'Oh, mama, mama! Don't let Beav bite that army!' Well, I am Beaver!"

"Thank you," said I; "you have not lived in vain."

"What a delightful story!" said Anne Vincent.

"It has large applications," said her husband. "May I use it, Victor?"

"I never patent my stories," said St. Clair. "Will the army please to move on?"

"Oh," said Clayborne, "I was only about to ask when the offertory first came into use. How was the bag filled—the bag which

Judas carried? Is not that a Christian custom? I never saw it in a mosque. Do the Jews use it?"

No one could answer his questions, but Vincent said: "It seems a natural and easy way of collecting money for church uses. I never liked it. That may be my Quaker ancestry. I believe Friends have not this custom."

"I am with you as to this," said my wife. "I too dislike it. We are nearly all descendants of Quakers, and no one of us can answer this simple question."

Said our host: "I will sometime invite my neighbor Randolph to join us. Then you can ask him."

"Do," said I.

"When," said Clayborne, "St. Clair dislocated the talk, I was reflecting where I had seen some Eastern sayings about charity. Generally some one has said in the past whatever we say to-day, and often has said it better."

"That seems acceptably commonplace," laughed St. Clair, "and how easily that disposes of all need to talk! I do not see why we should not dispense with original conversation and talk in quotations."

"Our friend Anne Lyndsay might, or you," said Mrs. Vincent. "The rest of us, except Mr. Clayborne, would be silent listeners."

I ventured to say that there would be long pauses.

"If Clayborne," said Vincent, who at times was literal, "means that some things have been so said in the past that we cannot put them better, it is hardly true. As man changes and society alters, so does the need to restate emotion or repeat the great truths in some novel form. Otherwise what need to preach sermons or write books?"

"There is no need," said St. Clair.

"No one needs sermons more than a certain friend of ours," said Mrs. Vincent, "and he does also write books."

"But as to sermons, three words answer for me. When my dear Mrs. Vincent says, 'Don't do it,' it is enough, as you know. I repent and stop. But here comes Clayborne."

The scholar had been wandering about among his books, and now came back with two little volumes beautifully bound, and a manuscript in Arabic rolled on an ivory rod. "I wanted," he said, "to find some Eastern sayings about charity." As he spoke he unrolled the script. "These are the poems of El-Din-Attar, the friend of Omar Khayyam; the book is rare." He began to translate.

"He says: 'Listen with the two ears given thee of Allah. Cover thy face when thou givest alms, that he who receives may know only Allah beneath thy cloak. He who giveth moon-white silver at night is repaid with the gold of the sun at morning.' 'These,' says El-Din-Attar, 'are not of my wisdom, but were made by the sufi poet El-Amin.' The added comment is not bad, and is apropos—I should say relevant: 'That which hath been already said is like thy dinner of dates of yesterday. Shall it withhold thee from eating thy dates to-morrow?' Then he goes on, as he thinks, to improve on El-Amin: 'The fool thinks that he gives. He is only honestly returning to Allah that which he gave. Give without words.'

A gift is as the young foal of the camel;

It should carry nothing on its back.

A gift is as an egg; what gain to decorate the shell?

Here is a bit of verse, with apologies to St. Clair. This is from my little collection of Arabic, or rather of Oriental, morsels of wisdom—what Attar calls, with gentle vanity, 'crumbs from the loaf of my wisdom.' All poets are vain."

"Ah, to own the entire loaf!" said St. Clair. "As to the vanity of poets—the great poets are never vain. But we will talk of that some day. Now for your poem."

"Oh, it is only four lines, and, after all, some things do seem to drop readily into verse.

When thou givest to the poor

Be thou ever sure,

As thy share,

To ask large usury of prayer."

"I do not like that," said Mrs. Vincent. "Why ask any return?"

"Well, here is an odd one. This is Malayan:

It is not always the receiver who receives;

It is not always the giver who gives."

"Oh, I like that much better!" cried my wife.

"They are really very interesting," said St. Clair. "The phrase as to asking the usury of prayer verbally reminds me of the sonnet of a friend of mine. I think it is on a lost philopena. I am not sure that I can repeat it. Yes; this is it:

More blest is he who gives than who receives,

For he that gives doth always something get:

Angelic usurers that interest set:

And what we give is like the cloak of leaves

Which to the beggared earth the great trees fling,
Thoughtless of gain in chilly autumn days:
The mystic husbandry of nature's ways
Shall fetch it back in greenery of the spring.
One tender gift there is, my little maid,
That doth the giver and receiver bless,
And shall with obligation none distress;
Coin of the heart in God's just balance weighed;
Therefore, sweet spendthrift, still be prodigal,
And freely squander what thou hast from all."

"How much is gained by rhythm and rhyme!" said my wife. "I like your sonnet."

"What else have you?" said St. Clair.

"Here is one for Mrs. Vincent. Again it is El-Din-Attar. But the translation is not mine:

Give as the peach-trees give in the oasis of
Sevol-Nedrag—the grace of the blossom, the
sweet of the fruit, shade for the sun-hurt, rest
for the wanderer, that he may hear the wind in
the branches over him calling to prayer, and thus
refreshed, may return to his home and plant trees
by the wells and the wayside. For a good deed
hath length of life; and who shall number the
years of remembrance?"

"I like that best," said my wife; "how to give with grace, how to flavor your gift."

"You have small need to learn that, dear lady," said our host. It was true. Clayborne grew gentler as he became older; but direct praise he rarely gave. My wife flushed and was silent. Clayborne was vaguely conscious of a kindly indiscretion. He went on hastily: "These bits of Eastern wisdom lose much in the translation."

"I myself like," said my wife, "the thought that an act of goodness may live on and on. You recall, Owen, what J. F. said to you when he was dying?"

"Yes."

"Tell it, please. Here surely you may."

"You will greatly oblige me, Owen, if you will tell it," said Vincent. "You once did begin to tell me, but something interrupted you." He asked it with what I might call the tender formality of manner I knew and liked.

I hesitated a moment. My wife had revived a sad memory. Then I said: "If you wish it. My friend was dying of cancer, of that one of its forms which is the most terrible to a man of refinement, like my friend, who desired with every instinct of a gentleman to be agreeable to all about him. He wrote me: 'Come to W—— and see me. Come soon. I want to say good-by. I am being tortured to death. I am disgusting to myself and to all who approach me. It is agony and insult. I should not have said

insult, but I leave it as said. Come, and soon; I have something to say.' I went. He had set nine in the morning as the hour for my call. He explained this early appointment, saying: 'I am given morphia. It merely dulls the pain. I wanted to see you when my head is clear, and for this reason I have taken none since last night. I am in great pain. But I wanted to say this to you. When my dear friend, your sister, was dying, after years of patiently borne pain, and I spoke of her cheerfulness, she said to me: 'When I recall the calm endurance shown in my brother's illness (he died at nineteen, during service in the Civil War), I am somehow made strong, and can go on.' I myself," said F——, "was then well and sturdy. Now, —and I must talk briefly,—I want only to say to you that the remembrance of her example has been to me in turn a constant help. I knew that you would like to hear that her long years of trial were not without some good results.' Then he said, 'That is all. Please to go now! Good-by!'"

For a little while no one spoke. Then St. Clair said: "Horrible! I should end it quickly. I hate pain. I am never ill. I wonder if pain exists outside of this world. I like that man of whom Owen told us, who could not feel pain. Do not talk of it any more. Let me tell you an Eastern story about charity. If you talk about death I shall sleep none to-night; I shall go away. I heard my tale in the market at Tangier from a man who taught me a little of the Berber language."

"Is this honest, Victor?" said our host.

"All poets are."

"Lord! they have contributed more to the annals of unpunished villainy than—"

"Well, then, I won't tell it," broke in St. Clair, annoyed. "Personally I like to be wicked, and I do not mind being put in a corner for it; but just now I am not bad. I hate to be whipped for the sins of my betters."

"What stuff!" said Clayborne. "Go on!"

"Don't mind him, Victor," said Vincent.

"Please," said Mrs. Vincent.

St. Clair laughed and threw back his head, which was like that of a young Greek. "I shall tell Mrs. Vincent."

"And we will not listen," said I.

He rose and stood by the fire, at one side, was silent a moment, and then said:

"The Calif Harun-al-Rashid went out one night basely clad. Because he was a sufi poet he knew how to become for an hour whatsoever he would. This time he made him-

self hungry and friendless and in sore need, for now there dwelt in him the mind of a beggar. He bent low and asked alms at the gate of the mosque. An old man gave him a *para*. 'I thank thee,' said Harun, 'although it is the least of all coins. But tell me thy name, that when the muezzin calls at morning I may pray for thee to the Father of gifts.' 'Charity hath no name,' said he who gave. Thus speaking, he went his way. Others refused to give, and some mocked him. At last came a young man. 'Help me; I am poor!' said Harun. 'I too have nothing,' returned the man. 'Even my verses are poor. I am a sufi poet, a maker of songs.' 'Give me, then, at least a song,' said the calif; 'that is little.' 'Here is one,' replied the poet. At this the calif forgot and drew himself up to his full height. Seeing him thus in the moonlight, the young man knew him, and said in haste, 'Here is a better song,' and giving him a scroll, took back that he had given. Then said Harun, 'I am the calif. Come to me at morning without fail, and if the verse be good it shall profit thee, and if bad thou shalt suffer.'

"By George!" said Clayborne, "a fine way to deal with poets."

"Or historians," said I. "Go on, Victor."

"When the man came at morning and the calif unrolled the scroll, it was a song of his own. 'Young man,' he said, 'you are too wise for a poet,' and made him governor of Bagdad."

"That is either reasonably well imitated," said Clayborne, "or a real Oriental story. I never can tell. Perhaps you may like to know, Victor, that the reigning royal house of Othman has given to Turkey some of its best poets. But where did you get that tale? At Tangier, I think you said."

"Yes; did you really think I made it?"

"By all the Muses, I do not know," said Clayborne. "Write it for me, then I can tell; when it is on paper I can tell."

"Can you, indeed? You shall have it," replied St. Clair, smiling.

"Oh, the bad boy!" murmured Vincent to me.

Before I could answer, my wife said: "I have had what my girl calls 'a dood time.' Come, Owen, or we shall be late for the train. We are also too late for—what was it Mr. Clayborne promised last week at our house? Oh, yes. You said there was no text on which a sermon could not be written."

"Yes, I recall it," said Clayborne. "It was to be ready to-night. St. Clair and I were each to write a sermon on it."

"The text we gave you," said Mrs. Vincent, "was, I remember, 'Jesus wrote on the ground.'"

"Good, I shall try; I lacked for time."

"I myself think it is too easy," said St. Clair.

"Indeed! Do make haste, Owen; we are late," and so with this we went away.

II.

Two weeks or more went by before we dined again at Holmwood. Meanwhile Vincent was in Washington, convincing the Supreme Court. St. Clair had disappeared with no more apparent sense of need to explain why than a ghost at the end of a brief earthly call. At times he forgot engagements, neglected any one who might be sitting for bust or medallion, and simply went away. No one knew where he had been until his return, unless he wrote to Mrs. Vincent or to my wife. Once he asked me to go with him, and what he did and what I saw I may find time to state. When on this present occasion he thus flitted he went up to the head waters of the Delaware River, bought a canoe, and paddled himself down the great stream to Lewes. There on the sea-shore he dried his canoe and set it afire. I asked him why. He said Mrs. North knew, but I did not. How could I, indeed? My good wife declared she was, in fact, no wiser than I. St. Clair insists to this day that she knows it, and it may be that she does. It seems to me stupid to add needlessly to the mysteries of life; but this he liked to do.

When, being curious, I asked Mrs. Vincent, she said, "You men are queer people, and yet I read you his letter."

Now, this was his letter. It did not assist me.

"DEAR MADAM SUMMER [he said this was her true name, because of her naturalness of bounty]: I am on the edge of a wood. A cat-bird, astray from his home, is playing at imitating the wood-robins. They listen surprised and insulted. Not far below is a rapid. I am writing on a moldered log. The rapid above is talking to the rapid below, because it is just after sundown, when the waters acquire speech. All day long they babble, but far into the night they sing or talk with the tongues of many lands. Who has not heard or cannot hear them had better stay among men, for the great forests have never given him their freedom. There are three frogs in the marsh; one has a drum, one a fife, and one a bassoon. The air is full of leafy funerals. The waters are carrying the red and yellow leaves in fleets to the sea. Here alone is death beautiful. I float all day

long on this generous river. I have only to keep the prow straight; the strong-willed water has the flow of decisive fate. I go past the homes of men, past mills and pastures, where the herds, with heads all one way, graze with patient eyes. Here and there are primeval woods, where I camp under the stars or wander. Do you think any church is as solemn as a slowly darkening wood? Where else have you the dreamy sense of something about to happen? What is it seems to follow you? A gentle terror makes you glad to get out to the verge of the river. All woods are haunted. You are tempted by mysterious longings to return again. You know, dear lady, how the need to be alone seizes me at times. I wonder how long Adam was alone. That was a noble loneliness, the finest the world ever gave. Eve was a doubtful gift. To be alone restores my sense of being only one person. I sometimes think that by chance or design several souls get stowed away in this single lodging-house we call the body. Who the landlord is at times it were hard to tell. Here I own myself. Not to want to be at times alone is a signal of commonplace identity. Alone we are nearest to God. You think I am a trifle as to religion. You are wrong. None of you is as deeply religious as I am. You are wrong. Ah, I am so good when I am in the woods! Yes, at my best.

VICTOR.

"P.S. I forgot. Years have I spent in the woods, and to-day saw a thing new to me. To see it makes me happy. I must tell some one.

"When leaves drop in the autumn they fall face down, as if to salute the great mother. It is true of nearly all leaves when the air is still. But why is it so? I can see you smile, well pleased. I leave you to guess. I sat to-day a long while watching the leaves fall. I think I know now why they do not come to earth in the position they hold while on the tree.

V. St. C."

When Mrs. Vincent had read thus far I told her that it was a large dose of St. Clair's enigmatic, half-meant nonsense, and that on his return from these woodland conversions to goodness he was sure to plunge into outrageous ways, and to need all of us to get him back to a reasonably decorous life. Mrs. Vincent, who liked no one but herself to scold him, said he had the fire of genius, and that much was to be forgiven an unrestrained nature; to which I returned that there was no insurance against the fire of genius, and that other folks were apt to get a trifle singed. Upon this we quarreled mildly, and I was coolly received for a week or two, and had to send flowers and generally make myself gracious. I was generous enough not to tell her that St. Clair bought, on his return, a charming picture by Rousseau, for which he could as easily pay as fly. When Clayborne heard of this extravagance he went to the dealer and paid for it. As to

St. Clair, he said that was exactly what he himself would have done under like circumstances, and that it was a good thing, because he could sell the picture if ever—and that would never be—he should run into debt. We missed it a year later. It was bought, I believe, by Xerxes Crofter, my railroad reaver, whom I had set on foot again to the misery of many.

It was in mid-October, as I recall it, that we were once more at Holmwood.

Clayborne was a man of singularly equitable character. He was capable of conducting a savage controversy with exasperating calmness, and with merciless use of the weapons of incisive English. Like some other men of large nature, he showed, as he grew older, a tendency toward greater forbearance, but never quite lost his sense of pleasure in contest. St. Clair said he was born old and grew younger as years went on. To our surprise, he proved to have the capacity to find novel sources of enjoyment, and to exhibit an almost childlike satisfaction in certain newly found pursuits. At present he had taken with fresh happiness to gardening, and when we met was in what Vincent called a state of eruptive satisfaction as to the success of his wild garden. St. Clair declared him to be under the impression that he had discovered flowers and invented trees. To me he seemed like a man who, having been mind-blind to nature, had found his eyesight; but genius is always competent to present us with surprises. Certain of these changes of occupative tastes may have been fostered by the fact that of late his eyes had somewhat failed him, and declined to be tasked all day and half the night. When he became aware of this he bought Holmwood, and for two years or more amused himself by secretly adorning his purchase. It became a constantly sought resting-place during his long afternoon rides, and before we saw it he had dealt with it in a way which filled us all with astonishment.

As we walked through the hall he said to my wife: "You saw your garden, a place to plunder as you like. Now I shall have the pleasure to show you my own garden. Come."

We wandered here and there as he led us through a belt of pines, and at last came out on an open space of perhaps an acre. Around it was a low wall of gray stone. This must have been long in place, for it was covered with Japanese ivy and our own Virginia creeper, both aglow with varied tints of autumnal red. Straight walks of

dull-red brick led across this space of flowers, those still in bloom being chiefly great masses of chrysanthemum, aster, and scarlet sage. At each corner of the walks were antique crumbled capitals of Greek columns. At the far side, in a curve of the wall, he had set a sixteenth-century well-head with a Latin inscription, and on top was placed a shallow basin of red antique marble, as a water-supply for the birds.

"The well is from Siena," he said; "the marbles I bought in Rome last year. I have an antique altar; it is not yet here."

Very quaint it was, and beautiful, as the women said, with cries of surprised delight. St. Clair was silent. Clayborne looked at him expectant.

"Do you like it?" he said.

When St. Clair was feeling even a great joy intensely his eyes were apt to fill, and he himself to feel, as now, a vague sense of dismay at the girl-like unrestraint of his emotion.

"Who did it, Clayborne?" he said. "Not you. It is beautiful, fitting, in perfect taste."

Our host smiled. "Why not I?"

"Because—because there was a woman's hand in it."

"By Zeus! Who told you that?"

"No one; I told myself. You like it, but a woman helped you. There is that gray amphora lying on the wall with the red vines over it. No; that was not your thought, nor the water for the birds."

Clayborne looked amused and a trifle annoyed. "Yes," he replied; "my cousin, Sybil Maywood, my secretary; the most of it was her idea. I meant to put these capitals around the grass-plot in front of the house."

"Did you, indeed?" said St. Clair, smiling.

"Then," said Vincent, "she is the young woman we saw leaving the house when last we were here to dine?"

"Yes," said Clayborne.

"I saw her," said St. Clair, "before you returned home. She must be a person of singular good taste. She is lame and not quite erect, Mrs. Vincent, but,

'Fore God, she hath a lovely face.
God in his mercy send her grace."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"She is slightly, very slightly deformed, and halts," said Clayborne. He seemed to me, who knew him well, to be annoyed at these comments.

"How pitiful! It were better," said Anne Vincent, "that she were also deformed of face."

"Oh, no," said St. Clair; "no!"

"Why not?" said I.

"I do not know. Why do you ask? She has hair. Did you notice her hair? And a face—"

"Naturally," said Vincent, "the girl has hair and a face."

"What a man!" said St. Clair.

"I shall ask you all," said Clayborne, pausing, "to take an interest in my cousin; she is sure to please you. She has been living in the village for two months, and has become to me far more than a very clever secretary."

"May I ask where she came from?" said Anne Vincent.

"Her people," he replied, "were of the earliest settlers at Hingham. They were important in war and peace until two generations ago, when, after loss of means, the family fell away into incapables. They sought a cheap home in a remote New England village, and there lost touch of the class in which they had lived for two hundred years."

"That is not a rare case in our country," said Vincent; "for a family to keep its social place, product of some kind is needed. A race must make and keep money, or from time to time win some form of distinction. If it desire permanency, have the preservative instinct, it can only retain its hold upon the social group it has reached by more or less continuous recognition of social duties. At least this is true of our cities."

"Is it worth while," I said, "artificially to preserve station for a breed, as is done in England, or to let it depend for continued place and influence on its own power to keep what it has won? There is no doubt at all that real talent, capacity, is valuably advertised and gets its chance earlier if, as in England, it carry the name—the label—of a race already well known. Is it worth while to insure the chance of fresh product?"

"Perhaps," said Clayborne; "and since all real success is now more and more distinctly competitive, the label helps the strong more than it does the feeble. It does secure for literature an early audience. It does not now make that audience lenient, as it once did."

"But," said I, "may not all this measurably apply also to us? If a young man has available qualities, is he not advantaged in their use owing to his being one of a well-known family which has been able to hold its own?"

"Or get other folks' own," laughed St. Clair.
 "Stop him," said Clayborne; "he has no conversational reverence. This is not football, Victor!"

"Yes, sir," said St. Clair, gaily.

"You are surely right, Owen, for several reasons, most of them obvious. If the father be a man of achievement, the son is apt, unfairly, to be predictively judged in youth by what in the parent is the resultant of years. But then, also, because of family distinction, he does more easily get a hearing, and that is so hard to get. Moreover, certain social qualifications, which are fostered by generations of training, make for success in every line of life."

"Good manners, for instance, and tact," said my wife.

"Oh, tact," said I, "is a gift of nature, unteachable. A duke may miss it, a mechanic have it."

"One sees it in some children, and very early in life," said Mrs. Vincent. "I think it presupposes refinement, automatic tendency to notice the little things of life,

desire to please. I think some dogs have it; yes, I really think so."

"Why not?" said Clayborne. "I am sure that they are observant, gentle, and wish to please—as much as any one of us." Our friend who spoke was as entirely lacking in the quality we discussed as a kindly man could be. We smiled as he added, "Some men have tact which seems to be available only in certain relations of life."

"That is true," said Vincent; "one might talk long about it. As an example, I recall the case of General B—. He had the art to charm and convince a great political assembly, and was quick to discern hostility, and to answer questions with competence, courtesy, and grace. When, after the meeting he was introduced to his political supporters, he quickly succeeded in displeasing most of them, and was pretty certain to say the wrong thing to every one."

"That seems hardly credible," said my wife.

"And yet," returned Clayborne, "it is true."

(To be continued.)



THE INFINITIES.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

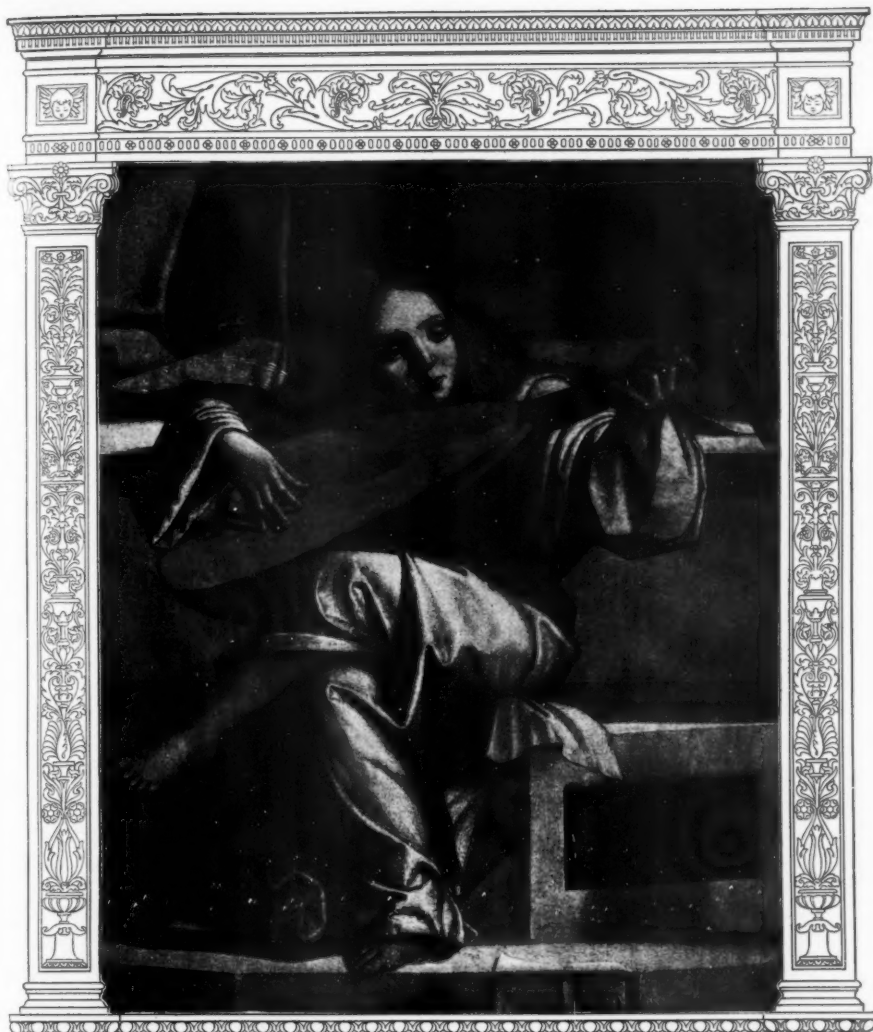
TIME and Space and Number flow
 Ever onward; none shall know
 Whence they come, or where they go.

None shall know; they will not bend
 Their majestic course; nor blend,
 Infinite, with things that end.

None shall know; the mind may sound
 Dreaming voids, and find no bound
 To the wall-less prison round.

Winding-sheet of woven shade,
 None shall e'er thy word evade;
 None shall know! 'T is thou hast said.

None; unless man, too, may climb
 Clear of bounds, till Thought sublime
 Conquer Number, Space, and Time.



CARPACCIO'S LITTLE ANGEL WITH THE LUTE.

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

I LEAN MY HEAD TO HEAR EACH STRING;
WE HUM TOGETHER, CHEEK TO CHEEK;
AND OH, THERE IS NOT ANYTHING
SO LOUD BUT I CAN HEAR IT SPEAK.

AND IT IS SHAPEN LIKE SOME FRUIT
ALL MELLOWNESS—MY LUTE.

(WILT SING?)

MY SINGING-BIRD, THAT I LOVE DEAR!
ABOVE THE SOUND OF HARP AND FLUTE
AND VIOL, CROWN, THE VOICE IS CLEAR
BROWN HONEY FROM MY LITTLE LUTE.

I HARKEN SO TO EVERY TONE,
BECAUSE IT IS MY OWN.

(CANST HEAR?)

F. C. GORDON

DETAIL FROM A PAINTING IN THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI, VENICE. FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.



REDRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.
A FUEGIAN COW-BOY.

THE GIANT INDIANS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK,
Of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition.

WITH PICTURES DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Fuegians have been reported, from time to time, since the country was first sighted and named by Magellan in 1520, but to-day they still remain almost unknown. In connection with the voyage of the *Belgica* we had unusual opportunities for studying their wild life and their weather-beaten land. They are not, as is generally supposed, one homogeneous tribe, but three distinct races, with different languages, different appearances, different habits and homes.

In the western Chilean channels, living in beech-bark canoes and in dugouts, using mussels, snails, crabs, and fish in general as food, are the short, imperfectly developed Aliculufs. These are met by many vessels navigating the Strait of Magellan, and most of our reports of Fuegians are limited to hasty glimpses of these people; but they are now nearly extinct, and they always were

the lowest and the most abject of the Fuegians.

Closely allied in habits to the Aliculufs are the Indians inhabiting the islands about Cape Horn and northward to Beagle Channel. These are called Yahgans. They have been the most numerous and the most powerful of the Fuegian people, but to-day they too are nearly extinct. They are dwarfed in stature, dwarfed in mental development, and, like the Aliculufs, live in canoes, and feed upon the products of the sea.

The third tribe is the race of giants. They are called Onas by their neighbors, the Yahgans. The Onas have thus far evaded all efforts at civilization, have refused missionaries, and have, to the present time, with good reason, mistrusted white men. They have, in consequence, remained absolutely unknown.

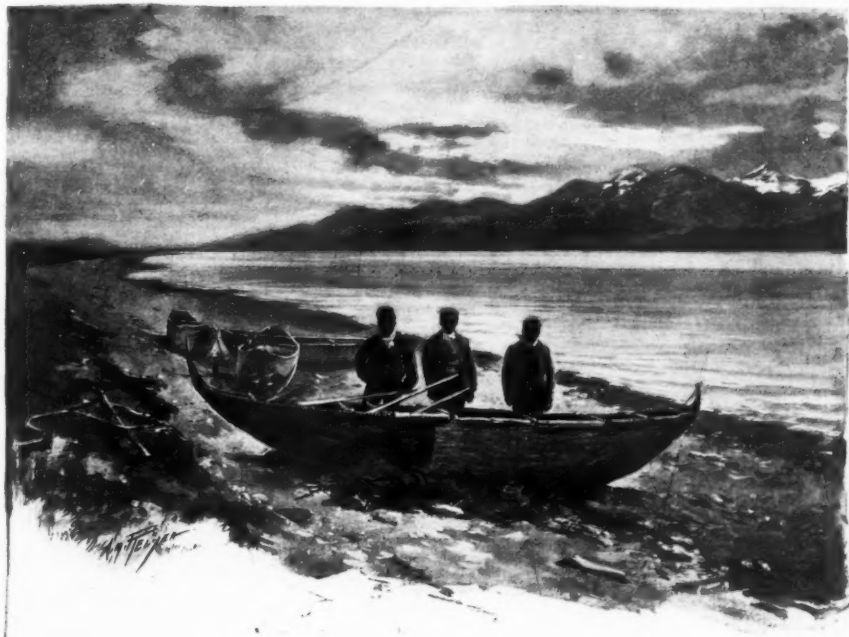
It is the purpose of this article to offer the reader of *THE CENTURY* a general outline of the information gathered by the Belgian Antarctic Expedition among this strange people.

The homes of the Onas are on the main island of Tierra del Fuego. For centuries they have fought to keep this as their preserve; but the Yahgans have been allowed to pitch their homes on the southern coastal fringe along Beagle Channel. In a like manner the Aliculufs have been permitted to use the shore-line of the west. Neither the Yahgans nor the Aliculufs, however, nor white men, until very recently, have dared to venture into the interior. The great prairies of the north and the mountain forests of the middle of the island, with its still unknown lakes, have been guarded as hunting-ground exclusively for the Onas. The island is nearly as large as the State of New York. The boundary-line of Chile and Argentina, running from north to south through the middle of the island, gives each republic a nearly equal share of the country. Gold has been found in the sands along the beach of various parts of the land. This is being mined with considerable success. The pampas

of the north and a part of the southern ground have proved to be some of the best sheep-farming country of the world. The gold-diggers and the sheep-farmers have thus rediscovered Tierra del Fuego. The mining-camps and the wire fences are crowding the once ruling race of Onas into the useless forest-covered lowlands and the ice-covered highlands of the interior, where they must either starve or freeze or perish at the hands of Caucasian invaders. The old happy hunting-ground of the Ona has gone the way of all other Indian homes; but he has fought bravely for it, and he will continue to do so until the last skeleton is left to bleach on the wind-swept pampa.

The Onas, as a tribe, have never been united in a common interest, nor have they ever been led by any one great chief. They have always been divided into small clans under a leader with limited powers, and these chiefs have waged constant warfare among themselves. To the present they have had their worst enemies among their own people, but now that sheep-farmers and gold-diggers want their country, they are uniting to fight their common enemy.

The advent of the sheep-farmer is so im-



REDRAWN BY C. M. RILEY.
A YAHGAN CANOE.

portant a factor in the future extermination of the Fuegian Indians, and in the early development of the southern point of South America, that the industry deserves a special notice. The desolate Falkland Islands and the wastes of Patagonia have long been used

of this enterprise is due to Mr. Steubenrach, the British consular agent. Steubenrach brought from the Falkland Islands a number of sheep, and fenced and stocked a small experimental farm. Anticipating trouble with the powerful Onas, who have always



REDRAWN BY W. S. KER.

AN ONA CHIEF.

as prosperous sheep-farms, but Tierra del Fuego was, until recently, regarded as too sterile to support any life except the guanaco and Indians. The first attempt to prove the possibilities of the Fuegian pampa was made at a point opposite Punta Arenas. The honor

been the dread of white settlers in this region, Steubenrach secured, as one of his shepherds, a missionary to preach the gospel and morality and some other things to the Indians. This mission service was a diplomatic stroke, which was thought to be

the most effective way of gaining the favor of the Chilean government and thus obtaining grants of land, and it was also thought possible, by this method, to tame the aborigines and make shepherds of them. The good preacher tried to Christianize and civilize

herds were asleep, confident of the effect of their pious training upon the Indians, the hunters came among the herds, cut the wire fences, and drove off such numbers as suited their appetites. These night raids continued month after month, but the Indians came in



REDMAN BY W. E. KER.
AN ONA BELLE.

the Indians. During the day they congregated in large numbers to hear the new medicine-man. They were indeed interested; but they proved their interest in an unexpected manner.

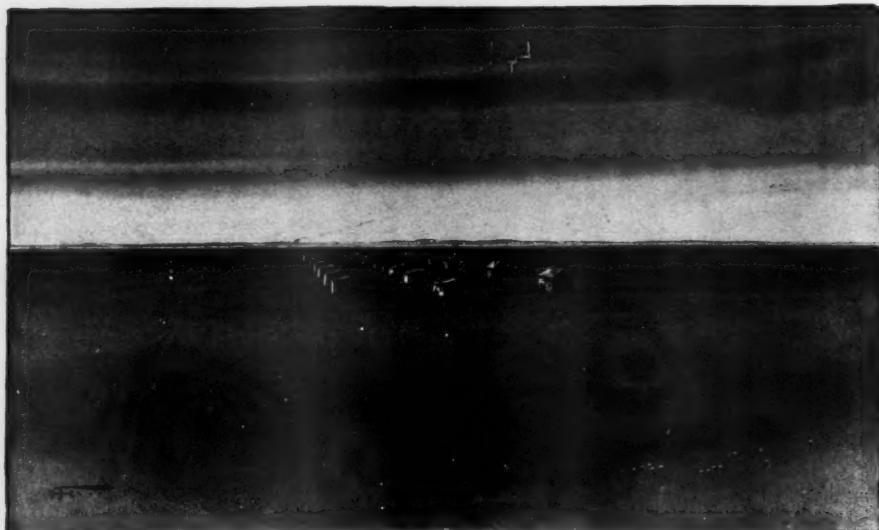
At night, when all was quiet and the shep-

herds were asleep, confident of the effect of their pious training upon the Indians, the hunters came among the herds, cut the wire fences, and drove off such numbers as suited their appetites. These night raids continued month after month, but the Indians came in

wire fences have been extended, the Winchesterers have been multiplied, every available acre of Fuegian ground has been covered with sheep, while the Indians, never known and never understood, have been swept from their ancient homes.

In defense of the pioneers it should be said that the Indians from the first have waged a constant and relentless warfare. A mutual understanding has at no time seemed possible, and if the pioneers would follow

teen hundred, divided into sixteen tribes of about one hundred each. From this number there is a constant diminution. Many of the children have been taken from their wild homes bordering on the sheep-farms and placed in European families about Punta Arenas. These children thrive well at first, and are capable of considerable education, but few reach adult age. The minor children's diseases, such as measles and whooping-cough, are extremely fatal to them, and



RE-DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

INDIAN HOUSES, RIO GRANDE MISSION.

their business a vigorous defense was necessary. In spite of the destructive onslaughts of the Indians, however, the farms have flourished so well that to-day the number of sheep raised individually and collectively by the Fuegian rancheros is perfectly astonishing. There is one farm not yet quite stocked which will support six hundred thousand sheep. There are others of one hundred thousand, and a farm which does not herd twenty-five thousand is considered small. The profit over and above all expenses averages about fifty cents annually for each animal. This would give, for a farm of moderate size, a clear gain of fifty thousand dollars yearly, which is certainly a princely income for a farmer. The proprietors of these ranches are mostly men of large means, who live in luxury and comfort in the cities of South America and Europe.

The Ona population at present is about six-

those who escape other diseases are almost certain to succumb to tuberculosis.

For a number of years the Indians, watching the encroachment of white men upon their territory, have made it as uncomfortable as possible for the intruders. To bag a settler was quite as much sport as to secure game, and the white men, in return, have shot Indians with as much elation as if they were hitting panthers. Killing has been in vogue on both sides, but the battle is uneven. The Indian must vanish before the lead of Christians. Such is the mission of modern civilization.

Migration from one part of the island to another, and from one clan to another, has been common, but the Ona has seldom left his chosen land. A few have been found in Patagonia, and occasionally one has been seen among the Yahgans and the Aliculfus; but these have only been stragglers who, by

accident, have been separated from the main island. The Onas possess no canoes with which to cross the Strait of Magellan or the canals south and west; but they barter with the Indians along Beagle Channel and the west, and in recent years with the white settlers along the south. The men have a great admiration for women of other tribes, and this admiration induces them to make raids among the other Indians to capture women. So much was this done in the past that in the southeastern part of the island there sprang up a new race, a hybrid mixture of Yahgans and Onas; but these are now extinct.

Physically the Onas are giants. They are not, however, seven or eight feet in height, as the early explorers reported their neighbors and nearest relatives, the Patagonians, to be. Their average height is close to six feet, a few attain six feet and six inches, and a few are under six feet. The women are not so tall, but they are more corpulent. There is perhaps no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men. This unique development is partly due to the topography of their country and to the distribution of game, which makes long marches constantly necessary. The Ona men are certainly the greatest cross-country runners on the American continent.

The mental equipment of the Ona is by no means equal to his splendid physical development. He understands very well the few arts of the chase which he finds necessary to maintain a food-supply. His game in the past has been easily gotten; his needs have been few, which fact accounts for the lack of inventive skill portrayed in the instruments of the chase. The home life, the house, the clothing—everything portrays this lack of progressive skill. Instead of the children being well dressed and well cared for, as is the rule among savage races, they are mostly naked, poorly fed, badly trained, and altogether neglected, not because of a lack of paternal love, but because of the mental lethargy of the people. It is the same as to shelter and garments. They have abundant material to make good tents and warm, storm-proof houses; but they simply bunch up a few branches, and throw to the windward a few skins, and then shiver, complaining of their miserable existence.

It has never fallen to my lot to listen to a language so odd, so strikingly peculiar, as that of the Onas. Some of my companions on the *Belgica* said that from a distance the talk of a group of Onas was like that of a

group of Englishmen. To this I have protested, for that statement is certainly a libel on English. This might be said with considerable truth of the Yahgan tongue, which is smooth and easy; but of the grunting, choking, spasmodic talk of the Onas it is untrue. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of sentences hard; but in every fifth or sixth word there is a sound impossible to reproduce by any one who has not had years of practice. These sounds offer sudden breaks in the flow of words, and the speaker, by efforts which suggest the getting of sounds from the stomach, struggles for something far down in his throat. He hacks and coughs and grunts, distorting his face momentarily in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling-block, or whatever it is which makes the poor mortal suffer such tortures of speech. I always felt like offering him an emetic when I heard him talk.

Like all the American aborigines, the Onas feed principally upon meat, and this meat was in former years obtained from the guanaco. The guanaco roamed about in large herds upon the pampas and grassy lowlands, regions now in use as sheep-farms. The guanaco, like the Indian, is forced to the barren interior mountains, where life is a hard struggle against storms and barrenness and perennial snows. Owing to the present greater difficulty of hunting these animals and their reduced numbers, the Ona has taken most naturally to the sheep which have been brought to occupy these lands. That the sheep are owned by other men is a fact not easily recognized by Indians to whom the world of Fuegian wilderness has always been free. The many thousands of *guanaco blanco*, as the Onas call sheep, grazing peacefully upon the Indian hunting-grounds, make a picture full of irresistible temptation, as the aborigines, hungry and half naked, look from icy mountain forests down over the plains. Shall we call them thieves if, while their wives and children and loved ones are starving, they boldly descend and, in the face of Winchester rifles, take what to them seems a product of their own country?

Unfortunately, the Indians have had so many causes for revenge against the white invaders that they no longer capture sheep, as they did primarily, to satisfy the pangs of hunger, but to obtain vengeance. The wholesale manner in which they do this, however, would make a beggar of an ordinary farmer in a single night. In the neighbor-



REDRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

SHOOTING AT THE SUN.

hood of Useless Bay they have been known to round up two thousand sheep in one raid, and they seldom now take less than a few hundred at a time. While stopping at a farm on the Rio Grande I had an opportunity of being in close proximity to this kind of warfare. The Indians came in and asked for an interview with the chief of the farm. The man in charge was a bright young fellow, who knew the Indians very well. He treated the delegation kindly, fed and clothed them, and listened to their story.

The Indians spoke in broken Spanish, and said that they had been sent by the great chief Colchichoali to ask if the manager of this farm would make an arrangement for amicable and peaceful relations in the future. Colchichoali and his people had for a long time been on friendly terms with Mr. Bridges, a farmer on the southern shore. While here many had died and many others were sickly. It was the wrong season for them in the south. The winter was too cold there, the spirits were against them, and

for reasons of health alone they must seek their old haunts on the sunny northern shores for the winter. They had been ten days crossing the island over the snowy interior mountains. They had been several days already without food. The women and children were starving. The entire tribe were at the edge of the forest about one hundred miles to the south. Would Mr. Menendez give them a little food for present needs, and a preserve where the people might live and hunt in their own way, undisturbed by the soldiers and the shepherds?

Mr. Menendez replied in the affirmative, and then went on to qualify his offer. He said that at first he was not inclined to treat their demand seriously; that he suffered so much at their hands by unlimited thefts of so many thousands of sheep, and by their heartless destruction of his fences, etc., that he was not in an easy mood to harbor them near his farms; but if they promised to be good, if they agreed to steal no more sheep, he would give them the southern bank of a river about ten miles southward, where they might pitch their tents, hunt and fish, and live undisturbed. He further agreed that he would give them as much meat as they required.

The Indians returned to their chief to report the success of their mission. Owing to their lengthy stay, however, the chief thought that they had been killed, and in retaliation ordered the raiding of five hundred sheep, which, of course, made the consummation of an amicable agreement impossible. In defense of the Indians, however, it should be said that one year previous a similar arrangement had been entered into in good faith. The Indians came trustingly to a camp, where the entire company, men, women, and children, were seized by soldiers and exiled from the island.

The Onas have been masters of Tierra del Fuego, not because of the perfection of their implements of war, but because of their splendid physical force. The only destructive weapon which they have brought to effective use is the bow and arrow. The bow used by them is made of the wood of the Antarctic beech, which is scraped and worked into the desired shape by the sharp edge of one of the numerous shells which everywhere are found on the beach. The string is made of the sinews of the guanaco, neatly braided. The arrow-shaft is a reed-like branch of a tree called the Winter's bark; it is winged with feathers of native birds, and is tipped with a unique glass point.

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In former years, before vessels entered the Strait of Magellan, and before the passage around Cape Horn was discovered, the Onas tipped their arrows with flint; but since white men have invaded these waters their misfortunes have been the fortunes of the Indians. From the many wrecks thrown upon the rocky shores during the last three hundred years, the aborigines have obtained glass, with which they now point their arrows, and also iron, of which they make knives. Within the last twenty-five years they have occasionally bagged an unwary gold-digger, and his kit has been added to their own imperfect implements of chase; but they have never been able to obtain ammunition, and so the rifles in their camp are of no use. The traders and farmers on the border-lands, with whom these Indians have to come in contact, have always been alive to their own interests. They have prudently refused to sell firearms or ammunition. If the Onas were able to obtain guns and supplies they would clear their island of pale-faced settlers in less than a month.

With the bow and arrow as their sole implement of chase, the Onas roam about always in the footprints of the guanaco from the barren interior mountains to the forest-covered lowlands, and during the winter from the forests over the pampas to the sea-shore. If they fail in securing their favored game, the guanaco, they capture a kind of ground-rat, or gather the snails and mussels of the beach; but the one grand aim of life is to hunt the guanaco.

Day after day in the chase the whole family march over wind-swept plains, through icy streams, into regions seemingly ever deserted by animal life. The women and children travel in one group, generally in gullies, winding around low hills, where they are out of sight of the game. The men scatter about as sentinels, mounting little elevations now and then, to search, with their eagle eyes, the undulating plains for a herd of guanaco. When on this weary chase they are always hungry, and generally but half clothed. The sick and the helpless aged are left by the wayside to starve or to support life as best they can, while the more vigorous go on and on famine-stricken until they come upon their game.

When in sight of guanaco the men seek to surround the entire herd by creeping on hands and feet and covering their bodies with the robe to imitate the animals. As they close in on them they rise, drop their robes, and naked spring upon the guanaco,

killing such as they can with arrows. Then, as the animals stand in utter amazement, they rush upon them with a knife or a club. In this onslaught they often secure the entire herd, and generally a large number. Next a gluttonous hilarity begins, which knows no bounds. It continues while the meat lasts, and then famine is again their lot. Thus their life is one of short feasts divided by long famines.

The matter of clothing, with the Onas, is a very simple affair. Although the climate of their region is cold, stormy, and even humid, they are very imperfectly dressed. The children run about in the snow either naked or nearly so. The men have a large mantle made of several guanaco-skins sewed together. This reaches from the shoulders to the feet, but it is not attached by either buttons or strings; it is simply held about the shoulders by the hands. On the chase the mantle is allowed to drop, while the hunter rushes on, naked, to capture his game. The women, when well dressed, wear a piece of fur about the waist, and another loosely thrown about the shoulders; but they are not often well dressed, and must generally be contented with a kind of mantle carelessly suspended from the shoulders, which is allowed to fall upon the slightest exertion.

Nothing could be more homeless than an Ona house. It is proof to none of the discomforts of Fuegian climate. Rain, snow, and wind enter it freely. The house is a simple accumulation of tree branches thrown together in the easiest possible manner. Sometimes it has a conical shape, but more often it is only a crescent or breast-work, behind which the entire family sit or sleep. To the windward are thrown a number of skins to keep out the wind, but from overhead the cold rains drizzle over poorly clad bodies, while the ground is always uncovered and cold. In the center of this circle of shivering humanity, or just outside of it, is a camp-fire, which, however, serves better for cooking purposes than for heating.

The arrangement of the house is such that the heat all escapes. At night the fires are allowed to go out, and the adults, lying in a circle, place the children in the center, with blankets of guanaco-skins spread over all. To keep the blankets from being blown off, and to add additional warmth, they next call their dogs to take their positions on the top of the entire mass of Indians. In former years it was a poverty-stricken family that did not have enough dogs to cover it out of sight; but the shepherds have now killed

the dogs, and the Indians must rest cold and comfortless without their canine bedfellows.

There seems to be considerable love expended among the members of an Ona family. It is kindled with the first days of childhood, and it is still burning at ripe old age. It is, however, a love which is never appreciated by a white man, nor is it ever tendered to him except for brief spasmodic periods. Nothing illustrates this point better than the experience of the pale-faced newcomers. Everybody who goes as a pioneer to the Cape Horn regions is a bachelor. All buy, borrow, or steal wives when they decide to settle down upon a gold-mine or a sheep-farm. The Indian women, it must be confessed, are not unwilling to be bought or stolen, but they are not to the white man what they are to the copper-faced rival. In the Indian household a wife may be but one of several; she can claim only a small share of her husband's affection; she must work hard, is badly dressed, and is always half starved: but she prefers this life as a steady thing to the entire heart of a paleface, with the luxuries which he brings to her.

Marriage, like almost everything Ona, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. Women generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed to steal women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Onas, being by far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for thirty years has given it as his opinion that a plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their peculiar emotions and habits of life.

The relation of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam to one another is of novel interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous of one another than are the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the several wives are often sisters. A young man takes by force, by mutual agreement, or by barter, the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently, when a girl is left an orphan, she is taken

into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews, and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children.

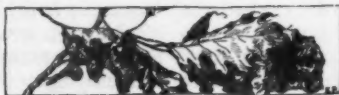
The unwritten laws which govern the actions of the tribe as a whole are very vaguely understood. There never has been any very great need for the Onas to assemble and unite against an enemy. Any one of the numerous clans under one chief has been more than equal to overcome the feeble onslaughts of other Indians and white men. Hence the lack of tribal organization. In the family, however, the organization is firmly fixed by habits which never change. The loose arrangement of marriage and divorce does not seem to disturb seriously the equilibrium of the home circle. The camp is pitched from day to day at spots convenient for the chase. This makes elaborate houses or complex fixtures impossible. It never requires more than half an hour to build an Ona house.

The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game; but he seldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving, the women take up all of their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unencumbered lead of their brave but un-

gallant husbands. Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting detail and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying sin of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless pale-faced invaders to shield the honor of his home.

I doubt if missionary efforts will improve the hard lot of this noble band of human strugglers. The efforts thus far made have certainly had the contrary effect, and altogether they do not need a new system of morals as badly as we do ourselves. I do not mean to infer that missionary work, in general, is hurtful to aborigines. There is a legitimate field for such efforts, but it is not among Onas, unless the work is conducted in a new manner by a thoroughly practical man. They need to be placed in a position where they may follow their wild habits without the infectious degeneration of higher life. Individually and collectively they have fewer sins than New-Yorkers. It is true that there are among them no faultless characters, but there are also no great criminals. There are some good and some bad, but the worst and the best are found side by side.

The bitter and the sweet of human life flow in the same stream. They have the same origin and the same termination. The lesson of ages to untutored man has impressed upon him a prescription of moral direction, which is quite as good as, and far more appropriate for him than, the white man's code of ethics.



POVERTY.

BY ARLO BATES.

FAIR my estate at morn to see.
I had at eve the selfsame store;
Yet fate that day had beggared me,
Since hope could I count mine no more.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

FIFTH PAPER.

XVI. AFTER NASEBY.



CROMWELL'S own account of Naseby is the tersest bulletin on record, but he takes care to draw a political moral for the hot party struggle then going on at Westminster. "Honest men," he writes to the Speaker, "served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish their actions may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for." In plainer words, the House of Commons should not forget how much the Independents had to do with the victory, and that what the Independents fought for was liberty of conscience.

For the king the darkness was lightened by a treacherous ray of hope from Scotland. The Scots, whose aid had been of such decisive value to the Parliament at the end of 1643, on the stricken field at Marston in the summer of 1644, and in the seizure of Newcastle three months later, had been since of little use. At Naseby they had no part or lot, and they even looked on that memorable day with a surly eye: although it had broken the malignants, it had mightily exalted the Independents. A force of Scots still remained on English ground, but they were speedily wanted in their own country. One of the fiercest of the lesser episodes of the war happened in Scotland, where in the northern Highlands and elsewhere the same feeling for the national line of their princes came into life among chieftains and clansmen as survived, with so many romantic circumstances and rash adventures, down to the rebellion of 1745.

In August, 1644, Montrose, disguised as a groom, and accompanied by two of his friends, rode across the southwestern border from

Carlisle, and made his way to Athole. There he was joined by a mixed contingent of Highlanders and twelve hundred Irish, lately brought over under Highland leadership into Argyllshire. This was the beginning of a flame of royalism that blazed high for a year, was marked by much savagery and destruction, left three or four new names upon the historic scroll of the bloody scuffles between Campbells, Forbeses, Frasers, Macleans, Macdonalds, Gordons, Ogilvies, Grahams, and the rest, and then finally died down at the battle of Philiphaugh. Montrose reached the top of his success at the engagement of Kilsyth, just two months after Naseby. This made him master of Scotland, and turned Charles to a new scheme for quitting England and placing himself at the head of the Scots. He did not take into his account that both Parliament and General Assembly were bitterly hostile to Montrose, whom they insisted on regarding as a renegade Covenantan. Charles forgot, moreover, that military difficulties, at least as obstinate as in England, would confront him in Scotland. Such a project was a fair example of the king's levity. In another month the meteor went out. David Leslie, who fought at Cromwell's side at Marston Moor, and who was now on duty in England, took his force up to the border, crossed the Tweed, found Montrose and his ragged and scanty force of clansmen encamped at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk (September 13, 1645), and there fell suddenly upon them, shattering both Montrose's fantasies and the shadowy hopes of the dreaming king.

Charles's resolution was still unshaken. As he told Digby, if he could not live like a king, he would die like a gentleman. Six weeks after the fatal battle he writes to Prince Rupert: "I confess that, speaking either as a mere soldier or statesman, I must say that there is no probability but of my ruin. But, as a Christian, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels and traitors

to prosper, or this cause to be overthrown. And whatever personal punishment it shall please him to inflict upon me must not make me repine, much less to give over this quarrel. Indeed, I cannot flatter myself with expectations of good success, more than this, to end my days with honor and a good conscience, which obliges me to continue my endeavors, as not despairing that God may in due time avenge his own cause. Though I must avow to all my friends that he that will stay with me at this time must expect and resolve either to die for a good cause, or (which is worse) to live as miserable in maintaining it as the violence of insulting rebels can make it."

This patient stoicism, which may attract the student when he reads about it in a book, was little to the mind of the bold and shrewd soldier to whom the king's firm words were written. A disaster second only to Naseby, and still more unforeseen, soon followed. Fairfax and Cromwell laid siege to Bristol, and after a fierce and daring storm (September 14) Rupert, who had promised the king that he could hold out for four good months, suddenly capitulated, and rode away to Oxford under the humiliating protection of a Parliamentary convoy. The fall of this famous stronghold of the west was the severest of all the king's mortifications, as the failure of Rupert's wonted courage was the strangest of military surprises. That Rupert was too clear-sighted not to be thoroughly discouraged by the desperate aspect of the king's affairs is certain, and the military difficulties of sustaining a long siege were thought, even by those who had no reasons to be tender of his fame, to justify the surrender. The king would listen to no excuses, but wrote Rupert an angry letter, declaring so mean an action to be the greatest trial of his constancy that had yet happened, depriving him of his commissions, and bidding him begone beyond the seas. Rupert nevertheless insisted on following the king to Newark, and after some debate was declared to be free of all disloyalty or treason, but not of indiscretion. Another quarrel arose between the king and his nephews and their partizans. They forced their way into his presence while he was seated at dinner, and addressed him with such rudeness that he was for withdrawing to his bedchamber. This only provoked the Cavaliers to fresh insolence, until the king, with livelier anger than he had ever been known to show in all his life before, commanded them to depart from his presence,

and to come no more into it. The feuds and rivalries of Parliament, at their worst, were always matched by the more ignoble distractions and jealousies of the court. Suspicions even grew up that Rupert and Maurice were in a plot for the transfer of the crown to their elder brother, the Elector Palatine. That the Elector had been encouraged in such aspirations by earlier incidents was true.

Cromwell improved the fall of Bristol, as he had improved Naseby. "Faith and prayer," he tells the Speaker, "obtained this city for you. It is meet that God have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, and all here have the same spirit of faith and prayer, the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere." So he urges to the end of his despatch. Toleration is the only key-word. "All that believe have the real unity, which is most glorious, because inward and spiritual. As for unity in forms, commonly called uniformity, every Christian will study that. But in things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason. In other things God hath put the sword in the hands of the Parliament for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well."

These high refrains were not at all to the taste of the Presbyterian majority, and on at least one occasion they were for public purposes suppressed. After Bristol, Winchester fell. Then Cromwell sat down before Basing House, which had plagued and defied the generals of the Parliament for many long months since 1643. Its valorous defender was Lord Winchester, a Catholic, a brave, pious, and devoted servant of the royal cause, indirectly known to the student of English poetry as husband of the young lady on whose death, fourteen years earlier, Milton and Ben Jonson had written verses of elegiac grief.

"Cromwell spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm of Basing. He seldom fights without some text of Scripture to support him." This time he rested on the eighth verse of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Psalm: "They that make them [idols] are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them"—with private application to the theologies of the popish Lord Winchester. "We stormed this morning," Oliver reports (October 14, 1645), "after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness." Many of the

enemy were put to the sword; all the sumptuous things abounding in the proud house were plundered; "popish books, with copes and such utensils," were flung into the purifying flame, and before long fire and destruction had left only blackened ruins. Among the prisoners was Winchester himself. In those days the word in season was held to be an urgent duty. Hugh Peters thought the moment happy for proving to his captive the error of his idolatrous ways, just as Cheynell hastened the end of Chillingworth by thrusting controversy upon his last hour, and as Clotworthy teased the unfortunate Laud, at the instant when he was laying his head upon the block, with questions upon what his assurance of salvation was founded. The stout-hearted Cavalier of Basing, after long endurance of his pulpit tormentors, at last broke out and said that "if the king had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would still adventure as he had done, and so maintain it to the uttermost."

After Basing, the king had, indeed, not very much more ground in England or anywhere else. This was the twentieth garrison that had been taken that summer. Fairfax, who had parted from Cromwell for a time after the fall of Bristol, pushed on into Devon and Cornwall, and by a series of rapid and vigorous operations cleared the Royalist forces out of the west. He defeated Hopton, that good soldier and honorable man, first at Torrington and then at Truro, and his last achievement was the capture of Exeter (April, 1646). Cromwell, who had joined him shortly after the fall of Basing House, was with the army throughout these operations, watching the state of affairs at Westminster from a distance, in the frame of mind shown by the exhortations in his despatches, and constant to his steadfast rule of attending with close diligence to the actual duties of the day, leaving other things to come after in their place.

XVII. THE KING WITH THE SCOTS.

ONE Sunday, at midnight (April 26, 1646), the king at Oxford came secretly to an appointed room in one of the colleges, had his hair and beard cut short, was dressed in the disguise of a servant, and at three in the morning, with a couple of companions, crossed over Magdalen Bridge, and passed out of the gate, leaving behind him forever the gray walls and venerable towers, the churches and libraries, the cloisters and gardens, of the ever-faithful city. He had not

even made up his mind whither to go, whether to London or to the Scots. Riding through Maidenhead and Slough, the party reached Uxbridge and Hillingdon, and there at last, after long and perplexed debate, he resolved to set his face northward, but with no clear or settled design. For eight days men wondered whether the fugitive king lay hidden in London or had gone to Ireland. Charles was afraid of London, and he hoped that the French envoy would assure him that the Scots were willing to grant him honorable conditions. Short of this, he was inclined rather to cast himself upon the English than to trust his countrymen. His choice was probably the wrong one. If he had gone to London he would have had a better chance than ever came to him again of widening the party divisions in the House of Commons, and he would have shown the English that he had that confidence in their loyalty which at this, as almost at every other, stage, the general body of them were little likely to disappoint or to betray. After all, it mattered less where Charles was than what he was. If, in the language of the time, God had hardened him, if he was bent on "tinkling on bishops and delinquents and such foolish toys," he might as well try his shallow arts in one place as another. Do what he would, grim men and grim facts had now fast hold upon him. He found his way to Harrow, thence to St. Albans, and thence to Downham. There the disguised king stayed at a tavern until word came from Montreuil—not very substantial, as it proved—that the Scots would give the assurances that he desired. Ten days after leaving Oxford Charles rode into the Scottish quarters at Southwell. He was never a free man again.

With the close of the war and the surrender of the person of the king a new crisis began, not less decisive than that which ended in the raising of the royal standard four years before, but rapidly opening more extensive ground of conflict and awakening more formidable elements. Since then Europe has learned, or has not learned, the lesson that revolutions are apt to follow a regular order. It would be a complete mistake, however, to think that England in 1647 was at all like France after the return of Bonaparte from his victorious campaigns in Italy. They were unlike, because Cromwell was not a bandit, and the army of the New Model was not a standing force of many tens of thousands of men, essentially conscienceless, only existing for war and conquest. The task was different. No situations in history really re-

Non tunc 20 Sep 1645

I have, as the strength of your, or unwillingly, to speak to you of so unpleasant
a subject. I have not yet, as I must suppose, spoken to you freely of your Brother
Eugene's present condition. He breathes, that his infirmities quicken the soul &
Thomas of Bristol hath informed me to put him off with (hands) as he had in your arms
I have sent him a Duke to go beyond Sea: now though I shall be as good as dead
for a while yet. Thus in such cases, you write examination yet I assure you that
I am not confident that this great Lord of this world, but you shall have more
than any Christian since this damnable Rebellion with he was proceeded from
his charge & other to me or my cause, for nearly by having in his own hands
the power of death, asking for a possession to him. I am resolved to let it pass
the former for dead, that you please I shall please God to enable me to do so upon my
Trials like a King, he shall thank God for the pains he hath spent in me long
Second for the rest of your life. I leave you to be as true for his present his
fortune, that is common. I pray for the good of you & I have care of you &
long, as you shall be ready at your Father's words, I will give you all the
consequence & satisfaction that you may. Thus I leave you, I shall serve you
me

Your loving Uncle & most affectionate friend

Charles I

produce themselves. In France the fabric of government had been violently dashed to pieces from foundation to crest. Those ideas in men's minds by which national institutions are molded, and from which they mainly draw their life, had become faded and powerless. The nation had no reverence for the throne, and no affection either for the king while he was alive, or for his memory after they had killed him. Not a single institution stood sacred. In England, in 1647, no such terrible catastrophe had happened. A confused storm had swept over the waters, many a brave man had been carried overboard, but the ship of state seemed to have ridden out the hurricane. The king had been beaten, but the nation never dreamed of anything but monarchy. The bishops had gone down, but the nation desired a national church. The lords had dwindled to a dubious shadow, but the nation cherished its unalterable reverence for Parliament.

The highest numbers in a division, even in the early days of the Long Parliament, do not seem to have gone above three hundred and eighty out of a total of over five hundred. After the war broke out they naturally sank to a far lower figure. At least a hundred members were absent in the discharge of local duties. A hundred more took the side of the king, and shook the dust of Westminster from off their feet. On the first Self-denying Ordinance one hundred and ninety members voted. The appointment of Fairfax to be commander-in-chief was carried by one hundred and one against sixty-nine. The ordinary working strength was not above one hundred. The weakness of moral authority in a house in this condition was painfully evident, but so, too, were the difficulties in the way of any remedy. A general dissolution, as if the country were in deep tranquillity instead of being torn and wearied by civil convulsion, was out of the question. Apart from the technical objection of calling a new Parliament without the king and the king's great seal, the risk of throwing upon doubtful constituencies all the vital issues then open and unsettled was too formidable for any statesman in his senses to provoke.

The House proceeded gradually, and after Naseby issued writs in small batches. Before the end of 1646 about two hundred and thirty-five new members had been returned, and of these the majority either professed Independency or leaned toward it, or at least were averse to Presbyterian exclusiveness, and not a few were officers in the

army. Thus in all revolutions, as they move forward, stratum is superimposed above stratum. Coke, Selden, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, the first generation of constitutional reformers, were now succeeded by a new generation of various revolutionary shades—Ireton, Ludlow, Hutchinson, Algernon Sidney, Fleetwood, and Blake. Cromwell, from his success as commander, his proved experience, and his stern adherence to the great dividing doctrine of toleration, was the natural leader of this new and powerful group. Sidney's stoical death years after on Tower Hill, and Blake's destruction of the Spanish silver-galleons in the bay of Santa Cruz, the most splendid naval achievement of that age, have made a deeper mark on historic imagination; but for the purposes of the hour it was Ireton who had the more important part to play. Ireton, now five-and-thirty, was the son of a country gentleman in Nottinghamshire, had been bred at Oxford, and read law in the Temple. He had fought at Edgehill, had ridden by Cromwell's side at Gainsborough and Marston Moor, and, as we have seen, was in command of the horse on the left wing at Naseby, where his fortune was not good. No better brain was then at work on either side, no purer character. Some found that he had "the principles and the temper of a Cassius in him," for no better reason than that he was firm, never shrinking from the shadow of his convictions, active, discreet, and with a singular power of drawing others, including, first of all, Cromwell himself, over to his own judgment. He had that directness, definiteness, and persistence to which the Pliables of the world often misapply the ill-favored name of fanaticism. He was a man, says one, regardless of his own or any one's private interest wherever he thought the public service might be advantaged. He was very active, industrious, and stiff in his ways and purposes, says another; stout in the field, and wary and prudent in counsel; exceedingly forward as to the business of the Commonwealth. "Cromwell had a great opinion of him, and no man could prevail so much, nor order him so far, as Ireton could." He was so diligent in the public service, and so careless of all belonging to himself, that he never regarded what food he ate, what clothes he wore, what horse he mounted, or at what hour he went to rest. Cromwell good-naturedly implies in Ireton almost excessive fluency with his pen; he does not write to him, he says, because "one line of mine begets many of his." The framing of





DRAWN BY WILLIAM MATHERELL, R. I.

THE ARRIVAL OF CROMWELL AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL FAIRFAX.
VOL. LIX.—88.

constitutions is a pursuit that has fallen into just discredit in later days, but the power of intellectual concentration and the constructive faculty displayed in Ireton's plans of constitutional revision mark him as a man of the first order in that line. He was enough of a lawyer to comprehend with precision the

well, a year after Naseby (1646), gave in marriage his daughter Bridget, then a girl of two-and-twenty.

The king's surrender to the Scots created new entanglements. The episode lasted from May, 1646, to January, 1647. It made worse the bad feeling that had for long been



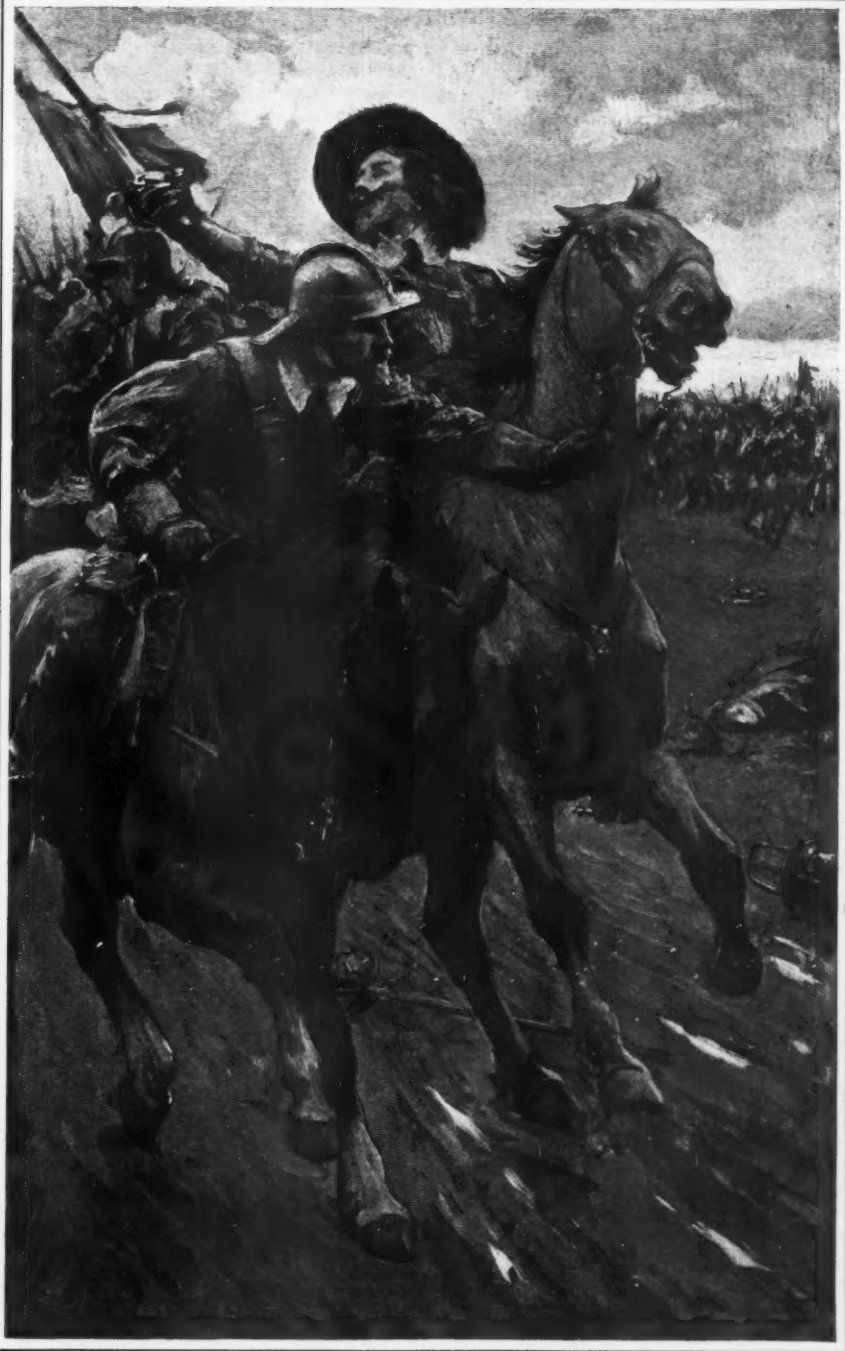
DRAWN BY W. DERRY, ENGRAVED BY E. SCRIVER. FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF A PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

DAVID LESLIE, FIRST LORD NEWARK.

principles and forms of government, but not too much of a lawyer to prize and practise new invention and resource. If a fresh constitution could have been made, Ireton was the man to make it. Not less remarkable than his grasp and capacity of mind was his disinterestedness. When he was serving in Ireland Parliament ordered a settlement of two thousand pounds a year to be made upon him. The news was so unacceptable to him that when he heard of it he said that they had many just debts they had better pay before making any such presents, and that for himself he had no need of their land, and would have none of it. It was to this comrade in arms and council that Crom-

growing between the English and the Scots. The religious or political quarrel about uniform Presbytery, charges of military uselessness, disputes about money, disputes about the border strongholds, all worked with the standing international jealousy to produce a tension that had long been dangerous, and in another year, in the play of Scottish factions against one another, was to become more dangerous still.

Terms of a settlement had been propounded to the king in the Nineteen Propositions of York, on the eve of the war in 1642, in the treaty of Oxford at the beginning of 1643, in the treaty of Uxbridge in 1644-45, the failure of which led to the New Model and



DRAWN BY S. J. SOLOMON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

CHARLES I., HEADING HIS LINE, TURNED FROM THE FIELD OF NASEBY BY LORD CARNWATH.

to Naseby. By the Nineteen Propositions now made to him at Newcastle the king was to swear to the covenant, and to make all his subjects do the same. Archbishops, bishops, and all other dignitaries were to be utterly abolished and taken away. The children of papists were to be educated by Protestants in the Protestant faith; and mass was not to be said either at court or anywhere else.

this situation was rapidly changed by the haughty refusal of the king to give up church government by bishops. Charles himself never cherished a more foolish dream than this of his Scottish custodians that he would turn Covenanter. Scottish Covenanters and English Puritans found themselves confronted by a conscience as rigid as their own. Before the summer was



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

RALPH, LORD HOPTON OF STRATTON, K. B.

Parliament was to control all the military forces of the kingdom for twenty years, and to raise money for them as it might think fit. An immense list of the king's bravest friends was to be proscribed. Little wonder is it that these proposals, some of them even now so odious, some so intolerable, seemed to Charles to strike the crown from his head as effectually as by the stroke of the ax.

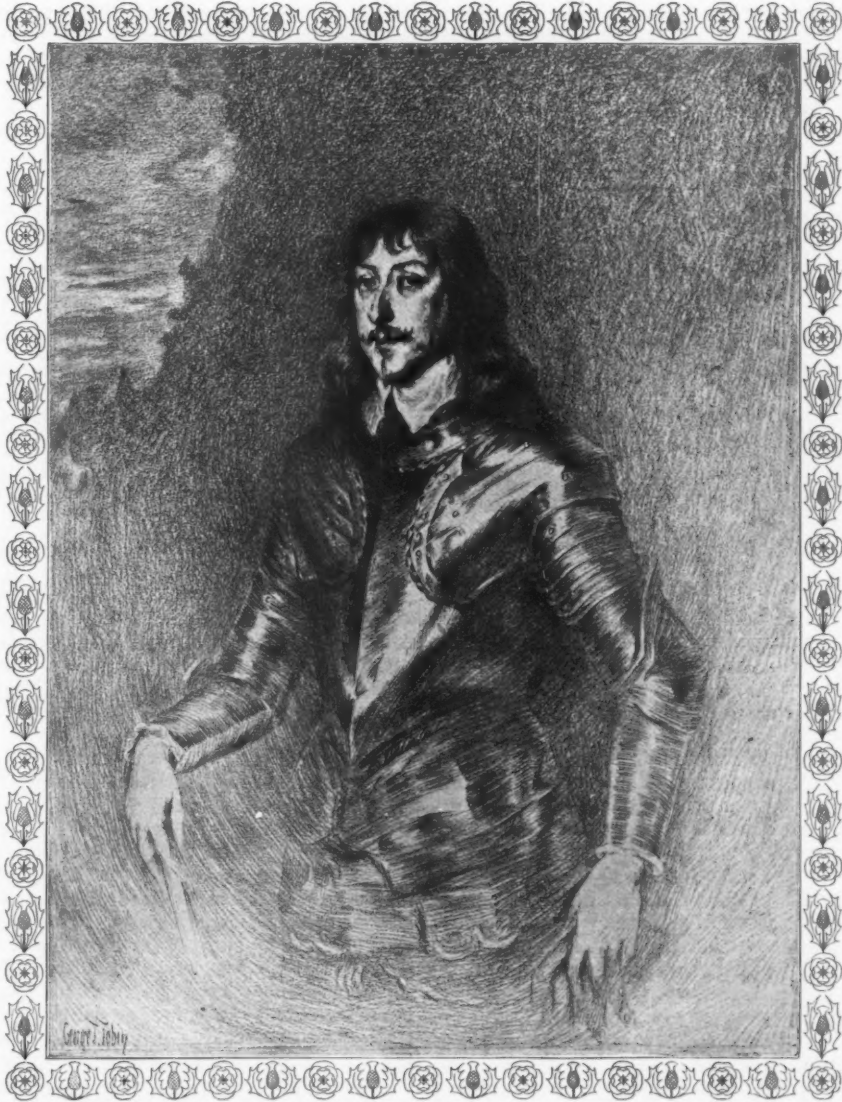
On the king's first arrival in the Scottish quarters the apparent understanding between the king and the Scots for a moment delighted the Presbyterians and exasperated the Independents. When negotiations began,

over the king's madness, as it seemed to them, had confounded all his Presbyterian friends. They were in no frame of mind to apprehend even dimly the king's view of the divine right of bishops as the very foundation of the Anglican Church, and the one sacred link with the church universal. Yet they were themselves just as tenacious of the divine right of Presbytery. Their Independent enemies looked on with a stern satisfaction, which was beginning to take a darker and more revengeful cast.

In spite of his asseverations, nobody believed that the king "stuck upon Episcopacy

for any conscience." Here, as time was to show, the world did Charles much less than justice; but he did not conceal from the

their chief maxim is (and I know it to be true) that all kings must submit to Christ's kingdom, of which they are the sole gover-



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. YOBIN AFTER A PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK (ASCRIBED ALSO TO WILLIAM DOBSON). BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

JAMES GRAHAM, FIFTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

queen, and others who urged him to swallow Presbytery, that he had a political no less than a religious objection to it. "The nature of Presbyterian government is to steal or force the crown from the king's head, for

nors, the king having but a single and no negative voice in their assemblies." When Charles said he knew this to be true, he was thinking of all the bitter hours that his father had passed in conflict with the

clergy. He had perhaps heard of the scene between James VI and Andrew Melvill in 1596; how the preacher bore him down, calling the king God's silly vassal, and taking him by the sleeve, told him that there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is Christ Jesus, the King, and his kingdom the kirk, whose subject King James VI is, and of whose kingdom not a king, not a lord, not a head, but a member. "And they whom Christ has called and commanded to

tials does not pay much heed to my counsels, though he would have me think that he does, and would have the public suppose that he honors me with his confidence, but who by different arrangements that he makes underhand, and from the varieties of advice that he takes from anybody who comes near him, builds up just the same idle fancies as those that have been the ruin of him. I have done all that was in me to hold him up and to hinder him from ruining his affairs. I do



FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE CITY OF BRISTOL.

watch over his kirk and govern his spiritual kingdom has sufficient power of him and authority so to do, the which no Christian, king nor prince, should control and discharge, but fortify and assist."

The sincerity of his devotion to the church did not make Charles a plain-dealer. He agreed to what was proposed to him about Ireland, supposing, as he told Bellièvre, the French ambassador, that the ambiguous expression found in the terms in which it was drawn up would give him the means by and by of interpreting it to his advantage. Charles, in one of his letters to the queen, lets us see what he means by an ambiguous expression. "It is true," he tells her, "that it may be I give them leave to hope for more than I intended, but my words are only '*to endeavor to give them satisfaction.*'" Then he is anxious to explain that though it is true that as to places he gives them some more likely hopes, "yet neither in that is there any absolute engagement, but there is the condition 'of giving me encouragement thereunto by their ready inclination to peace' annexed with it."

"It is not easy for me," the French envoy wrote in the gloomy days at Newcastle, "to direct well the affairs of a king who does not let me know the whole of them, who in essen-

but lose my time. His position, his behavior, and his luck give me little ground for promising myself more success." What Charles was in dealing with wise friends in 1646 that he was also when he came to deal with wise enemies in 1647.

XVIII. THE KING A PRISONER.

AFTER all is said, the cause of the king's ruin lay as much in his position as in his character. The directing portion of the nation had made up its mind to alter the relations of crown and Parliament, and it was hardly possible, in the nature of things,—men and kings being what they are,—that Charles should passively fall into the new position that his victorious enemies had made for him. Europe has seen many constitutional monarchies attempted or set up within the last hundred years. In how many cases has the new system been carried on without disturbing an old dynasty? We may say of Charles I what has been said of Louis XVI. Every day they were asking the king for the impossible—to deny his ancestors, to respect the constitution that stripped him, to love the revolution that destroyed him. How could it be?

It is beside the mark, again, to lay the blame upon the absence of a higher intel-



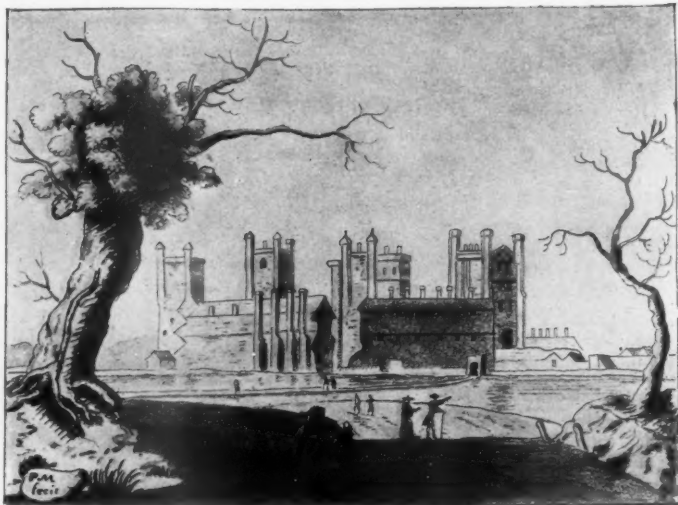
DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN AFTER A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF THE PORTRAIT BY PETER OLIVER.

JOHN PAWLET, MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

lectual atmosphere. It was not a bad intellectual basis that made the catastrophe certain, but antagonism of will, the clash of interest, the violence of party passion and personality. The king was determined not to give up what the reformers were determined that he should not keep. He felt that to yield would be to betray both those who had gone before him, and his children who were to come after. His opponents felt that to fall back would be to go both body and soul into chains. So Presbyterians and Independents feared and hated each other, not merely because each failed in intellectual

perception of the case of his foe, but because their blood was up, because they believed dissent in opinion to mean moral obliquity, because sectional interests were at stake, and for all those other reasons which spring from that spirit of sect and party which is so innate in man, and always mingles so much evil with whatever it may have of good.

The undoing of Charles was not merely his turn for intrigue and double-dealing; it was want of vision into facts, blindness to signs, blundering mismeasurement of forces, disheveled confusion of means and ends. Unhappily, mere foolishness in men respon-



BASING HOUSE in HAMPSHIRE.

from a very Ancient Drawing.

It acquired the name of Loyalty House, from the gallant defence Lord Winchester made in it, against the Parliament Army, but was afterwards destroyed by Oliver Cromwell.

FROM THE EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR," VOL. IV., NO. 104, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BASING HOUSE IN HAMPSHIRE.

sible for the government of great states is apt to be a curse as heavy as the crimes of tyrants. With strange self-confidence, Charles was hard at work upon schemes and combinations, all at best most difficult in themselves, and each of them violently inconsistent with the other. He was hopefully negotiating with the Independents, and at the same time both with the Catholic Irish and with the Presbyterian Scots. He looked to the support of the Covenanters, and at the same time he relied upon Montrose, between whom and the Covenanters there was now an antagonism almost as vindictive as a Corsican blood-feud. He professed a desire to come to an understanding with his people and Parliament, yet he had a chimerical plan for collecting a new army to crush both Parliament and people, and he was looking each day for the arrival of Frenchmen or Lorrainers, or Dutchmen or Danes, and their march through Kent or Suffolk upon his capital. While negotiating with men to whom hatred of the Pope was the breath of their nostrils, he was allowing the queen to bargain for a hundred thousand crowns in one event, and a second hundred in an-

other, from Antichrist himself. He must have known, moreover, that nearly every move in this stealthy game was more or less well known to all those other players against whom he had so improvidently matched himself.

These blind and incoherent designs were all his own. He had advisers who told him the truth. Mazarin's envoy assured him more than once, "without any disguise, and with much freedom," how deeply the Scots were dissatisfied with his evasive proposals, and how the English moderates, as well as the Scots, would scarcely hear any more of coming to terms with him. His English friends at Oxford perceived that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He might, it was true, by some turn of the Continental wheel, obtain help from abroad, but there was no sign of it. Or he might get good armies from Ireland, and of these there was no sign either. Or it was possible that the Scots would place their forces at his disposal, and with them and the English Royalists he might reduce the kingdom of England to its old obedience. But such a combination as this, the religious question being still left

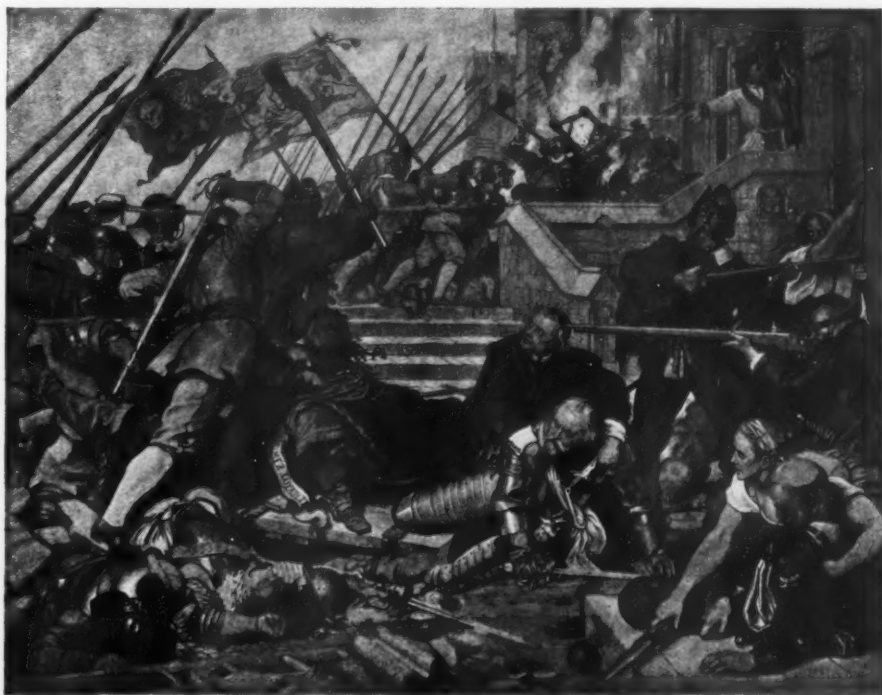
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open, would be indeed one of those miracles over which only baffled reactionists, émigrés, and kings in exile are capable of brooding and dreaming. The Earl of Dorset, a Royalist moderate, told him there ought to be a fair treaty between him and the Parliament, without the king's stooping to his subjects, or subjects being deprived of their liberty by the king. It was not safe for the king, said Dorset, to introduce arbitrary government upon this free-born nation, nor was it just for the people to endure it. Charles replied to him coldly, and said that he had the voice of Jacob, but that his hands were the hands of Esau. On another occasion Dorset and other peers urged him to treat. Charles answered them, in a flame of petulance, that if the swords of his friends failed him, he would keep his head by his own sword. The peers were so overwhelmed with the misery of his state that they conceived the extraordinary design of handing their master over to the Parliament, thinking his honor would be better served if he capitulated under compulsion than if he went off his own will under the spears.

The queen's letters during all these long

months of tribulation shed as much light upon the character of Charles as upon her own. Complaint of his lack of constancy and resolution is the everlasting refrain. Want of perseverance in his plans, she tells him, has been his ruin. When he talks of peace with the Parliament she vows that she will go into a convent, for she will never trust herself with those who will then be his masters. "If you change again, farewell forever. If you have broken your resolution, nothing but death for me. As long as the Parliament lasts you are no king for me; I will not put my foot in England." Bitterly she reproaches him with every concession. "This is the last time, and I tell you that if you yield again you are lost, and I will never come back to England, but will go and pray to God for you" (December, 1646). We can have no better measure of Charles's weakness than that in the hour of adversity, so desperate for them both, he should be thus addressed by a wife to whom he had been wedded for twenty years.

His submission is complete. He will not have a gentleman for his son's bedchamber, nor Montrose for his own bedchamber, with-



FROM A FRESCO IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PAINTED BY C. W. COPE, R. A. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

BASING HOUSE DEFENDED BY THE CAVALIERS.



DRAWN BY S. ROSENMEYER.

CHARLES AWAITING THE RETURN OF THE FRENCH ENVOY.

out her consent. He will not decide whether it is best for him to make for Ireland, France, or Denmark, until he knows what she thinks best. Amid all the difficulties, he tells her, against which he had struggled in this unparalleled rebellion, none had done half so much harm, nor given him half so much vexation, as the causeless stumblings and misunderstandings of his friends. Yet so long as he was rightly understood by her, he despised them all. But since he is now

most mistaken there whence his chiefest comfort comes, he really should sink under his present miseries. "If I quit my conscience," he pleads in the famous sentiment of Lovelace, "how unworthy I make myself of thy love!" With that curious streak of immovable scruple so often found in men in whom equivocation is a habit of mind and practice, he had carefully kept his oath never to mention matters of religion to her, and it is only under stress of this new misconstruction that he seeks to put himself right with her, by explaining his position about apostolic succession, the divine right of bishops, and the absolute unlawfulness of Presbyterianism, ever the ally and confederate of rebellion.

Charles's unlucky duplicity reached a climax in the famous instructions to Lord Glamorgan. This proceeding has given rise to fierce controversy, and it is worth recalling, as illustrating the character with which Cromwell and the clearer-sighted partisans of order had to deal, for the king was the knot of English historic tragedy. Glamorgan, himself a Catholic, was in politics one of those dangerous and headlong simpletons for whom the king had a fatal affinity. Charles allowed

him to go over to Ireland with a commission — first to deal with the Pope and the Catholic powers, and next to help to conclude a peace with the confederate Catholics in Ireland. In both cases the general character of the desired bargain was the same — armies or cash in exchange for relief, or something more than relief, to the members of the Catholic communion.

Glamorgan, either construing his commission differently from modern historians, or

else convinced of the absolute necessity, with or without instructions, of procuring for his master the immediate succor of an Irish army, without referring to Ormonde struck his secret bargain with the confederate Catholics. The penal laws against the free and public exercise of their religion were to be repealed; the churches that the Catholics had seized were to remain theirs, and derelict churches were to become theirs; and the Catholic clergy were to



MINIATURE BY CROSSE AT WINDSOR. BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

BRIDGET CROMWELL (MRS. IRETON, AND LATER MRS. FLEETWOOD).

exercise an independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction over their flocks. This treaty, made in August, a couple of months after Naseby, was discovered in October, and found its way to Ormonde before Christmas. The Irish Privy Council was furious, and Glamorgan was promptly sent to prison. His treaty was known at Westminster in the middle of January (1646), and its enormity lost nothing by crossing the Irish Channel. Here, as in Dublin, it was regarded as nothing less than an abandonment of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, the establishment of popery, and the ruin of the Protestant clergy, even to the fabrics of their churches and their material possessions. Charles speedily and explicitly threw Glamorgan over. Then his conscience smote him, and after justifying the proceed-

ings against Glamorgan as necessary for the clearing of the royal honor, he requests Ormonde to suspend the execution of any sentence upon the offender, and, in fact, the unfortunate emissary was soon at large and in favor again. To Glamorgan himself he wrote: "As I doubt not but you have too much courage to be dismayed or discouraged at the usage like you have had, so I assure you that my estimation of you is nothing diminished by it, but rather begets in me a desire of revenge and reparation to us both (for in this I hold myself equally interested with you), whereupon, not doubting of your accustomed care and industry in my service, I assure you of the continuance of my favor and protection to you, and that in deeds more than in words I shall show myself to be your most assured constant friend, C. R."

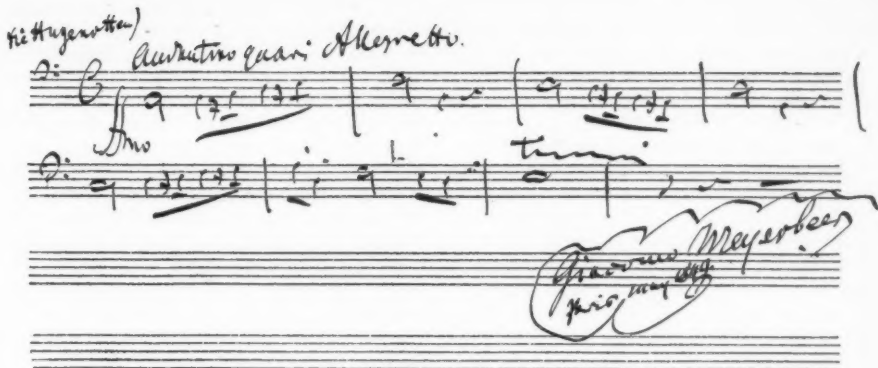
The last word upon all this may be taken from Clarendon to Nicholas. "I must tell you," he says to the secretary, "I care not how little I say in that business of Ireland, since those strange powers and instructions given to your favorite Glamorgan, which appear to be so inexcusable to justice, piety, and prudence. And I fear there is very much in that transaction of Ireland, both before and since, that you and I were never thought wise enough to be advised with in. Oh, Mr. Secretary, those stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the king, and look like the effects of God's anger toward us." In Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," strange to say, this tortuous episode is never referred to. Yet no other incident of the struggle made a deeper impression either of Charles's insincerity, or of that meanness toward his agents which had already shown itself on the tragic scale to all the world in the somber case of Strafford.

At Westminster the effect of Glamorgan's proceedings was terrible. The Presbyterians, in their discomfiture, openly expressed their fears that the king was now undone forever. Charles, in a panic, offered to hand over the management of Ireland to his Parliament, thus lightly dropping the whole Irish policy on which he had for long been acting, flinging to the winds all his engagements, understandings, and promises to the Irish Catholics, and handing them over without conditions to the tender mercies of enemies fiercely thirsting for a bloody retaliation.

Nothing that he was able to do could dis-

arm the universal anger and suspicion which the seizure of the king's papers at Naseby had begun, and the discovery of Glamorgan's papers at Sligo had carried still deeper. His resort to foreign powers was well known. The despatch of the Prince of Wales to join his mother in France was felt to be the unsealing of "a fountain of foreign war"; as the queen had got the prince into her hands, she could make the youth go to mass and marry the Duke of Orleans's daughter. The king was going to bring ten thousand men from Ireland to overrun the Scottish Lowlands, and then to raise the malignant north of England. The King of Denmark's son was to invade the north of Scotland with three or four thousand Dutch veterans. Eight or ten thousand French were to join the remnant of the royal army in Cornwall. Even the negotiations that had been so long in progress at Münster, and were by and by to end the Thirty Years' War and consummate Richelieu's great policy in the treaties of Westphalia, were viewed with apprehension by the English Reformers, for a peace might mean the release both of France and Spain for an attack upon England in these days of divine wrath and unsearchable judgments against the land. Prayer and fasting were never more diligently resorted to than now. The conflict of the two English parties lost none of its sharpness or intensity. The success of the policy of the Independents, so remarkably shown at Naseby, pursued, as it had been, against common opinion at Westminster, became more commanding with every new disclosure of the king's designs. In the long and intricate negotiations with the king and with the Scots at Newcastle, Independent aims had been justified, and had prevailed. The baffled Presbyterians only became the more embittered. At the end of January, 1647, a new situation became defined. The Scots, unable to induce the king to make those concessions in religion without which not a Scot would take arms to help him, and having received an instalment of the pay that was due to them, marched away to their homes across the border. Commissioners from the English Parliament took their place as custodians of the person of the king. By order of the two houses, Holmby, in the county of Northampton, was assigned to him as his residence, and here he remained until the month of June, when once more the scene was violently transformed.

(To be continued.)



AUTOGRAPH OF MEYERBEER LENT BY LOUIS O. STANTON.

THE COMPOSER MEYERBEER.

BY MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.



HE 2d of May, 1894, was the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Meyerbeer, and according to the provision of his will, on that day his heirs entered into possession of his musical estate. Among other conditions to inheritance, Meyerbeer stipulated that his unpublished manuscripts be given to that one of his grandsons who should have developed most musical ability. These posthumous works, however, will not be published.

In commemoration of this anniversary of Meyerbeer's death "L'Africaine" was given at the Berlin royal opera-house, several papers made cursory reference to the import of the day, and there were occasional expressions of curiosity, in musical circles, as to the nature of the master's musical legacy. It was believed that there existed a completed opera of which the young Goethe was the hero, but the facts only partly sustain that assumption, for the work proved to be simply a drama by Blaze de Bury, entitled "La Jeunesse de Goethe," in which music is accorded an important rôle.

All of these discussions and conjectures attracted little attention from the outer world, and aroused less interest among musicians of the inner circles than could have been expected, considering the honored and popular name with which they were associated. This circumstance suggests an inves-

tigation of Meyerbeer's present position in public esteem, of what it once was, and as to what rank the verdict of future generations is likely to assign his creations.

Music is an art which rapidly alters its forms. We speak of "immortal masterpieces" of music, forgetting that barely four hundred years have passed since that epoch which we of to-day look upon as the dawn of musical art. What enormous development, what unforeseen perfection, and what wide dissemination it has attained during this period! How much has been created, admired, and afterward buried! And there has been no lack of errors of diagnosis in regard to musical works. Many have been adjudged dead that contained the life-impulse, while others have been accredited with a vitality that they did not possess. Factionous critics have sometimes proved too ambitious to become grave-diggers, and at other times have worshiped musical corpses, as the Portuguese court parasites did homage to the exhumed remains of Ines de Castro, which Pedro had seated upon the throne.

Among the energetic partisans of the so-called new German school, the men whom I have denominated grave-diggers were numerous, and it strikes me that the arrangements which they made for the wholesale burial not only of Meyerbeer's operas, but of all related works, were a trifle prema-

ture. It is not to be denied that they succeeded in somewhat discrediting the value of Meyerbeer's music, and after the absolute denial of merit in his works had become an article of faith for Wagnerism there was no hesitation in its acceptance by those who desired to be modern *à tout prix*.

The public at large, which has little judgment in things musical, soon became an active participant in the war for the reformation of dramatic music; for Wagner not only illustrated his art principles through his operas, but also announced them in papers on art, which most skilfully accentuated the German national element in its esthetic ambitions. He furthermore took into consideration so much that was foreign to music, attempting to establish parallels between his reformatory ideas in his own department of art and matters which concerned apparently remote domains of thought and action, that many who had originally been totally indifferent came through this indirect path of reasoning into the Wagner fold.

The anti-Semitic propaganda found a capable champion in Wagner. Had there been no other available reasons for condemning Meyerbeer's music than the Jewish origin of its author, that, with Wagner's help, would have sufficed. The interesting discovery was made that the scores of "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots" were in reality nothing but Jewish brogue, though they afforded valuable documentary proof at the same time of the existence of the famous French-Jewish alliance.¹ I will not accuse Wagner of having greeted this popularized interpretation of his ideas with satisfaction, although in his warfare against Meyerbeer and his adherents he sometimes failed to confine himself to purely artistic arguments.

It should be mentioned, however, that before Wagner's appearance upon the field the fight against Meyerbeer had been conducted with great personal enmity. Spontini, who was at first overestimated, and later saw his fame fade, had done all that was possible in this reprehensible style of warfare. As soon as he became convinced that no machinations could prevail against the success of his hated rival, he overreached himself in the harebrained assertion that Meyerbeer did not compose his own operas, but that they were the products of a certain Gouin, who preferred selling his fame to endangering his position as postal clerk by the acquisition of musical *renommée*.

¹ A supposed alliance to combat German composers.
—EDITOR.

In justice it must be admitted that Meyerbeer's ardent admirers carried the glorification of their master to the borders of the ridiculous. When Dr. Schucht, for instance, in his work on Meyerbeer, says that the "Struensee" overture "takes first rank among classical overtures," and when he, in discussing that early work, "Gott und die Natur," claims that it evinces a command of counterpoint equal to that displayed by Händel and other masters of polyphony, every honest and intelligent person who honors Meyerbeer must regard these assertions as regrettable exaggerations.

Heine wrote of Meyerbeer in veins varying from extreme rapture to bitter mockery. In those operas composed during Meyerbeer's Italian period he found "Rossiniisms intensified by means of the most delicious exaggerations, the gold gilded, and the flowers endowed with stronger perfumes." He could not reach a similar height of absurdity in regard to "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots," for their qualities precluded such a result, even though most recklessly loaded with superlative praise. With the advent of "Le Prophète" a complete change manifested itself in Heine's musical taste. He had fallen out with the composer, and thereafter saw in him only a "*maître de plaisir* of the aristocracy, and a music-corrupter, who composed diseased music," etc.

I remember that, even while a child, I was aware of the contradictions contained in the various opinions that I heard expressed in regard to Meyerbeer's music. How I longed to hear a stage-performance of one of his works! When I was about ten years old my wish was fulfilled. The third theatrical performance that I was permitted to attend made me acquainted with "Les Huguenots." I had previously heard most of the opera played upon the piano, and had not been pleased with it thus presented; but through the medium of voices and orchestra it made an immense impression on me, the details of which are still clear in my memory. It was not until some years later that I heard "Robert le Diable" and "Le Prophète." It seems strange to me that my present estimate of the comparative artistic value of these three operas should so perfectly tally with my youthful impressions. "Le Prophète" seems to me to approach "Les Huguenots" in musical value, while "Robert" is far inferior; but this order of rank does not accord with the scale of public esteem. Recent years have developed a slight disposition to glorify "Le Prophète" at the expense of

"Robert"; the latter work is nevertheless thought to possess greater melodic spontaneity, and the value of this quality is certainly beyond dispute.

Notwithstanding the fact that music is largely a matter of taste, it possesses elements that may be assayed. If we compare the scores of "Robert" and "Le Prophète" in all their details, taking into consideration the attributes of each as a musical dramatic work, we find in "Le Prophète," first of all, a far more characteristic formation of the concerted numbers. The sermon of the Anabaptists and the chorus of peasantry associated with it form together a masterpiece of choral development, evincing a power of climax possessed by no earlier dramatic composer. The rhythmic structure and modulations show a true art perception, just as the two principal motifs (in C minor and C major) show a gift for melodic invention. I have always regarded the beginning of the latter, with its audacious upward progression to the chord of the seventh, as one of



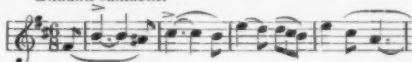
Meyerbeer's happiest inspirations. When this melody is repeated by the whole chorus in unison, it seems like a veritable *cri du peuple*, and the accompanying sturdy tributes of the cello, contrabass, fagotti, and tuba sound like the dull tread of the working-classes marching to revolution. The chorus "Auf! tanzet um Leichen," in the third act, is endowed with characteristic color; but Meyerbeer's sovereign command of choral and instrumental forces is most brilliantly exemplified in the great ensemble of the church scene. The movement in D major, "Seht den König, den Propheten," is Händelian in its grandeur, and affords the most effective contrast possible to the "allegretto agitato" that succeeds it. The excitement which takes possession of the deluded people, who cannot be sure who is their betrayer, after the recognition scene between

Fides and *John*; the ecstatic rejoicing called forth by the seeming miracle of the Prophet; and the final blending of the "Domine, salvum fac regem nostrum" with the triumphant cries of the people—all this is handled with such mastery, and the manifold details are so ingeniously devised, that, excepting the sword consecration in "Les Huguenots," the whole mass of opera literature furnishes no counterpart to it. The entire act is, besides, very rich in harmonic and instrumental effects, showing that Meyerbeer was, even in these spheres, a successful innovator.

It is obvious that these enormous demands upon musical and dramatic resources could have left little for the fifth act. Librettist and composer were both entirely exhausted, and could hope for a satisfactory finale only at the hands of the stage-machinists, to whom they could, to be sure, cry as does *King Philip* in "Don Carlos," "Cardinal, I have done my duty; do yours." Taking it all in all, we may say that Meyerbeer reached the zenith of his technical skill in "Le Prophète," and that his creative power had at that period hardly diminished. It is not to be denied that this work exhibits numerous weak movements. The whole of the last act does not contain one important musical number; indeed, there is much in it that is repulsive. *Fides's* grand aria (A flat major) is a model of disagreeable and misplaced vocal bravura, and the andante in E major, in the duet between *John* and his mother, direct torture. What the composer intended to express through the almost endless repetition of B in the trumpets, and later in the hautboys and violins, is to me incomprehensible. Perhaps others may see his intention more clearly.

Of the ballet music in "Le Prophète" the skating dance alone has obtained great popularity. The other numbers are entirely ineffective. Meyerbeer evidently devoted little care to their production, because they had not the slightest import in the scheme of the opera. In comparing the ballets of "Robert" and "Le Prophète," I prefer the former. As both are incidental accessories, the superiority weighs less. It is of much more moment that the last act of "Robert" so far surpasses that of "Le Prophète" in healthy and soulful melody. The final trio of

Final trio of Alice, Bertram, and Robert.
Andante cantabile.





ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

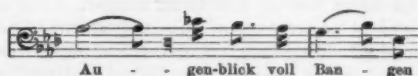
GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

Alice, Robert, and Bertram is one of the most beautiful parts of the opera, and the pathetic melody played by the orchestra while *Robert* reads his mother's will reconciles us to the bantering of the preceding period, out of which it grows. Unfortunately, the composer's intention is never entirely realized by our opera orchestras in the performance of this melody. Meyerbeer designed that it should be played underneath the stage, and by keyed bugles. In order to avoid the considerable difficulty of securing a perfect ensemble, and the trifling extra expense thus involved, the melody is assigned to the orchestra cornets, and loses materially in poetic effect. *Alice, Robert, and Bertram* have another fine trio in the third act, al-

Trio in the third act of the same opera.

Andantino con moto.

BERTRAM:  Un - sel - ger

 Au - gen-blick voll Ban - gen

though it is effective only from the standpoint of the old Italian operatic style, on which the composer of "*Robert*" had turned his back. Shreds of that school adhered to him, however, for a long time. When we consider that Meyerbeer had previously written seven operas purely in Rossini's vein, it ceases to seem strange that many traces of Italianism are to be found in "*Robert*."

If we compare "*Crociato in Egitto*," the last of Meyerbeer's operas in the Italian school, with "*Robert*," which he began five years later, we find an astounding change of style—even greater than that shown in the period of Wagner's development between "*Rienzi*" and "*The Flying Dutchman*."

Musical historians with fine perceptions, in this, as in so many similar cases, have given the world the benefit of their backward-glancing prophecies. They discover the "claws of the lion in '*Crociato*.'" If one has the whole lion before him, the genuineness of the claws can no longer be questioned. Had the score of "*Crociato*" been submitted to me as the work of a thirty-three-year-old composer, and had I been asked for an estimate of his gifts as based thereon, I should have made a fool of myself.

¹ Schumann's "Music and Musicians" (Fragments from Leipzig, No. IV): "I agree perfectly with Florestan, who clenched his criticism of the opera with the words: 'In "*Crociato*" Meyerbeer was a musician, in "*Robert*" he

The whole opera impresses me as a shallow imitation of Rossini's mannerisms, and the only feature of it which I find worthy of praise is the skilful treatment of the voices. Harmony, structural forms, and impersonations are unendurably commonplace: nothing forecasts greatness.

Meyerbeer's increasing musical ability, as traceable through his successive operas, "*Crociato*," "*Robert*," and "*Les Huguenots*," is quite analogous to the gradual development shown in Beethoven's symphonies. Berlioz says, quite properly, of the First Symphony, "This is not yet Beethoven." No one would question that the Second Symphony bears the unmistakable impress of its creator, but not until the Third Symphony does the master exhibit the full glory of his genius. The careers of Beethoven and Meyerbeer are analogous, in that each in his own province showed not only the ripest individuality but also the most perfect mastery of art forms; for just as Beethoven is the mightiest composer that has arisen in the symphonic field, so is Meyerbeer still the foremost representative of grand opera. The gap between the highest and most ideal forms of instrumental music, and grand opera, distorted here and there through concessions to stage-machinists and ballet-dancers, is too wide to push the comparison further.

Whatever one's opinion of Meyerbeer's music in general, it cannot be denied that "*Les Huguenots*" is a work that exhibits entirely original invention, a rare wealth of characterization, and a wonderful mastery of technical resources. Even Richard Wagner, the most spiteful of Meyerbeer's opponents, was aroused by the fourth act to the expression of the warmest praise.

Schumann alone saw retrogression from "*Robert*" in "*Les Huguenots*"; he indeed preferred "*Crociato*" to "*Robert*."¹ This assignment of rank is incontrovertible evidence of the one-sidedness and untenableness of Schumann's opinions. The individualities of the two musicians were so unlike that they necessarily repelled each other. Schumann could accord Meyerbeer justice as long as he showed noteworthy capacity on accepted lines; but as Meyerbeer became more and more Meyerbeer, as his artistic physiognomy became more and more marked and significant, he lost Schumann's sympathy.

wavers, and from "*Les Huguenots*" on he is distinctly a "*Franconian*." ("Franconian" refers to a character in Schumann's writings, who represents the Philistine ways of thinking.)

Rivalry, unhappily, often enough leads to enmity; but a no less deplorable, because unjust, antagonism often arises between artists having irreconcilable tastes. Such was the case between Meyerbeer the positivist and Schumann the symbolist. The former was a cosmopolitan, and the latter a national artist. The one was attracted by the brilliancy of the footlights; the other reveled in clair-obscur. Meyerbeer was objective, *i. e.*, worked from the outside in. Schumann was subjective, *i. e.*, worked from the inside out.

All music that does not belong to the class that might be called abstractly contrapuntal grows obsolete. This style alone is based on the everlasting laws of unassailable logic, for its structure rests upon combinations of actualities which are inspired by the spirit of mathematics. It is therefore not subject to the changing tastes of passing time. Quite other is the fate of musical works in the conception of which imagination plays the principal rôle, which arouse a thousand varying moods in their hearers, and in which the whole range of resources of musical expression is exhaustively applied; for here we have to do with an art of individual feeling and temporary taste. Such music is not deathless, but its life may be shorter or longer—a long life certainly indicating inherent strength. If this be granted, we cannot refuse "Les Huguenots" a place among the masterpieces of musical dramatic literature. What composer would not rejoice to see his creations the subjects of strife for fifty-eight years? While thus calling attention to the enduring vitality of "Les Huguenots," I should go too far did I claim that this work still presents the full vigor of youth.

There are two factors either of which may induce decadence in the effectiveness of a musical work. The one is the natural dullness of sensibilities toward any pleasure or stimulus with which we are too familiar; the other is the apparent change in our tastes. There is of course a wide difference between that loss of charm in a composition occasioned by too frequent hearing, and that caused by our having revised our estimate of its value. In the case of "Les Huguenots" we shall be obliged to concede the presence of both factors, but this may also be said of all works that belong to the same genre.

Did Rossini, Halévy, and Auber, in their operas, make less damaging concessions to the public, and to the vanity of singers? Did not their works also contain examples of those forced and artificially produced effects

that Wagner quite aptly called "effects without motives"? Even if we grant that Meyerbeer is the greatest representative of the French grand opera, that is no justification for loading all of the shortcomings of his school upon his shoulders.

The score of "Les Huguenots" is so full of veritable musical beauties, it contains such a wealth of noble melody and ingenious dramatic settings, that one can well afford to overlook the many features of it that have become obsolete, and the few that are positively disagreeable. Its instrumentation is replete with characteristic qualities. A certain virtuoso-like treatment of certain instruments, entirely different from that found in Mozart's and Weber's writings, was one of Meyerbeer's characteristics. *Raoul's* romanza in the first act suggested to the ingenious composer the employment of the long-disused viola d'amore, the ethereal tones of which blend most exquisitely with the *mezzo voce* of the tenor singer. This is the last occurrence of this instrument in all musical literature—probably because the charm of its tone-color is fully developed in but few keys, best in D major. The bass

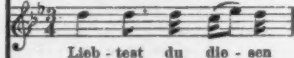
Use of the "bass clarinet." (Les Huguenots.)

Molto maestoso.



Andante sostenuto. (Prophète.)

JOHANN:



Lieb - test du die - sen

Clar. basso.



clarinet, which Meyerbeer introduced into the opera orchestra, and which he used as solo instrument in "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète," has, however, been largely adopted by later composers. Altogether Meyerbeer's treatment of the wood-wind was

entirely original and suitable. Every good treatise on instrumentation contains illustrative excerpts from his works, because they show such an extraordinary sense for tone-color, and such complete familiarity with the technic of each and all instruments.

Meyerbeer's inventive faculty especially distinguished itself in producing melancholy, weird, and wild combinations. This was strikingly manifested in "Robert." The famous triplet passage for the bassoons in the cemetery scene has always ranked as one of the greatest strokes of this master's genius. He understood how to draw new and characteristic effects from this instrument. "Les Huguenots" furnishes especially numerous examples in this genre. Who does not remember the awful, hollow timbre with which the piccolo, bassoon, contrabass, and grand drum endow *Marcel's* war-song, or the hiss-



ing chromatic scales in which the flutes, hautboys, and clarinets so horribly portray the flaming bloodthirstiness of the Catholic conspirators? Meyerbeer's employment of the trumpets to depict furious fanaticism,



as in the fourth and fifth acts, was markedly successful. In other places his treatment of the trumpets is not congenial to German taste. French and Italian operatic scores have always materially differed from German in this particular. Each of these three nations has its own physiognomic character in instrumentation.

Berlioz once said of Meyerbeer that "he

not only has the luck to have talent, but he has the talent to have luck." This was equally witty and true. If it was a rare good fortune for our master to have been aided in his difficult career as operatic composer by the possession of a million thalers, there was a second good fortune, not less valuable, for which he had every reason to be profoundly thankful. This second good fortune was called Scribe. The composer had in Scribe a librettist who not only possessed astonishing dramatic inventive faculty and knowledge of stage-business, but who also had the talent of adaptability. Scribe could suit his work to the peculiar and often capricious demands of his collaborators. He complained often enough because of the changes that Meyerbeer required in his texts, but he always yielded until a difference of opinion arose with regard to "L'Africaine" which no amount of discussion could adjust. Meyerbeer in consequence laid aside this score, which was already far advanced toward completion, took up the "Prophète" libretto, and, after that had been finished, wrote a comic opera, "Dinorah," for which Carré and Barbier furnished the text. In my opinion Meyerbeer's reason for the acceptance of this latter unsympathetic and also technically weak book is obvious. He wished to prove by the composition of this dubious idyl that the nature of his talent did not confine him to the heroic style; and it cannot be said that he failed to accomplish his purpose. "Dinorah" is not poor in characteristic graceful and brilliant vocal and instrumental effects. Still, it shows unmistakable evidence of decadence in inventive power, apparent in debilitating repetitions, rhythms, and in melismas from his earlier works. For this reason "Dinorah" has never secured a firm foothold in German opera repertoires, although even to-day it is highly regarded in France. The festival opera, "A Camp in Silesia," composed for the dedication of the new Berlin opera-house, has had a similar experience. The French adaptation called "L'Étoile du Nord" is seldom seen in Germany, although it has obtained considerable popularity in Paris.

"Le Prophète," "L'Étoile du Nord," "Dinorah," and several compositions intended for the concert-room and dating from the same period, had long since been performed when Meyerbeer returned to the neglected "L'Africaine." Negotiations with Scribe for the alterations of the last two acts were fruitless, and the death of the librettist, in 1861, blighted the composer's hopes of ever

seeing the libretto revised to accord with his desires. He was therefore obliged to finish the opera on the original lines. What displeased Meyerbeer in the text was the circumstance that, according to Scribe, the supposed African heroine turns out to be a young East Indian queen—a somewhat violent transformation, but one that Scribe regarded as essential. He maintained that India, with her gorgeous costumes and her pompous religious ceremonials, lent herself easily to musical illustration, whereas Africa was not operatically suggestive. He was not entirely wrong, for the first performance of "*L'Africaine*"—after the death of both authors—developed the fact that the most effective parts of the opera were those the scenes of which were laid in India. The composer was afforded exceedingly appropriate musical colors for the pomp of the Buddhist religious service, with its exotic magnificence of processions and dances; whereas other parts of the opera are uninterestingly dry, as might be expected from the long political and geographical discussions which they contain.

During his years of exhausting labor in the operatic field, Meyerbeer found time to compose a not inconsiderable number of small choral and orchestral works,—many of them *pièces d'occasion*,—the majority of which are to-day entirely forgotten. Such of his cantatas and church music as have become known to me are hardly worthy of earnest consideration, but I must not fail to call at-

tention to one of Meyerbeer's works which, although small in its proportions, equals the best creations of the master in artistic significance. It is his music to Michael Beer's tragedy "*Struensee*." The score embraces only fourteen numbers, but it belongs to the masterworks of its genre, and may be classed with Beethoven's "*Egmont*," Mendelssohn's "*Midsummer-night's Dream*," Weber's "*Preciosa*," Schumann's "*Manfred*," and Bizet's "*L'Arlesienne*." Meyerbeer, with the overture to "*Struensee*," nullified, once for all, the reproach that he could not write orchestral pieces in symphonic form.

Few, in advance, would have accredited the great master Verdi with the ability to produce such a "*Requiem*" as he has given to the world; and when the painter Lenbach incidentally showed that he could paint hands as well as heads, he also did so without the permission of his critics. It is doubtless vexatious that artists sometimes venture to exhibit new features of their talent, regardless of the category to which critics have consigned them; but it is certainly most disagreeable of all when any one—like Meyerbeer, for instance—persists in living in his works, although long since declared artistically dead and buried. Yes, he lives, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced musicians, who know no one-sidedness in art, and who will not allow doctrinaire pedants and their sterile principles to embitter their love of the beautiful.

TO AN ENGLISH SETTER.

BY THOMAS WALSH

CORINTHIAN of dogs! how mark the grace
That guides your movements? how portray your face,
The meditation in the eyes, the poise
Of royal head? Such were great Landseer's joys,
Who in its woodland splendor, lithe and frank,
Found your race Greek, from chest to slender flank,
And gave it poetry for heritage.
Would that in his—your high breed's classic age—
The master had but seen and limned again
The sunlight rippling through your silken mane
Of white and gold! Would he might see you now,
Cleaving the goldenrod like Dian's plow,
And quick with autumn's half-barbaric mood,
Scattering the sumac leaves in showers of blood;
Or in some carved Olympiad runner's pose,
With peaked ears high, marking the cloud of crows
Flap with sarcastic echoes o'er the plain,
While your deep challenge and pursuit are vain.

LINES AND SAIL-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

FACTS IN REGARD TO THE SLOOP THAT WAS SAILED SINGLE-HANDED IN A VOYAGE
 OF 46,000 MILES AROUND THE WORLD.

BY JOSHUA SLOCUM.

FROM a feeling of diffidence toward sailors of great experience, I refrained, in my published account of my single-handed voyage around the world, from entering fully into the details of the *Spray's* build, and of the primitive methods employed to sail her. Having had no yachting experience at all, I had no means of knowing that the trim vessels seen in our harbors and near the land could not all do as much, or even more than the *Spray*, sailing, for example, on a course with the helm lashed.

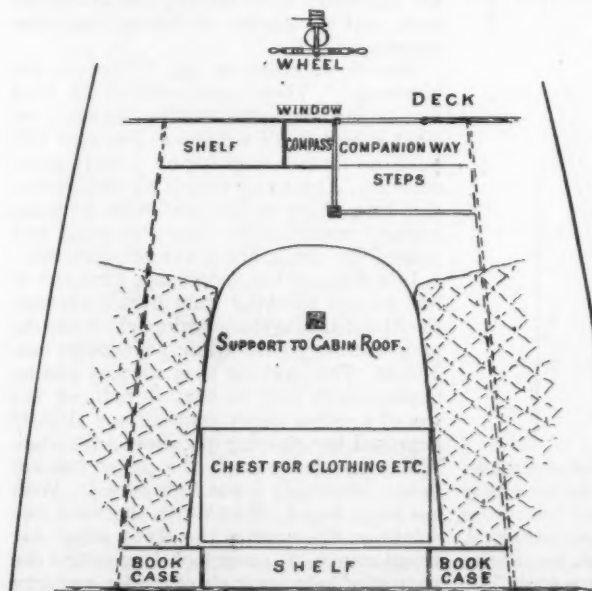
I was aware that no other vessel had sailed in this manner around the globe, but would have been loath to say that another could not do it, or that many men had not sailed vessels of a certain rig in that manner as far as they wished to go. I was greatly amused, therefore, by the flat assertions of

a local expert that it could not be done, and was also amazed that one in his position should put himself so completely in my hands, when he criticized me somewhat unkindly, I think.

One can, under the circumstances, afford to be generous. I will give my fluent critic a chance to say that he *did not know*, and will do so by showing that I do know what I am talking about, only regretting that in my want of general experience I should have disturbed any one's self-satisfied tranquillity.

The *Spray*, as I sailed her, was entirely a new boat, built over from a sloop which bore the same name, and which, tradition said, had first served as an oysterman, about a hundred years ago, on the coast of Delaware. There was no record in the custom-house of where

she was built. She was once owned at Noank, Connecticut, afterward in New Bedford, and when Captain Eben Pierce presented her to me, at the end of her natural life, she stood propped up in a field at Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford. Her lines were supposed to be those of a North Sea fisherman. In rebuilding timber by timber and plank by plank, I added to her free-board twelve inches amidships, eighteen inches forward, and fourteen inches aft, thereby increasing her sheer, and making her, as I thought, a better deep-water ship. I will not repeat the history of the rebuilding of the *Spray*, which may be found on page 681 of THE CENTURY for September, 1899, except to remind the



DRAWN BY C. D. MOWER.

PLAN OF THE AFTER-CABIN OF THE "SPRAY."

reader again that "it is a law in Lloyd's that the *Jane* repaired all out of the old until she is entirely new is still the *Jane*. The *Spray* changed her being so gradually that it was hard to say at what point the old died or the

But, first of all, I gladly produce the lines of the *Spray*, with such hints as my really limited fore-and-aft sailing will allow, my seafaring life having been spent mostly in barks and ships. No pains have been spared to produce here the faithful lines of the *Spray*. She was taken from New York to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and under the supervision of the Park City Yacht Club was hauled out of water and very carefully measured in every way to secure a satisfactory result.

These are the only lines of the *Spray* ever published. Captain Robins produced the model. Our young yachtsmen, pleasuring in the "lilies of the sea," very naturally will not think favorably of my craft. They have a right to their opinion, while I stick to mine. They will take exceptions to her short ends, the advantage of these being most apparent in a heavy sea.

Some things about the *Spray's* deck might be fashioned differently without materially affecting the vessel. I know of no good reason why for a party-boat a cabin trunk might not be built amidships instead of far aft, like the one on her, which leaves a very narrow space between the wheel and the line of the companionway. Some even say that I might have improved the shape of her stern. I do not know about that. The water leaves her run sharp after bearing her to the last inch, and no suction is formed by undue cutaway.

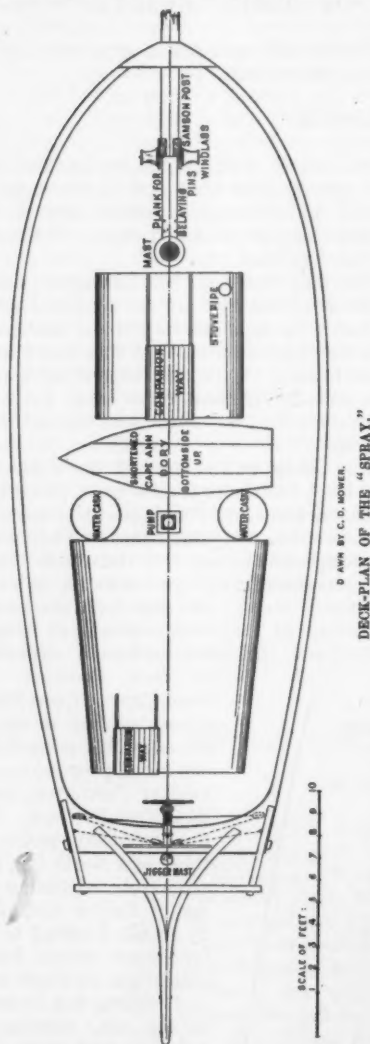
Smooth-water sailors say, "Where is her overhang?" They never crossed the Gulf Stream in a nor'easter, and they do not know what is best in all weathers. For your life, build no fantail overhang on a craft going offshore. As a sailor judges his prospective ship by a "blow of the eye" when he takes interest enough to look her over at all, so I judged the *Spray*, and I was not deceived.

In a sloop-rig the *Spray* made that part of her voyage reaching from Boston through the Strait of Magellan, during which she experienced the greatest variety of weather conditions. The yawl-rig then adopted was an improvement only in that it reduced the size of a rather heavy mainsail and slightly improved her steering qualities on the wind. When the wind was aft the jigger was not in use; invariably it was then furled. With her boom broad off and with the wind two points on the quarter the *Spray* sailed her truest course. It never took long to find the amount of helm, or angle of rudder, required

new took birth. . . . As measured at the custom-house, the *Spray's* dimensions were forty feet long over all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet four inches deep in the hold, her tonnage being nine tons net, and twelve and seventy one-hundredths tons gross."¹

¹For pictures of the different rigs of the *Spray* in the order of the changes, see THE CENTURY for November, 1899,

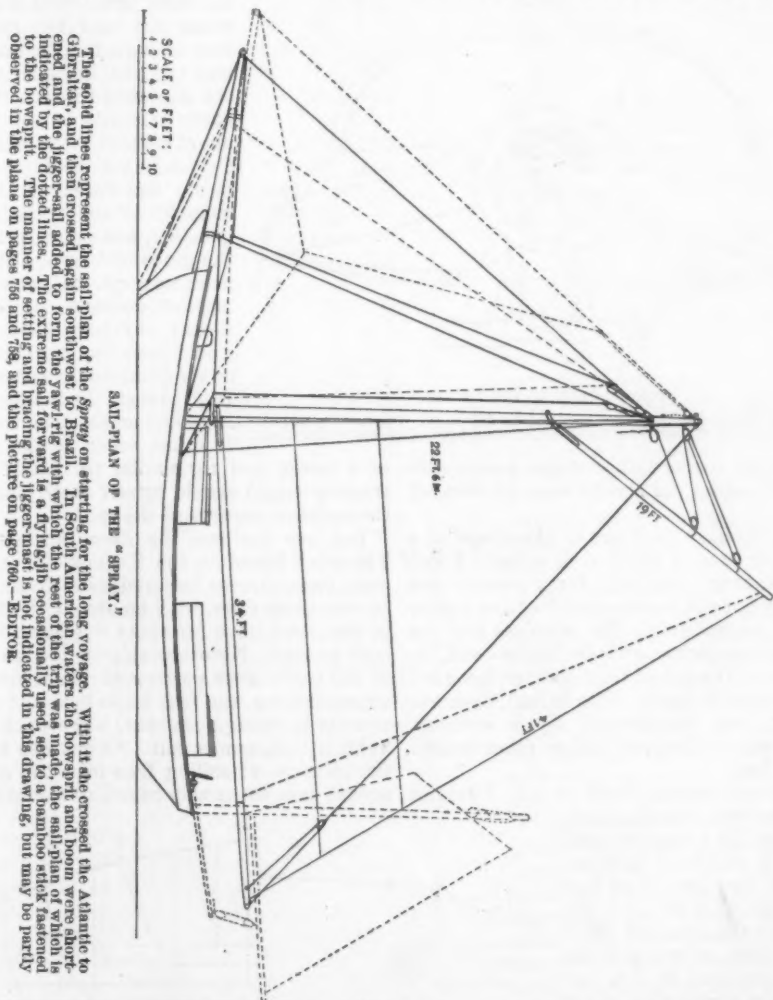
page 135; THE CENTURY for September, 1899, page 684; and THE CENTURY for February, 1900, page 594. — EDITOR.



to hold her on her course, and when that was found I lashed the wheel at that angle. The mainsail then drove her, and the main-jib, with its sheet boused flat amidships or a little to one side or the other, added greatly to the steadying power. Then if the wind

to the amount of wind and its direction. These points are quickly gathered from practice.

Briefly I have to say that when close-hauled in a light wind under all sail she required little or no weather helm. As the wind increased



The solid lines represent the sail-plan of the *Spray* on starting for the long voyage. When it was crossed the Atlantic to Gibraltar, and then crossed again southwest to Brazil. In South American waters the bowsprit and boom were shortened, the jib-reef added to form the jib-rig with which the rest of the trip was made; the sail-plan of which is indicated by the dotted lines. The flying-jib occasionally used, set to a bamboo stick fastened to the bowsprit. The manner of setting and bracing the jib is also indicated in this drawing, but may be partly observed in the plans on pages 766 and 768, and the picture on page 766.—EDITOR.

was a bit squally I would sometimes set a flying-jib also on a pole rigged out on the bowsprit, with the sheets hauled flat amidships, which was a safe thing to do even in a gale of wind. A stout downhaul on the gaff was a necessity, because without it the mainsail might not have come down when I wished to lower it in a breeze. The amount of helm required varied according

I would go on deck, if below, and turn the wheel up a spoke more or less, relash it, or, as sailors say, put it in a becket, and then leave it as before.

To answer the questions that might be asked to meet every contingency would be a pleasure, but it would overburden a magazine article. I can only say here that much comes to one in practice, and that, with such as

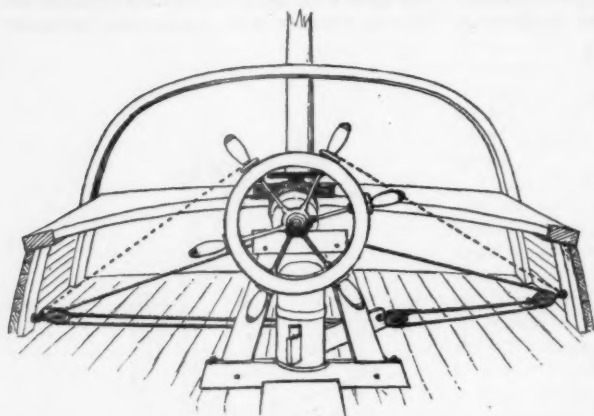
love sailing, mother-wit is the best teacher, after experience. Labor-saving appliances? There were none. The sails were hoisted by hand; the halyards were rove through ordi-

for her to hold a true course before the wind, which was just what the *Spray* did for weeks together. One of these gentlemen, a highly esteemed shipmaster and friend, testified as

government expert in a famous murder trial in Boston, not long since, that a ship would not hold her course long enough for the steersman to leave the helm to cut the captain's throat. Ordinarily it would be so. One might say that with a square-rigged ship it would always be so. But the *Spray*, at the moment of the tragedy in question, was sailing around the globe with no one at the helm, except at intervals more or less rare. However, I may say here that this would have had no bearing on the murdercase in Boston. In all probability Justice laid her hand on the true rogue.

In other words, in the case of a model and rig similar to that of the tragedy ship, I should myself testify as did the nautical experts at the trial.

But see the run the *Spray* made from Thursday Island to the Keeling Cocos Islands, twenty-seven hundred miles distant, in twenty-three days, with no one at the helm in that time, save for about one hour, from land to land. No other ship in the history of the world ever performed, under similar circumstances, the feat on so long and continuous a voyage. It was, however, a delightful midsummer sail. No one can know the pleasure of sailing free over the great oceans save those who have had the experi-



STEERING-GEAR OF THE "SPRAY."

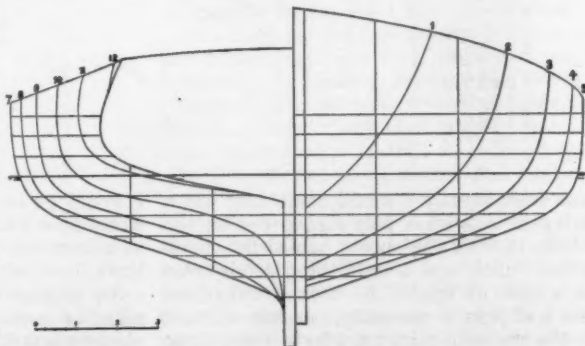
The dotted lines are the ropes used to lash the wheel. In practice the loose ends were belayed, one over the other, around the top spokes of the wheel.

nary ships' blocks with common patent rollers. Of course the sheets were all belayed aft.

The windlass used was in the shape of a winch, or crab, I think it is called. I had three anchors, weighing forty pounds, one hundred pounds, and one hundred and eighty pounds respectively. The windlass and the forty-pound anchor, and the "fiddle-head," or carving, on the end of the cutwater, belonged to the original *Spray*. The ballast, concrete cement, was stanchioned down securely. There was no iron or lead or other weight on the keel.

If I took measurements by rule I did not set them down, and after sailing even the longest voyage in her I could not tell you offhand the length of her mast, boom, or gaff. I did not know the center of effort in her sails, except as it hit me in practice at sea, nor did I care a rope yarn about it. Mathematical calculations, however, are all right in a good boat, and the *Spray* could have stood them. She was easily balanced and easily kept in trim.

Some of the oldest and ablest shipmasters have asked how it was possible



DRAWN BY C. D. MOORE.

BODY-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

ence. It is not necessary, in order to realize the utmost enjoyment of going around the globe, to sail alone, yet for once and the first time there was a great deal of fun in it. My friend the government expert, and salt-

the stories of sea danger. I had a fair schooling in the so-called "hard ships" on the hard Western Ocean, and in the years there I do not remember having once been "called out of my name." Such recollections

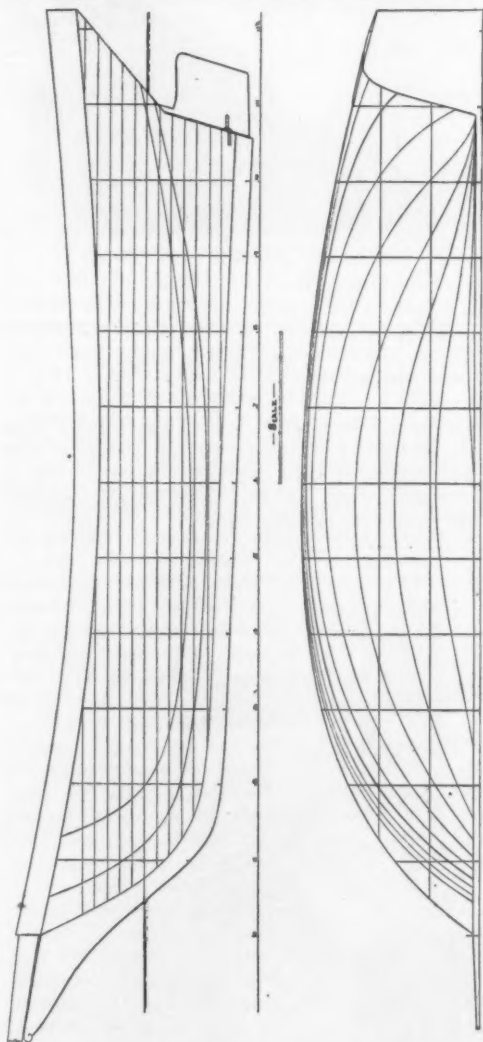
have endeared the sea to me. I owe it further to the officers of all the ships I ever sailed in as boy and man to say that not one ever lifted so much as a finger to me. I did not live among angels, but among men who could be roused. My wish was, though, to please the officers of my ship wherever I was, and so I got on. Dangers there are, to be sure, on the sea as well as on the land, but the intelligence and skill God gives to man reduce these to a minimum. And here comes in again the skilfully modeled ship worthy to sail the seas.

To face the elements is, to be sure, no light matter when the sea is in its grandest mood. You must then know the sea, and know that you know it, and not forget that it was made to be sailed over.

I have given in the plans of the *Spray* the dimensions of such a ship as I should call seaworthy in all conditions of weather and on all seas. It is only right to say, though, that to insure a reasonable measure of success experience should sail with the ship. But in order to be a successful navigator or sailor it is not necessary to hang a tar-bucket about one's neck. On the other hand, much thought concerning the brass buttons one should wear adds nothing to the safety of the ship.

I may some day see reason to modify the model of the dear old *Spray*, but out of my limited experience I strongly recommend her wholesome lines over those of pleasure-fliers for safety. Practice in a craft such as the *Spray* will teach young sailors and fit them for the more important vessels. I

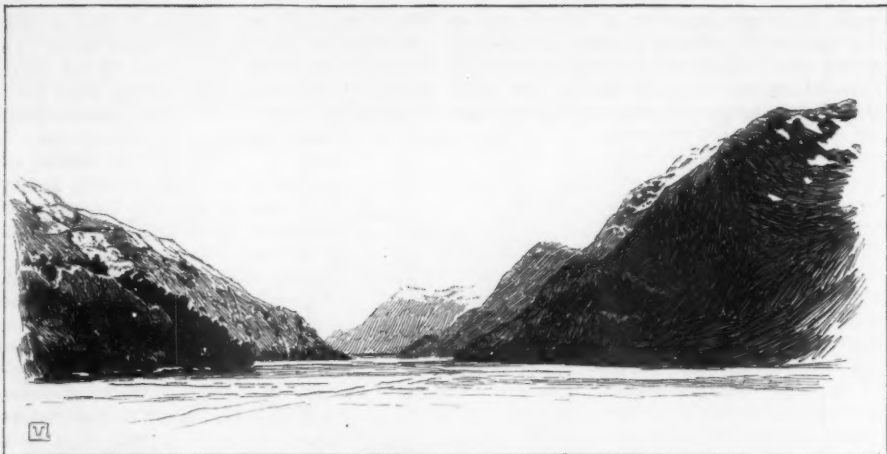
myself learned more seamanship, I think, on the *Spray* than on any other ship I ever sailed, and as for patience, the greatest of all the virtues, even while sailing through the reaches of the Strait of Magellan, between the bluff mainland and dismal Fuego, where I was obliged to steer, I learned to sit by the wheel, content to make ten miles a day



DRAWN BY C. D. MOORE.
LINEs OF THE "SPRAY."

east of salt sea-captains, standing only yesterday on the deck of the *Spray*, was convinced of her famous qualities, and he spoke enthusiastically of selling his farm on Cape Cod and putting to sea again.

To young men contemplating a voyage I would say go. The tales of rough usage are for the most part exaggerations, as also are



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SCENE OF THE "SPRAY'S" HARDEST EXPERIENCE—MIDWAY OF THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN, LOOKING WEST FROM FORTESCUE BAY.

beating against the tide, and when a month at that was all lost, I could find some old tune to hum while I worked the route all over again, beating as before. Nor did thirty hours at the wheel, in storm, overtax my human endurance, and to clap a hand to an oar and pull into or out of port in a calm was no strange experience for the crew of the *Spray*. The days passed happily with me wherever my ship sailed.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM ROWING THE "SPRAY" OUT OF THE YARROW RIVER, MELBOURNE HARBOR, AUSTRALIA.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

A STORY OF COLORADO.

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD.



FAINT smile glimmered across Mrs. Herritt's fair, faded face as she sat on her porch in the waning light of the October afternoon, rocking tranquilly, and regarding with suave interest a certain active little scene which the main street of the Colorado town presented. She sat long and lax in the low chair. About the soft attenuation of her figure the folds of a daintily sprigged print gown fell loose and starchless, with an effect frankly free of any pretension either esthetic or modish. There was a similar accent, artless and unfashionable, in the slack, smooth coiling of Mrs. Herritt's heavy light hair, in which a dull fawn tint was subduing the yellow lower hue of youth. She had, upon the whole, the air of one more solicitous to please herself than the public, and the innocent blueness of her eyes, though a little frustrated of convincing candor by reason of the triangular droop of the lids, still added to her outward person a final note of unaspiring simplicity.

Behind Mrs. Herritt the house door stood open. The paint was scaling from its battered panels, and the vista of worn oil-cloth which it disclosed showed a surface through which the canvas structure was nibbling. A child's toys and the scattered leaves of a book lay about the porch floor, and a wiry vine overhead was casting its copper leaves down in a perpetual little clatter. Some of these fell on Mrs. Herritt's folded hands, but her attention remained fixed upon the throng of well-dressed women who were still issuing from the door of the town hall half a square away.

The action and attire of this loquacious group contributed a sudden look of life and color to the almost deserted adobe-colored street. From the snow-patched peaks, drawn up in solemn bivouac along the west, mild shadows were falling. On Old Baldy the sun lay in a last amber haze, the glow of which, crossing the town's commercial block of pink brick, its coal-grimed mine tipples and fans,

its gathering of miners' paintless dwellings, of Mexican mud huts, and of pretty, ornate, jig-sawed cottages, widened illimitably on the outer plains. These, vested in the wan chrome of autumnal grama- and buffalo-grass, were without accident, except for a solitary butte to the north, which, rising in a gray majestic pile, like an aged fortress, conferred the pathos of an extreme contrast upon the town. Everything looked trifling and crude in the face of the hoar mass. The red roofs of the better houses perking through the thin cottonwoods might have been thrust in place by a child's inconsequent hand; the very church spires were fantastic; while the Truex house, a massive aggregation of pink and buff sandstone, looming in aristocratic isolation at the end of the street, offered its florid vulgarity to the vast mournfulness of the scene in a sort of complacent antithesis.

It was very quiet. The voices of the throng of women carried far, in a sound of such enthusiastic accord as made Mrs. Herritt graphically aware of the nature of the business which had, that afternoon, been forward in the Women's Political League. That it had with fervent unanimity declared for Mr. Truex, or rather for the party of which he was a congressional nominee, seemed certain. Such an action on the league's part was indeed natural and inevitable. Truex was the personage of the town, a man of financial account as mine-owner and merchant, and of that genial turn of temper which no sane person finds pleasure in withstanding. He was popular, and might have had political honors long before this had he wished them. The fact that he had not wished them before, and was suspected of not particularly wishing them now, added to his candidacy an element which the women of the league found charming. It was a sort of personal tribute to each of them that the ambitions of his daughter should have coerced his final acquiescence. It showed the power of woman's eloquence, and was a triumph to the whole sex. They all liked to feel that they could have a

hand in rewarding a compliance which presented features so modest and retiring. To thrust the crown upon an unwilling Cæsar is always a pleasant business. If you happen to know him in a friendly and familiar sort, the joy grows: it is a commonplace of psychology that the single vivid detail rivets the mind more forcibly than acres of abstraction. Hence, in the candidacy of its fellow-townsmen the league found itself, for the first time, regarding the party, hitherto nothing more than a dim agglomeration of lofty principles, with quite a new and enthralling interest. In working for its success there would now be the concrete satisfaction of watching results in a neighbor's household; of seeing glory close at hand in Helen Truex's person; and of observing the pageant of millinery and chiffon which must naturally attend the expansion of her career.

Mrs. Herritt could see Helen in the throng. The girl, so long burdened with the rule of her father's widowed house and the formation of his character, already showed in her small, keen face something of the care that yokes with empire. Among the others she seemed a kind of nerve-center, which vibrated force. Everyone seemed charged with it—every one except the secretary of the league, who seemed at intervals to be quietly suggesting to Helen the lateness of the hour.

The secretary was tall and beautiful, even at the distance, and Mrs. Herritt, catching the air of dignity and moderation in her attitude, breathed a word of tribute. "If they were all like that!" she said to herself. As she saw how Miss Truex rested her hand on the secretary's arm, Mrs. Herritt remembered that current gossip ascribed to Helen a design of domestic happiness for her father, and that Esther Burley was the one whom she had chosen to add luster to the honors of state and to soothe its cares.

Whatever Esther's own views of this matter might be, Mrs. Herritt could observe no change in her looks when Mr. Truex himself, emerging presently from his office, fell into the applause hands of the league. His big, cordial face and broad shoulders rose above the stir of flowers and feathers in stalwart relief. He seemed to be making jokes, for a wind of light laughter came up the street.

"They've been serious so long they're ready to be amused at anything," commented Mrs. Herritt. "Ah, they're looking this way! They've been telling Mr. Truex what a rousing vote they mean to give him. They've said there was n't a woman in town

that would n't go to the polls on election day, and just then they've remembered me!"

The league was certainly gazing toward the Herritt house, while Truex, escaping from the throng, repeatedly shook his head with a gesture of interdiction.

"They want to appoint a committee to call on me, and he's telling them not to," surmised the lady on the porch; "but they will—they have!" She added presently, in speculative fashion: "Miss Burley and Mrs. Wiles seem to be their choice—the West as it was and as it is. Ah, they've started!"

There was assuredly a certain air of objective about the two women who could now be seen coming down the street. Beside Miss Burley, a stately figure in her severe frock of dark blue, waddled a short, stout person, over whose ears a limp straw hat was firmly tied. Mrs. Wiles's weather-beaten face shone unabashed above the straight neckband of a black calico gown, frankly adjusted down the baggy waist with white agate buttons. As her attire was now, it had been in those early days when she helped her husband to winnow and wash gold from the surface soil of foot-hill streams, working beside him with pan and rocker, or shoveling dirt into the head of their little sluice. Times had changed. The hopes and hazards of the West were equally diminished; a bit of mica in a pebble underfoot, save in favored places, no longer had power to make the heart swell in wild surmise. The land had evolved into a civilization the complexities of which embraced universal suffrage and the ladies' tailor; but Mrs. Wiles, in accepting the privileges of one, had not seen fit to adopt the ideals of the other. She was called very "genuine." The league had a way of drawing the attention of visitors to this quality in the pioneer woman; but its tone was always unconsciously apologetic, as if it realized the incompetence of moral grandeur to atone for so aggressive an oddity of attire and manner.

"We're sent to give you a straight talk," announced Mrs. Wiles, undoing the Herritt gate; "though, 's I told 'em all, 'it won't assay nothing. 'T ain't no use to go prospectin' for votes round Miss Herritt,' I told 'em. 'You might as well look for free gold in a head of cabbage.'"

Mrs. Herritt stood with hospitably extended hands. "You make a joke, then, of my weakness!" she complained lightly, in a soft, flagging voice.

"Well, we want you should vote for Jim Truex," panted the older woman, sinking on

the door-step. "We aim to round up and corral for him every last vote there is in this town. He's a fine man. And though of course we all know you got a notion ag'in' ladies operatin' at the polls, why, we jest laid off to ask you to drop all that for once, and walk up and put your ticket in with the rest of us like a little man. That's the proposition."

Esther's glowing young face expanded in laughing appreciation of this. She leaned against the porch post, and its leafy tangles framed with glittering bronze the gloss of her dark hair and the serene oval of her cheek.

"But not if you have convictions against it," she excepted, regarding Mrs. Herritt, who had relapsed into her chair as if seeking sanctuary. "Of course we would n't persecute you, but, as Mrs. Wiles forcibly says, we all think so well of Mr. Truex—" her tone had an effect of trembling never so little, and Mrs. Herritt surmised a deeper warmth of color in the young woman's face, though she went on almost at once—"that—that we hope to have a most liberal showing in November. Yet we could n't ask you to overthrow a principle for us, Mrs. Herritt."

"Indeed, no!" broke in Mrs. Herritt, with an accent of timid impetuosity; "no, no! I've no principles, but only just feelings against women—poor, weak, fallible women—taking part in public affairs. That's all. If I could nerve myself to—to vote at all, I would surely do so for Mr. Truex. But I shrink only to fancy leaving my little, humble sphere for such a thing. I am not like you two—strong and brave, and knowing all about parliamentary usages and that. I have no ambitions. I'm only a home body. I admire and—and respect those who have time for clubs and debates and such; but just for myself I have only one aim and object, and that is my family."

"Well, but our clubs are for our families as much as for ourselves," protested Esther. "What we get from their associations is n't just the personal pleasure. It's all that derived value which finally shows in the good of our households. We can't be narrow without the chance of hurting those we love. It is n't merely to get warm ourselves, though that would be reason enough, that we want to be out in the sunshine of progress!"

"Oh, that word!" mourned Mrs. Herritt. "It makes me quite faint. I can't feel that progress ought to be expected from us women. We are not the ones to push forward; it is our sweeter mission to—to—"

"Stand stock-still and block the hull stream?"

"Not that, Mrs. Wiles, but to maintain the equilibrium of life." Mrs. Herritt sighed her satisfaction in this lofty utterance. "It is for man in his rugged strength to rush forth to battle with the fierce world. Woman's place is to greet him tenderly when he returns scarred and wounded, and draw him into the sanctuary of home. I feel this so strongly, though I say it in a poor little feeble way! I am only one of 'the soft and milky rabble of womankind,' as my noble husband often says in his fond, foolish fashion. I can't argue about it. I could n't make any telling points; I'm not smart, you know. I can only say over again that my whole life is just to keep a fire aglow upon the sacred hearth of home."

"But, land sakes! Mis' Herritt," demurred Mrs. Wiles, in a sort of exasperation, "a person won't build a fire no worse for knowin' B from a bull's foot!"

"And then, too," cut in Esther, "you forget that industrial conditions have changed since the world was young. Women can't all stay in their tents tending the fire, while their men sally forth to the hunt. And since so many women must themselves go forth, it does n't seem wise or kind that those who have not to face this necessity should make a virtue of nestling comfortably in the ingle-nook."

"It would be cruel of them," acquiesced Mrs. Herritt, as composedly as if the analogy were her own. "My heart is so with all women who must rush wearily forth to toil!" She sighed over this disheveled and panting image, and added that what she most feared for her sex thus occupied in daily combat with the world was a loss of the bloom which was its supreme charm.

"Huh! in my opinion, the bloom that can't stay on while a woman's earnin' her livin' is mostly finicky fluff, that's better blowed away. A peach is a heap cleaner eatin' with the fuzz off."

Mrs. Wiles's picturesque outburst failed, perhaps, of full effect by reason of a wild, childish cry which just now arose in the house. There was a patter of feet in the hall, and a small girl of thirteen appeared in the doorway, breathless and agitated, stumbling over the folds of a long checked apron, and exhibiting in her rolled-up sleeves a pair of thin red arms.

"Don't be scared, mother," she besought. "It was only Billy. He was helpin' me make the tea, and he scalded himself. I

put flour on. Was that right? And he's stuffin' a towel in his mouth now so 's not to give you a headache."

"Brave little man!"

"And, mother dear, will I put the steak on now? I got the table set."

"Yes, love. I trust you've remembered, Jenny, what mother likes to see on the table?"

Jenny's anxious little face flushed. She cast a furtive eye at the visitors. "Mother," she said huskily, "Mrs. Lusk would n't give me no chrysanthemums. I told her you liked me always to have flowers on the table, and she said she'd robbed her plants for us for 'bout as long as she was going to. She said we'd better turn in and raise our own flowers, and not depend on our neighbors for our decorations. She said she did n't blame me none, but that—"

"Never mind, Jenny. Poor Mrs. Lusk! She does n't understand. Don't grieve about it. Mother knows you did your best."

The child's face beamed as she turned away.

"Jenny is learning to be a perfect little housewife," explained the mother, with an air of modest pride. "I do feel that our young girls should all be instructed in the simple domestic arts. I am always explaining to Jenny that to be learned in modest household lore is woman's best knowledge. She quite hates her school work now, and I allow her to stay home largely. After all, a girl's truest education is at the mother's side, is n't it?"

"She don't look over-strong to be tacklin' all these here domestic arts," commented Mrs. Wiles, rising.

Her comment fell harmless upon Mrs. Herritt, who scented, it seemed, a rose of compliment in the thorns of her guest's remark.

"Yes, Jenny looks frail. A young girl ought always to suggest something delicate and flower-like, ought n't she? And must you really go?"

"Why not, when we're weighed down with a sense of failure?" smiled Esther.

Mrs. Herritt had risen also, and the two stood facing each other: the one vigorous and vital in her young freshness; the other listlessly poised, a slight, sinuous shape, which seemed to melt into the creeping dimness of the twilight as into some natural element.

"You won't think hard of me because I want to keep my door shut tight against the distant roaring of life?" she implored.

"Law, no!" groaned Mrs. Wiles, and she added to Esther, as the two emerged into the street, "What'd be the use?"

Miners with scarlet panaches of flame in their flat caps were thronging the way. Along in the press of them shambled a worn, elderly man, whose shoulders bent as if in reminiscence of the desk he had just left in one of the mine offices beyond. He deflected toward the Herritt gate. At its clang Miss Burley looked irresistibly back. Mrs. Herritt, still standing on the steps, was holding forth her long, persuasive hands in fond greeting.

"You are a wee bit late," she complained tenderly, "my big man of men! Yes, I am sitting here in the gloaming, dreaming my little feminine dreams, and waiting for some one. Run in, love, and see if the tea is all right, will you? And be sure the twins have their faces washed, won't you? And, Edward dear, hand me my shawl—it's so lovely here in the twilight!"

"I can't figure that woman out no way in the world," admitted Mrs. Wiles. "She's as plausible as a salted claim. You never know if she's a straight proposition or if she's selling you out. You can't go back of what she says without seeming to go back on your own sex scandalous, and you can't agree with her without—without—"

"Appearing to fix the ideal position of woman somewhere between that of an odalisque and a squaw!"

"That's the time you struck it rich!" applauded the other, while Esther added: "Mrs. Herritt has got more sex than strength of character. You might say that though the weft of her humanity is sleazy, the feminine qualities are splashed on it large, as in fresco, with a scene-painter's brush. She makes a cult of the pattern, and if we admit that the design is good, it is hard to object to the ritual of worship. That's why she's so baffling. Her conventionalism amounts to heterodoxy. But we won't worry about our lack of success with her, Mrs. Wiles. One vote won't matter."

One vote, indeed, as the outcome attested, would have made no feature in the sweep of Truex's majority. Those counties concerned with him showed a flattering unanimity of conviction. The Mexican vote alone might almost have carried the day for him, and Helen, as she went over these returns, commenting upon the largeness of her father's Spanish-American contingency, cried out suddenly that he owed much of it to her friend.

"Esther did it," she said, fastening her eloquent and meaning glance upon him. "Her speaking Spanish gave her a great pull with the Mexicans. She talked to the

women. She talked to the men. It was splendid to hear her, and even better to look at her."

"It's certainly good to look at Esther," conceded Truex.

"Good! I believe only the West could produce a woman so wholesome and splendid, with the candor and sweetness of a child, yet like Pallas Athene herself, 'mighty and wise and benignant.' She is cut out for a statesman's wife, papa, and she's going to be one!"

Truex gave way to his mirthful satisfaction either in his daughter's fervor or her plan.

"And how do you know that this goddess is prepared to look with favor on an old mustache like me? See here, Nell; of course you carry me around in your pocket: but how about Esther?"

Helen let the paper slip through her hands. "Papa," she began eagerly, and stopped. "No," she sighed, "no! I can only assure you of her—esteem. If you want to know more, you must inquire further." She roughened his shaggy black hair affectionately. "And you will? Say you will!"

Truex leaned slumberously back in his chair. "I don't see why you want me to marry."

"I want you to be happy."

"Ain't I happy?"

"Well—happier, then."

"Oh, well, we'll see. After we come back from Washington, Nell, we'll lay our heads together."

Helen had the wisdom to rest her plea upon this prospect. It might be madness to defer, but undue pressure was preferably to be avoided in securing her aims. She felt, however, reasonably sure of their success, inasmuch as the idea which she set before her father was one certain to grow upon his fancy. The path she had chalked out for him would more and more allure him as he regarded its bowery turns. There could be no doubt of this, and she left her generous sentiment and romantic enterprise hopefully to the adjusting agency of time.

During their absence from the West the subject often came up in a casual and playful way. Of himself Truex would refer to it. The prospect, indeed, seemed to Helen so secure that her greeting of Esther, upon the return from Washington in the spring, had an almost emotional tenderness.

They merged a common feeling of consciousness in a review of what had happened in town during the months of Helen's Eastern experiences.

"Of course you heard of Mr. Herritt's death?" said Esther. "It was early in the winter."

"I suppose he could n't have left his family very well provided for?" inquired Helen. Her instinct of universal responsibility began already to unfold an anxious wing.

"There was a small insurance, I believe. But no one has ventured to think of such a thing as ways and means in the face of Mrs. Herritt's grief. I never saw any one so smothered in crape! It is enough to kill her, and she told me she hoped it would; that she believed the true wife should fail and fade away when widowed, as a flower does when its stalk is broken. She said she thought the whole idea of the suttee was founded in a beautiful truth."

"Maybe it is when you get to the bottom of it, Esther. All Mrs. Herritt's notions have a fundamental germ of truth. That's what makes her so impregnable. There's always a grain of true ore in her tinsel."

"You should see her now to realize her full scope. She's an idyllic widow. I had to own it, though I knew if I admitted any argument of hers, personal or otherwise, I should soon find myself pledged to the whole social system of the middle ages. But her long, sagging black stuffs, her heavy-lidded eyes, that dull pale hair done carelessly, as if in the abstraction of woe, even the way in which her hands crept piteously together, all this gave me a rich sense of artistic rightness. I was ashamed of myself, Helen, because the tears in my eyes somehow gave me a kind of poetic pleasure."

"I see. Her bereavement is like her wifehood, perfectly selfish, correct, and irrefutable. A bewildering and fascinating exhibition it must be."

"Helen," said Esther, solemnly, "if you could see those black-frocked children hanging about her, not as other children hang about a mother, demanding her attention and making the little appeal of childhood, but pressing their services upon her, stepping on tiptoe, vying with one another for her least absent word or look! It's a revelation. When I saw those baby hearts expanding in love and strength to meet their mother's needs, I began to wonder if courage and devotion on her part might not have failed of so triumphant a result as their opposites secured without effort. I began to understand the force of the theory of which Mrs. Herritt's life is an embodiment; I began to feel its charm; I began to understand the terrible strength that lies in consis-

tent weakness." She caught her breath, and added: "Yet I could n't be sure I was n't suffering a hallucination in getting an impression so subversive of all accepted ideas about motherhood."

"No wonder. When one begins to observe how broad and beautiful the moral results of selfishness are, he may well question his sanity."

"May n't he! Well, you go to see her, Helen. She'll juggle with your notions, and then you'll understand me. The things you thought you had hold of to all eternity will suddenly appear airy nothings, and what seemed airy nothings become the great dominant facts of life. Go, Helen!"

"I will, I will. Some one ought to find out what she is going to do. Poor thing! She sees herself in a dim romantic mist, and she's got a knack of enforcing this view on others; but she can't hocus-pocus bread into her children's mouths."

"No, dear. Yet somehow I don't seem to worry about her. To relax the system is to meet accident with the minimum shock. I don't believe fate can hurt her much, for she has this truth in her philosophy."

Mrs. Herritt and her affairs, as it fell out, were destined to occupy Helen in short order. Upon that very evening, when Mr. Truex came home about sunset, there was a look so unwontedly grave upon his good-looking face that Helen at once made inquiry concerning it.

"No," said he; "nothing is wrong—that is, with me. But I've had a sad little experience this afternoon. I don't know when anything has touched me so. I am a hard-headed fellow—"

"You have n't a soft fiber in you!" acquiesced his girl, with tender irony.

"—and things don't usually move me much; but the way she came into the office, pale, shrinking—it might have been an ogre's den! You see, she'd got it in her head that I was very bitter about her not voting forme—"

"It was Mrs. Herritt, then?"

"Did n't I say so? And she began by begging me to forgive her. She said that she'd always felt that politics were 'way beyond her depth; that they were for strong men to grapple with; and that Mr. Herritt had always encouraged her little foolish qualms. She said home had always been her shrine—"

"That's her very tone! Go on!"

"Well, she went on to say how she admired independent, courageous, big-brained women, who dared to go right out in the world and offer battle—"

"Offer battle"! How like her! She makes us all appear great raw-boned Amazons."

"I don't know where you get such a notion," objected her father, letting down his brows; "I'm telling you she spoke of her great respect for progressive, intelligent women, and could only blush for her own timidity and ignorance."

"She gives an insidious effect of self-effacement, certainly. Maybe I'm hard on her, after all. Go on! Don't puff your lips, papa!"

"Well, my dear, if you have n't any sympathy for a poor, heartbroken little woman!" he exclaimed. "However, she wants to place a mortgage on her cottage, and they sent her to me. It seems Herritt left little, and there are debts."

"It's only seven months since he died. What's become of the insurance, I wonder?"

Truex shook his head amusedly. "That's the pathetic part. This poor soul, without thinking of the future, spent most of it in putting up an expensive monument to her husband. Her only thought, she said, was to express, at any cost, her devotion to his memory. She—she cried when she told me."

"She should have thought of her children before doing such a thing with her little money."

"Women are hard as nails to one another," commented Truex. This venerable sentiment seemed to strike him as fresh, and he repeated it. "Now, even I, hard-fisted old codger as I am, saw something affecting in her forgetting everything but her sorrow. This looking round the corners of your grief to see what's beyond it—oh, it's all right. A wise person would do it. But she is n't that kind. She is n't a woman of resources, but, as she said sadly, just one of those un-aspiring souls whose empire is the hearth, and whose emblem is the loom and wheel."

"If she'd said the sewing-machine and cook-stove it would n't have sounded so well, would it? And did you make the loan? I hope you did."

"Yes." He rose, stretching his vast frame, while his eyes, as Helen followed their glance, seemed to fasten with a certain half-absent, half-startled expression on the beckoning finger which the new moon bent white from the lilac sky. He seemed aware of seeing something new.

Helen said whimsically: "Is n't it slim and bright? I would like to give it to Esther to wear in her hair." And as her father laughed at this and patted her head, she exulted over the security of her hopes.

As summer passed away, things seemed indeed to be proceeding favorably toward their fruition. Before the departure for the East everything must be settled, and along in late October Helen saw an opportunity of pushing her purpose to achievement. There was to be a social gathering in the big house, and Helen had settled upon this occasion as being singularly appropriate to the announcement of her father's betrothal. To the accomplishment of the scheme nothing was lacking but the consent of those interested, and to secure that of one of them Helen determined on immediate measures.

It happened to be a chill night of fall when she settled this point. A snowy breath whistled down from the divide, rattling crisply in the dying trees, and enhancing with its wintry bluster the homely implication of cheer in the piñon-stick fire, before which Helen sat in the library. It was ten o'clock. She expected momentarily to hear her father returning from one of those business meetings which of late not only engrossed his evenings, but sent him home with a clouded brow and flagging step. He had seemed unwilling to discuss with her whatever it was in his legislative or commercial pursuits that worried him. She had therefore learned to withdraw her anxious curiosity. And now, as she heard his key in the latch, she smoothed her brow of any hint of questioning and ran to meet him.

For once, however, Mr. Truex bore no air of heaviness: a gladsome alacrity the rather marked his motions. There was even a boyish gaiety in his manner as he surprised Helen with an embrace of unusual warmth. She took this unwonted demonstration fondly.

"Oh, papa," she murmured, "I won't be first much longer! I want it to be so, and yet—"

Truex sat down by the fire. He laughed. "Well, you'll always be important, I guess. And—er—how do you know there's going to be—some one?"

Helen drew away from him, struck with something significant in his tone.

"Papa! what have you been up to? Oh, you've asked her! I know, I know! And she said? But I know what she said!"

"She was a long time saying it, Nell. I've been on pins and needles for weeks. I've been obliged to you for not asking me questions. But to-night! Yes, it's all right. I never expected to feel as much like a boy again."

The jubilant ring of his voice smote Helen unexpectedly. She had meant him to be happy, but—so happy? She felt herself

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suddenly projected into a great solitude, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"I'm glad," she whispered; "but it's a kind of lonesome feeling somehow."

"Lonesome! You'll never be that, Nellie. Indeed, I feel that almost her sole reason for taking me is on your account. A motherless girl, she said in her sweet way, appealed to her beyond words. She understands you perfectly, Nell. I knew I was safe when I made her admit that what you needed was a mother to whom you could devote yourself in loving service. And then finally she whispered that if anything could touch her buried heart to life it would be such an appeal to her womanhood. Why, Helen!"

"Buried heart! What—who?" She drew herself together. "Tell me who—I am to serve—so lovingly. It seems not to be Esther."

"Why, you know I mean Mrs. Herritt? Of course you know. Lucy her name is. She laughs and calls it a plain little everyday name, just like herself. Lucy!" He repeated it fatuously, then fetched a breath of resolution and continued in another tone: "That about Miss Burley, now. It could n't be, Nellie. She is magnificent. Lucy often dwells on her qualities, and says she is exactly like some lines she saw somewhere—something about 'Glowing with valor and beauty, and strong for labor and battle.' But a man does n't care for that heroic kind of thing in a wife. It's too much of a strain—like living in a cathedral and having oratorios for breakfast. A man like me, weighted with national affairs, wants peace in his home. The immense pressure he's under makes it necessary for him to find rest in the ministrations of a sweet, submissive spirit." He went on hymning his needs and exploiting the range of mild and emollient qualities which these demanded for their alleviation. There was a new effect of importance upon him. Happiness had expanded in him latent sources of joyous egotism. He was authoritative and eloquent; subconscious modes of being seemed to rise and overflow his ordinary surfaces with strange prismatic colors.

Helen stumbled to her feet, a little dazed with the sight of it all. "However it is," she said gently, "I am glad," and she let him reach out for her, and add to his satisfaction the little detail of her assent.

"If you could hear Lucy praise you up, Nell—your cleverness and energy, and a dozen other things! There is so much, she says, that you must teach her—docile little soul!"

"Ah," smiled Helen, darkly, "she has nothing to learn of me—or of any woman!"

A MIDWINTER TRAMP FROM SANTIAGO TO HAVANA.

THE NARRATIVE OF A SEVEN-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILE JOURNEY ON FOOT
THROUGH CUBA, WITH AN EYE ON LANDSCAPE, GAME, AND PEOPLE.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH,
Author of "The World's Rough Hand."

"For to admire and for to see,
And to be'old this world so wide."



ONE bright but exceedingly cold day in the early part of February, 1899, we took the sunny side of Wall street down to the vessel which was to carry us to Cuba. I will not give the name of the line, as it neither needs nor deserves advertising. We were booked direct to Santiago, whence we planned to walk through the little-known interior of the island, a distance by map of about five hundred miles, to the city of Havana. There were three of us, two men and my fox-terrier "Billy," all eager for excitement, adventure, or whatever the "Pearl of the Antilles" had to offer.

As I am not writing a sea-tale, I will not give a description of our trip in the "tub," her wallowings in the sea off Hatteras, her *mañana* rate of speed, her "Delmonico" fare, and other peculiarities.

Nor will I stop to tell of our day at the bright little isle of Providence, nor linger to mention the deep-water blue of the sea, the boiling pitch in the deck seams, and the many wonders of flying-fish latitudes. Suffice it to say that on the evening of the eighth day the eastern end of Cuba lay like a dark rain-cloud on our starboard bow, and that on the morning following we were in Santiago.

At Santiago we had intended to map out our route through the island, based upon whatever knowledge we could get concerning the roads and the interior in general. To our chagrin, however, we failed utterly in this respect. No one, so far as we could discover, knew anything definite about the back country except for a very limited distance. But we did not go short of advice; we received oceans of it, in the contradictory waves of which we were like to be drowned. Some said that such a trip as we contem-

plated could not be made without horses and pack-mules, others that the only sure way of reaching Havana was to follow the coastline, still others that it was impossible anyhow. We were promised, moreover, interesting things in the way of fevers, smallpox, starvation, and bandits. The advice of the governor, that we should dress as Cubans in order to escape observation, go well armed, and be vaccinated, we took. The vaccination, however, did not take, there being no good vaccine virus either at the camps or in the city.

After four days of unsatisfactory questioning and unreliable information, we grew weary and decided to start out and feel our way through the country as best we might. Accordingly, we gathered our things together for a start, and found that our packs would be by no means light. What with blankets, clothes, hammocks, canteens for water, provisions, a camera and films, revolvers, a rifle, cartridges, a machete, a "billy" for making tea, and many other smaller items, it certainly looked as though we were turning ourselves into beasts of burden. All these things, with the exception of the arms and the camera, we strapped up in our blankets, after the Australian fashion. That night we expressed our American clothes ahead of us to Havana, and put on Cuban cotton suits and broad-brimmed palm-leaf hats. The following morning, in the gray light of dawn, we shouldered our swags, and, with our hobnailed boots clattering noisily, made our way through the deserted streets out of the city.

Leaving the "bull-pen" to our left, we took the road which leads direct to the mountains and over them to San Luis. To this little town, the end of the short railroad, we had been directed by a government courier, whose companion had been murdered

and robbed on the road a few days before. During the night a heavy shower had fallen, and the deep mud made progress slow, particularly as Cuban mud has a strange tenacity, and balls on the feet like snow in our climate. The downpour, however, had made all nature fresh and green, and with the faint mist that rose from the moist earth came that suggestive Cuban scent that distils at night under the shrubbery and trees. For several miles the road lay between hedges of short trees, festooned and overgrown for the most part with morning-glories bearing pink, mauve, and variegated blossoms of unusual size, and also a magnificent white variety with flowers as large as the Bermuda lily. Occasionally we passed patches of light-green banana-trees ribboned by the breezes, small groves of cocoa-palms, and clumps of the palm called royal. When the sun was fairly up, the mountains rose before us in all their majesty of height and vivid coloring: brown where the grass fires had burned their shoulders, dark green in the ravines where the streams tumbled and the foliage was dense, black where the rock outcropped, ash-gray where the slender boles of the palm-trees spiked their sides.

Before long the road began to undulate over the foot-hills. By seven o'clock we had reached the village of Boniato, where, after a sparing breakfast of bread and chocolate, we left the road for a zigzag trail leading over the mountains. Up, up we went, the sun hot on our backs, the swags heavy on our shoulders, now north, now south, now passing through a belt of cloud, until after a three hours' climb we reached the breezy summit. There we dropped our swags and sat down to rest and to enjoy the enchanting view that spread out before us. Directly below lay the thatched huts of Boniato, beyond a series of little hills, farther the white tents of the soldiers' encampment, farther still the red-tiled city and the oblong harbor, farther yet the stern outline of the Morro, and beyond all the sea. We sat there silently for a long time, and when we took the trail again and began to drop down on the other side of the mountains, we felt that, now we had left the city and the sea behind us, our journey had begun in earnest.

A mile or so farther on we made our first camp-fire, boiled a billy of tea in true "sundowner" style, and ate some of the provisions we had brought with us. Though we had made only twelve miles or so, we were already beginning to feel the effects of our tramp; already our shoulders ached, our feet

felt sore, and our clothes were soaked with perspiration. We were like "green" horses, unused as yet to the load and harness. A brief rest, and we pushed on again, down the rocky, winding trail, worn deep by the feet of mules and horses, which are used to "pack" everything that goes into and comes from the interior; down past idle sugar-plantations, ruined huts, overgrown farms, but always through charming scenery. Every little while we stopped to admire some bit of tropic beauty—a rushing mountain stream with steep rock sides, a clump of feathery bamboos, a small forest of palms, or maybe some strange, gay flower or insect. The few people we met were on horseback—nearly every one rides in Cuba—and were evidently going from one town to another. All gave us "Good morning" or "Good afternoon," and all were most curious to know where we were going, and why.

About sundown we made the straggling little town of San Luis, where we were able to get a meal, but no other accommodation. Finding on the outskirts, however, a ruined building, we slung our hammocks on the standing posts and, by the light of the moon, turned in. Our walk of twenty-seven miles, under a broiling sun and heavy swags, had not made us fastidious as to our camping-place. All we wanted was a place in which to lie down; nor did the moon, nor the fleas which infest all Cuba, prevent us from sleeping that night.

It was still moonlight when we turned out next morning and got away. We had determined in future not to walk in the heat of the day, but to cover what we could in the early morning and the late afternoon. There were two roads leading out from San Luis, one going northward to Holguin, the other turning northwest toward Jiguani and Bayamo; and as the latter towns promised more interest, because of their age and the prominent part they played in all the Cuban wars, we turned our faces in their direction. The second day, however, was not a success. Although the country began to smooth out somewhat, we were too stiff to accomplish much. Even Billy, to whom the fun of chasing lizards was a novelty and a delight, followed sedately at our heels. We cooked our breakfast in a native hut, and ate a lunch of dates and bread at a *cantina* in the little town of Las Palmas. We did not get much farther that day. The ford on the river Cauto, which is just beyond the town, proved too seductive, and we enjoyed a bath and a long siesta under the dense, odorous shrubbery of the bank.

Toward evening we made an effort to walk a little more, but it was a half-hearted one. About a mile beyond the river we struck an old insurgent camp,—some fifteen or twenty shelters of palm-leaves,—where we decided to stay for the night. As we did not wish to disturb the centipeds and tarantulas which make their homes in the thatch of huts, we slung our hammocks under the trees, and after a supper of bacon toasted over the camp-fire, bread, and tea, we put in our second night under the sky. For my part, I lay awake for a long time that night, gazing at the heavens and musing. The moon had not yet risen, but a myriad sparks set in the purple-black dome, and the Milky Way, in broad, phosphorescent smears, gave a dim light in which the trees and greenery took phantom shapes and the tufted crowns of the palms were outlined. Beneath the trees it was entirely dark. Underneath us the lizards darted among the dried palm-leaves. From above came the metallic rustle of great leaves stirred by the wind, and the harsh notes of night-birds; from the wild plants in the wood a sweet smell. Before I went to sleep I looked at my watch. It was just half-past ten. I smiled as I thought that, while I lay under the starry sky in that languorous, enervating summer night, my friends at home were just coming out of the theaters, shivering and muffled, into the icy cold of winter. But although the first half of the night was warm, it grew cold toward daylight. Our blankets and hammocks were drenched with dew when we struck the trail again in the morning.

Forty-odd miles of splendid grass-country, with dinner under a giant ceiba-tree and supper by the side of a small palm-sheltered stream, brought us into Jiguani, the fortified town that boasts the birthplace of General Garcia and the headquarters of Jesus Rabi. On the outskirts we came upon two American soldiers lying by the side of the road, who, taking us for Cubans, bade us "Buenas noches." When we declared ourselves to be Americans, they took us to the quarters of their company (of the Fourth Volunteers), in town, where we were received with open arms and put up in the barracks.

Jiguani is a quaint, picturesque place more than three hundred years old. It was the first town not built of wood that we had passed since leaving Santiago. Though its present population is not more than a few hundred, it once held twenty thousand; hence its admirable system of fortifications. A circle of blockhouses, barbed-wire trochas,

and intrenchments surrounds it, and, upon the hill back of all, a large fort commands the country to the east, south, and west. The proof of its strength lies in the fact that, in spite of being attacked many times, the fort wrecked, and most of the town destroyed, it was never taken. To this day the marks of bullets and cannon-shot can be seen in its ancient walls.

We remained in Jiguani a day, looking it over. We might have stayed longer, but for the *nigua*, or chigoe, an insect which gets under the skin of the feet, and we were getting rather finicky about our feet. Owing to this peculiar insect, about half the soldiers in quarters there were lame, and some of them had almost lost their toes. We carefully shook the dust of Jiguani off our feet, therefore, and trudged on to the historic city of Bayamo, where we were royally entertained by the officers of another company of the Fourth Volunteers.

For an artist Bayamo is a paradise. The distemper used on the outside of the walls of the houses runs the whole length and breadth of the chromatic scale. Old yellow, azure blue, mud-brown, Roman red, shades of mauve and green, meet the eye at every turn, and show the people's love of color. Yet, in spite of this riot of hue, it never offends, never "comes up and hits you in the eye," as one of my artist friends expresses it; for it is all faded, lichen-grown, and mellowed by age and by the sun. Then the grass-patched tiles of the roofs, the wattled mud walls of the ranchos, the Roman arches and columns, elaborate wrought-iron window-grilles, little bits of quaint architecture, and an abundance of overgrown, picturesque ruins, make this city peculiarly paintable.

After a day of sight-seeing we took the trail again toward Cauto Embarcadero, which is the head of navigation on Cuba's largest river, the Cauto. Crossing the stream west of Bayamo, we came upon a crowd of washerwomen kneeling on the stones and beating clothes with small hard-wood paddles. On the farther bank we plunged into the woods and soon lost sight of the curious signal-tower that surmounts the cathedral spire at Bayamo.

At that time we had only one canteen for carrying water, and, as the day was an excessively hot one, we drew upon it frequently. Before we had made many miles, however, we learned at a native hut where, to our astonishment, we were refused a drink, that there was no water on the road until we reached the Cauto. We immediately

jammed in the stopper of the canteen more tightly, and walked on, suffering from thirst. After ten miles or so of baking savannas and yarey plains, we made a halt under some bushes and divided the little water we had left. It was not sufficient to quench our thirst, and our mouths were so dry that we were unable to eat the bread and sausage we had provided for lunch. All the afternoon we kept on in that sweltering heat. The perspiration ran into the corners of our eyes in salt, stinging streams, and drenched our clothes and even the blankets upon our backs. We grew quarrelsome, then silent, while our thoughts ran always to bumpers of iced lemonade, shandygaff, and "schooners" of lager-beer. At last, near sundown, we "rose" the signal-tower of Cauto, when we at once hastened down to the river and drank our fill.

That day, however, was too much for us. If the hundred and forty miles or so that lay between us and the next city, Puerto Principe, were to be as hot and as waterless as the country we had just passed over, we decided that a pack-mule would be a necessity. There was a small, dirty steamer, or more properly steam-launch, lying in the river which, we heard, was bound down-stream to Manzanillo the next day. Upon this transport we promptly engaged passage at the rate of three dollars Spanish each.

The following noon we boarded the *Fernandez*, which had been issuing agonizing shrieks for our benefit for half an hour; and with a schooner loaded with yarey matting and panniers in tow, we proceeded at a three-knot rate toward the sea.

The river Cauto, though in no place wide, is navigable for vessels of light draft for some sixty or seventy miles. For this distance it winds through a low, flat country, which it floods annually during the rainy season, and thus encourages a tropical growth which for beauty and luxuriance I have never seen surpassed. A little beyond the village we ran the gantlet of a forest fire that was raging on both banks. The roar of it was like the sea in rough weather, and the crackling like volleys of artillery. Smoke, ashes, sparks, and heat almost stifled us as we steamed through it. The deckhands stood by with buckets of water, lest the woodwork or awnings should take fire. Beyond the destroyer all was bright and delightful; a cool little breeze was coming up-stream, and the varied greenery of the tropical foliage on both sides of us caused us to cease regretting our departure from the

route of our journey. No words of mine can paint the scenery of the Cauto: dense, untrodden forests, with mammoth ceibas, moss-draped jucaros, and the slim gray columns of the palms above; and a tangle of small timber, lianas, vines, and strange parasites below.

Here and there were tall palms bending low over the placid water, lush grasses, ferns, bunches of creeping bamboos, and occasionally a native hut, with plantain, mango, and orange groves about it. Faint, sweet odors of flowers and fruit were wafted out from the brushwood to us as we wound down the tortuous channel; bright-plumaged birds that took no fright at our progress skimmed the water and chattered in the tree-tops; alligators eyed us sleepily from banks and logs; ducks, cranes, cormorants, and other water-fowl splashed and dived fearlessly about us. Even I, ardent sportsman though I am, was fain to lay aside my rifle after a few shots, and content to lie under the awning at the bow, drinking in this panorama of pure enchantment. As the sun went down, with little puffs of cloud of unimaginable colors floating in the western sky, the verdure and the water became for a few moments golden-tinted—beautified, it seemed, by magic, not by nature.

At Guamo, a village on the western bank, we tied up to some tree-stumps for half an hour to buy provisions. We left it with all the inhabitants sitting at the water's edge, beating the air with their hats and hands in a vain effort to keep off the swarms of mosquitos which made the shore to us unbearable. By the light of a remnant of a moon, we continued our passage down the river, which had become a winding, silvery lane banked with mysterious screens. The *Fernandez* furnished no sleeping accommodations for her passengers or crew; and we fell asleep on the deck that night, with the fragrance of the forest in our nostrils and the musical ripple of the water in our ears. At daylight we anchored on the Cauto's treacherous bar for an hour or two amid pelicans and sea-birds. Thence we proceeded along the coast some ten miles into the open harbor of Manzanillo. This city, which is the port for Bayamo, Jiguani, and the sugar-producing district to the eastward, is a bright, clean, healthful place of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, two thirds of whom are those Cubans who come under the head of "white." At Manzanillo we became the guests of our good friend Captain Franzheim, to whom we were indebted not

only for unbounded hospitality, but also for sundry provisions and bottles which we found in our panniers after leaving.

After four days of unaccustomed luxury in the way of fresh meat, iced drinks, beds to sleep in, and papers ten days old to read, we started out afresh, with our caravan increased by a small Cuban mule, whose general appearance promised us a little variation in the days to come. Nor were we disappointed in this respect. If led, he went at a pace that would have kept us in Cuba for the remainder of the century; if driven, he refused to keep the road, and made long circuits with the idea of getting back to town. Indeed, it was his persistence in turning back that caused us to give him the appropriate name of "Balaam." We learned after a short time, however, that he would follow like a lamb. Henceforth, therefore, we traveled in single file, one of us leading, the other about fifty yards behind, and Balaam in between, alternately stopping for a mouthful of grass and trotting nimbly along to the jingle of canteens, cooking-utensils, and quinine pills.

Although the surest and in fact the only recognized road to Cauto was by way of Bayamo, we determined to save forty miles or so by cutting across the country in a direct line. But in spite of the services of a so-called guide, furnished by the *alcáide* at Caño, we found after half a day's walking that we were on the wrong trail. We were in a densely wooded region, crossed and recrossed by a labyrinth of trails made by the yarey-gatherers; and while our map and compass gave us the general direction we should take, we were assured by a native, whom chance brought our way, that it was impossible for us to get through without guidance. The man persuaded us to accompany him to a cluster of huts hid away in the palms, where we spent the remainder of the day and the night. In the hut where we were entertained, tobacco-leaves were drying under the roof, and naked children sprawled about the floor; friendly black pigs ran about like members of the family, and chickens roosted dangerously overhead. In the middle of the night we were disturbed by a man rushing into the hut and awakening the family in the inner room. In a few moments we were left alone, wondering what had happened. Soon the stillness was broken by a series of long-drawn howls from a hut near by. It was a mother bewailing the loss of a child. Sickness was very prevalent in that swampy district; indeed, we found *ca-*

lentura common with the natives throughout the country, and we were constantly called upon to act as physicians. Of that little hamlet I still have a haunting recollection of a sick babe gasping its life out upon a bed of bright-green leaves of supposed medicinal virtue.

We tumbled out at daybreak at the *señora's* call, "Americanos, café!" As soon as the mule was loaded, we placed ourselves in the hands of one Manuel, an ex-captain of the Cuban army, so aptly called the "Army of Expectation," who in due time brought us safely to Cauto again. Here we crossed the river for the last time on a float pulled from one side to the other by ropes, and struck the trail leading almost due north to the town of Victoria de Las Tunas.

Our new trail led through a cleared space in the woods dignified by the name of *camino real*, or royal road. At one time it had doubtless been a fair country road, passable by bullock-teams in the dry season; but at our passing it was so overgrown, narrowed, and boggy that it had to be abandoned for side-paths cut through the brush. As Balaam, with his spreading panniers, was continually getting stuck in the narrow wood-paths, our progress was slow. We put in two sleepless nights on that road fighting mosquitos,—we even went to the extent of lighting fires under our hammocks,—and passed almost an entire day without water. When we did strike a water-hole, the liquid was so foul that we drank it with fear. We also ran short of provisions. But for the kindness of some Cuban soldiers, who gave us a tin of sardines and some biscuits, we should that day have done what the Australians call "a perish."

At Las Tunas, once a large town, but now in a state of absolute ruin, we stocked up liberally and turned west toward Puerto Principe. Just beyond the township we found a stream, the first since leaving the Cauto that ran, or that almost ran. Experience had taught us a few things by that time, and we filled everything we had that would hold water, particularly as we were told that the rivers for the next hundred miles were dry. We were then in about the center of the island, on an upland plain where continual breezes from the northeast made travel both easy and enjoyable. Deer and guinea-fowl were plentiful, also pigeons and a species of partridge. From Las Tunas all the way to Cascorro we found abundant sport for both gun and rifle. These uplands, moreover, are exceedingly well grassed and exhibit a profu-

sion of flora. Short, prickly trees with tiny leaves and pink blossoms on the azalea order, red lilies with yellow centers (truly Spanish), shrubs with clusters of mustard-yellow flowers, pink periwinkles, and slim, leafless trees with pale, tulip-shaped bells were common. Here, too, we saw air-plants without number, bee-orchids encircling the gray trunks of the palms, and a gorgeous orchid of royal purple, quite strange to me. It grows, apparently, only on the bark of a gnarled, stunted tree, and is virtually without leaves. Once I found a spray of yellow blossoms evidently of the same species.

Some fifteen miles west of Las Tunas we entered the "big forest," which is still in its primeval state and contains much magnificent timber. Mahogany, ebony, cedar, and other hard woods are plentiful here, but owing to its distance from the coast and the expense of cartage, it will doubtless remain untouched for many a year. The dense shade of this great tangle teems with bird life. A few kinds are recognizable by English names, such as the partridge, parrot, dove, woodpecker, and guinea-fowl, but for the most part their names have no equivalent in our language, such as the tocororo, arriero, cordoniz, and many other gay-plumaged birds. As an experiment, we shot several green parrots and cooked them. The meat was tough beyond description, but the soup we obtained would not be despised even in civilization. Lizards in great variety, black, green, gray, curly-tailed, and some which puffed out the skin about their throats in a peculiar way, darted among the leaves and upon the tree-trunks as we passed. Snakes with linoleum patterns crossed our paths with an all-conquering, get-out-of-the-way air; timid deer gazed at us with startled eyes before bounding into the underbrush.

In the forest we first made the acquaintance of that little animal which the Cuban army in some parts almost depended on for food—the jutia. While walking some distance ahead of my companion, on the lookout for deer, I noticed two animals, which at first I took to be some small kind of bear, in the high branches of a tree. I fired my rifle at the larger one, and though the bullet went through its body, as I afterward found, the thick vines about it prevented its falling at that time. With a second shot, however, I brought down the other jutia. The animal was about ten or twelve pounds in weight, was covered with thick, coarse hair, and had teeth like a rabbit. In general appearance it resembled a large possum or an exagger-

ated rat. At the "post-mortem" we debated upon its identity and fitness for food. As we could determine neither, we decorated Balaam, greatly to his disgust, with one on each side, and took them with us. For odorous reasons, however, we were obliged to throw them away before we met any one, though we learned later that, when properly cooked, they were very fair eating.

On the eighteenth day after leaving Santiago we left the big forest and crossed the river which marks the western boundary of the largest province in Cuba, which is known popularly as the Oriente and the Tierra Adentro (Interior Country). Santiago province is rich in mineral deposits, valuable woods, and grass-lands. Its soil throughout is extremely fertile, and the number of products it is capable of producing, owing to the varying elevation, is not to be outdone by any country in the world.

At Guaimaro, the first village we made in Puerto Principe province, we spent the night in the hut of the rural guards stationed there. We were without a permit to carry arms, and they evidently considered it safer to keep under their wing such suspicious characters as by that time we certainly looked to be.

Very soon after passing the border we noticed changes. The country became flatter and more uniform, negroes were less common, and the ruined houses along the wayside were chiefly of stone, instead of wood. Evidences of a better and richer class of people than we had seen before were not wanting all through Puerto Principe. Before the war virtually the entire province was given up to cattle-raising. At present, however, all is ruin and desolation. The cattle have been killed, the houses burned, and the owners, in most cases, have fled to Spain with all the money they could scrape together.

Puerto Principe, the capital, is built on a plain several hundred feet above sea-level, and some forty miles from its seaport, Nuevitas. It has the distinction of having been twice attacked by the famous bucaneer Morgan. The first time he made a rich haul, but on his second attempt he was ambushed and beaten back. Though large, substantially built of stone and brick, and possessing many fine buildings, it is uninteresting in comparison with other Cuban cities. The streets are dreary and monotonous, and the whole place seems dead. I could not help thinking that the forty thousand inhabitants it is supposed to have were, for the most part, underground. The morning we left, the

thermometer had taken a sudden drop to 60°, with the result that the entire population turned out with blankets round their necks, making a spectacle at which we might have laughed, had we not felt ridiculously cold ourselves. Before we got out of town, however, we were arrested for carrying firearms, and held until General Carpenter gave us the necessary permit. The next city we intended to make was Sancti Spiritus, which, by the trail, was one hundred and fifty miles away.

From this point there was a certain sameness to our trip, which, if given in detail, would be wearisome. Our feet by that time had got over the blistering stage; we had become accustomed to the general conditions, and were in good training for the still long tramp ahead of us. It is true that we had taken up several holes in our belts since we left Santiago, but otherwise we were in excellent trim; always hungry, strangers to indigestion, worrying not a whit about the morrow, and enjoying hugely the scenery, the happenings on the road, and the glorious freedom of the life. If good befell us, so much the better; if ill, it was "copy." So we jogged along, daily becoming more hobo-like in appearance and more worthy of being disciples of the great Diogenes.

With the first paling of the eastern sky we tumbled out of our hammocks, blew the smoldering ashes of our camp-fire into flame, and cooked our simple breakfast. If we had been lucky the day before, this consisted of eggs, or perhaps a few slices of salt pork, dry bread, and tea, minus sugar and milk. If otherwise, hardtack and tea contented us. Next, Balaam was untethered and loaded with our various belongings, each man stowing his own pannier, and the whole cargo tightly lashed on, lest the severe jolting to which it was invariably subjected should cause us loss. Then in the cool, dewy freshness of the morning we struck the trail and did our best walking. Sometimes our route lay over the parts of the old camino real, hedged in with trees and Spanish bayonet; at other times we wandered off on a ribbon-like by-path through plains of shoulder-high guinea-grass, or wound round the spur of a hill. Again we dipped into luxuriant creek-beds, swam rivers, parted our way through the wet grass of torrid quagmires, passed belts of prickly bush-land, lost the sun in the leafy shades of forests, or stumbled up a broken, precipitous mountain-side.

About eleven o'clock we usually camped for a dinner of bread, Spanish sausage, and

sweet chocolate, washed down with tea again. Then, during the heat of the day, when all nature languished, and the baked red earth burned through the soles of our boots, we stretched ourselves in some shady spot, smoked fragrant Cuban cigarettes, and took our siesta. Some of these noonings were spent in delightful nooks; for, by necessity, they were nearly always near a stream or water-hole, where maidenhair ferns, flowers, hanging vines, and all manner of tropic greenery flourished in the moist atmosphere. Looking out from these natural arbors into the open spaces where the sun beat down, the trees and all distant objects swam in the heat-haze, and the lizards ceased their darting to blink and bask. Occasionally the calm would be disturbed by the rapid *pad, pad* of an unshod Cuban pony carrying a solitary traveler, or perhaps a flock of noisy green parrots would alight above us; but otherwise all was quiet, peaceful, restful. One fell asleep without effort in such places.

When the shadows began to lengthen we moved on again, and walked steadily until sundown, or until we reached some river or village where it seemed advisable to remain for the night. Perhaps half the time we slept out under the sky, generally suspended between trees, though twice we "downed it" on the bare earth. The rest of the time we slept in native huts, where, in spite of the people's poverty, we were treated with unvarying kindness and generosity. From first to last we were never allowed to pay a centavo for lodging, nor permitted to leave in the morning without a bowl of coffee.

The day we left Puerto Principe we fell in with a perfect swarm of jutias. The trees on both sides of us were literally alive with them. They were too tame to give us any sport, though we did one the honor of taking its photograph and, later, its life. In the groves surrounding the ruins of old haciendas we also found tamarinds, limes, and cocoanuts.

Some seventy miles of flat grazing-country, sparsely covered with stunted trees and dotted with the bleaching bones of dead cattle, brought us to Ciego de Avila, a little town on the line of the famous Jucaro-Moron trocha. The town had just been occupied by several companies of the regular army, and we were most kindly entertained that night by the officers of the provost guard. After visiting some of the blockhouses and seeing the trocha, which is a line of forts and redouts protected on each side by an

entanglement of barbed wire, we pushed on toward the Santa Clara border, and reached Sancti Spiritus four days later.

When we made a gradual descent from the uplands and came in sight of the mountains to the southwest of Sancti Spiritus, we were delighted at the prospect. Even Balaam pricked up his ears. After the long spell of flat country it was good to see an elevation—something definite to set one's course by. The interesting lay of the land in that direction, indeed, caused us to depart from the inland route we had planned, and head toward the southern coast. We spent nearly two days, however, looking over the old town and the charming scenery about it, during which time we were the guests of the officers of the Fourth Tennessee United States Volunteers, who, notwithstanding our appearance, took us in and treated us with true Southern hospitality.

From Sancti Spiritus we made our way through the most lovely of tropical scenery to the charming little mountain village of Banao. A few thatched huts and the ruins of some fine haciendas are all that now remain of the once famous health-resort, but nothing can destroy the natural beauty of its clear mountain stream, its trees and verdure-clad peaks. Skirting the hills to the southward and passing several idle sugar-mills, we reached, after two days, the broad estuary of the river Manati, which we crossed by means of a small boat, with our four-footed companions swimming alongside. The next morning early we caught a glimpse and a whiff of the blue Caribbean. Later, the white houses and forts of Trinidad came in sight, and we hastened on over the rapidly widening white road, bordered with odorous cassia-bushes in full bloom, into the bright little town.

As mail was waiting us at Cienfuegos, and as we had not received any since our departure from New York, we remained in Trinidad only long enough to lay in a stock of fresh provisions and enjoy the luxury of a good meal. We were warned that the road to Cienfuegos was almost unused, of the roughest possible character, and that it crossed no fewer than eighteen rivers. This news, however, only added fresh zest to the prospect. We found the information we had been given in every respect true; indeed, that forty miles or so of circuitous trail was quite the most interesting part of our island journey.

During the two days and a half that we were making it, we were at least thirty-six

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hours without seeing a habitation or a person. The second day we lost our bearings entirely, and came dangerously near running over the cliffs into the sea. When the swift-falling darkness of the tropics came upon us, the trail was persistently taking us in the wrong direction; and we went to sleep that night with an interesting uncertainty as to our whereabouts, and within hearing of the breakers. Next day, about noon, we emerged suddenly from the cool, shady woods into the dazzling sunshine of a white-beached cove. And as we looked out upon the immensity of blue water, enlivened by a heeling, white-sailed schooner heading eastward, we stood for a moment bewildered by the blaze and glory of it all. We spent an hour or two here, frolicking in the clear, tepid water, and then, being loath to leave the sea, we kept along the white strand, reckless of distance, roads, or river-mouths. Toward evening we spied a small boat flying a Cuban flag anchored close inshore, then a thatched hut upon the beach. We found it to be the abode of a solitary turtle-fisherman, who made us welcome with coffee and aguardiente. After examining his large-meshed nets and one of his "catch," which he kept in the water tethered by the flippers, we regretfully took to the woods again; for he told us it was impossible to follow the coast farther because of the wide mouths of the rivers.

Between Trinidad and Cienfuegos we first made the acquaintance of the land-crab. We found it in such numbers, moreover, that I verily believe the region must be the home and the nursery of this strange crustacean. We came upon them, not by ones and twos, nor yet by dozens or hundreds, but by the acre—all of them scuttling about doing something, though what Heaven only knows. In a dark ravine, walled in with dripping rocks of coral structure, an uncanny place of itself, we encountered the first batch of them; and, to be frank, we did not like their looks. Some were black, others a bright orange color with faces like owls, others combined these two colors, and still others, the largest variety, were mud-green in hue. And the way they swarmed about us, threateningly waving their long claws and viciously snapping them together, was uncomfortable. We drew our machetes and began to clear a path ahead of us, but it was a hopeless, endless task, and we soon tired of it. We were obliged finally to walk through them, kicking them aside and crushing them underfoot at every step. Poor Billy, not un-

derstanding the nature of the beasts, would insist upon tackling them and getting the worst of it; and even Balaam, though a native, showed an agility quite out of keeping with his Cuban bringing up.

After getting all our belongings wet twice while fording rivers, climbing steep, rocky ascents, pitching down into eery gorges, traveling for miles over the loose stones of the river-beds, where the trees met overhead and formed a vault of verdure; after skirting lush swamps overgrown with great ferns and other swamp flora, peering into crab-haunted caves, and coming face to face with nature in her wildest state, we left the weird but beautiful region behind us and entered Cienfuegos.

We remained in the busy city of Cienfuegos three days, again guests of the ever-hospitable American officer, and then turned our faces toward the north coast. As there was a great saving in distance to be made by crossing the river Damuji and thence striking across to Yaguaramas, we took a small steamer as far as Constancia. From the moment we got Balaam on board, however, until we reached the landing, he gave us trouble by making frantic endeavors to leap overboard. We were obliged finally to lash him fore, aft, and amidships to the stanchions of the boat-rail, where, in spite of all, he continued to plunge insanely until we got ashore.

At Yaguaramas we found the end of the railroad line leading to Cardenas, Havana, and civilization, and no sooner did we strike this than the aspect of the country changed for the better. Towns and villages were scattered every few miles along the line, and the cultivation of cane, vegetables, and fruits was not the uncommon sight it had been heretofore. Though cane was still scarce, the majority of the sugar-mills were grinding, and most of the inhabitants, therefore, were at work.

The country virtually all the way across to Cardenas was flat and, save for the plantations, uninteresting. Still, our journey was not entirely devoid of incident, for we were arrested twice and had no end of trouble and fun with Balaam in the swampy districts. If there was a creek to be crossed, the mule invariably made for the deepest water, with the result that he took several brilliant "headers" and provided us with wet blankets to sleep in.

In one village we were chased by a lieutenant of mounted police and held up at the point of a large, rusty revolver. When we

told the gentleman, who had a strain of Chinese in his blood, that we were Americans, he put up his weapon and smilingly shook hands with us. "Then we are brothers," he said.

At another village the whole police force, composed of three negroes and one white Cuban, turned out with rifles at our approach; but after we had sworn at them a little, patted them on the backs, and told them they were brave fellows, they allowed us to proceed. Notwithstanding this, the natives everywhere received us in the most friendly manner and shared with us whatever they had.

By the time we reached the flourishing town of Cardenas we were sights to behold. Our once white suits were torn by the bushes, blackened by the camp-fires, and generally toned by the iron-red dust of the roads. Billy was likewise reddened. Balaam, with his sagging pack and frayed lashings, looked like a beggar's mule. The whole outfit, indeed, had a most disreputable appearance. We were looked upon at Cardenas with suspicion, since every policeman we saw considered it necessary to examine our papers. We did not like this excessive vigilance very well, and so pushed on. Over the rockiest of roads, through a country well watered and grassed, though almost depopulated, we made our way in two half-days to Matanzas. The next morning but one we entered upon the last day of our tramp.

We left the sugar-mill near Bainoa, where we had slept, by the uncertain light of dawn. We were prepared to make twenty-eight miles that day, and proposed to put in our last night at the town of Guanabacoa, which is only a short distance from Havana. As our average rate of speed was only three miles an hour, we omitted our usual noonday rest, and, except for a stop for breakfast at Jaruco, and another for lunch in the hills, kept steadily on. By reason of wrong directions at Jaruco, however, we took a circuitous trail, skirting the base of the mountains, and thus increased the length of our journey some eight miles. The first indication of this error was given us by the compass; but as we had then gone too far to return to the right road with any benefit, we wound on through the palm-clad hills and dales, with bad words for the people of Jaruco.

In spite of this exasperating addition to our walk, we were, I think, well repaid for it in the way of scenery. Though we were so close to the greatest city in the island,

the whole appearance of the country was wild and luxuriantly beautiful. For fully fifteen miles we saw neither habitations nor people, though we passed the picturesque ruins of many fine houses and not a few villages. For the most part the path ran parallel with the jagged, knife-edged crests of the Cordillera, now scaling the ridge of a foot-hill, now dipping abruptly into a teeming little gully, again passing within hail of a dark, echoing cavern set in the limestone walls of the cliffs. Buzzards hovered overhead, thirst-quenching guayabas followed the path, and palms grew everywhere. About midday, from the bald pate of a conical hill, we caught a glimpse of blue water far away to the north of us. But although our view seemed far-reaching, we failed to see any indications of the city. Encouraged, however, by a sight of the sea, we pushed on with all possible speed until sundown, when we left the trail for the first good road we had seen in Cuba. By the first milestone we were still thirteen kilometers from Havana. After refreshing ourselves at a wayside cantina with wine and biscuits, we kept on, in the cool of the evening, to Guanabacoa. Our intention was to remain here for the night; but, notwithstanding our fatigue, we had by this time developed an insane desire to finish our trip that day. We marched through the town, therefore, without a thought of putting up, and shortly afterward saw the glare in the sky above Havana.

Although the entering of a city at night and on foot was no new thing for either of us, yet at that time, after forty-six days on the road, and after having walked seven hundred and fifty miles with that particular city as our goal, we looked at the mysterious arc of light in the heavens before us with a

strange pleasure not unmixed with exultation; for not only had we accomplished what we had set out to do with safety and in perfect health, but we also had that peculiar masculine satisfaction of knowing that we were the first white men to travel through Cuba on foot.

As soon as we crossed the bridge at Guanabacoa we saw the electric lights of Havana in circles, squares, and seemingly endless rows. The whole city was ablaze. The placid waters of the harbor over which we looked were shot with silvery streamers. For the remaining four miles we forgot our sore feet, our weariness, even our hunger, and stepped along at a gait in keeping with our lively spirits. At every turn we found evidence that we were again entering civilization: first a great, white-walled fort guarding the road; then brightly lighted carriages; later a paved street, and at last a horse-car. Then from the suburban gloom we suddenly emerged into a busy thoroughfare. We had made forty miles that day, and were in Havana.

But alas! our rejoicings were quickly nipped in the bud. Before we had gone a block a small man with a large whistle appeared at Balaam's head. He looked at us suspiciously for a moment, then whistled twice. As if by magic four policemen appeared. In vain we protested, threatened, and flourished handfuls of papers under the little man's nose. Our looks were against us. With a jubilant negro crowd surrounding us, we were marched off ignominiously to the police-station for the seventh time, and "run in," mule, dog, and all, for the night. Thus even to the last were we recipients of the one thing above all others that a stranger notices in Cuba—its boundless hospitality.

IN THE GLOAMING.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE summer day is dying,
The drowsy flowrets fold;
Long shadow soft is lying
On the green and gold.

The brook, what is it saying,
Or is it laughter sings,
Some voice of joy was playing
Among day's happy things?

The brook is flowing, flowing,
But not like summer streams;
Faint lights are on it glowing—
It is the drift of dreams.

TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN,
DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

SECOND PAPER.

For a general introduction to these papers, and some account of the eighteen volumes comprising Dr. O'Meara's autographic journal of his conversations with Napoleon, the reader is referred to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February. The last entry in that instalment of extracts from the journal was dated July 7, 1816. The matter to follow, as far as and including the entry for the 17th of July, completes the first manuscript volume. It will be noted that the second volume, instead of following in the order of the calendar, begins with July 4, and continues chronologically. It is impossible to explain the repetition in dates, but it will be noted that the July entries in volume 1 consist almost entirely of conversations with Napoleon, while those in volume 2, up to the 17th of July, for the most part relate to conversations with other persons, and matters in general. In his published work O'Meara drew from both sets of entries, but used the minor part of the matter given in this paper, and eliminated a large part of the literary color and personal flavor.—EDITOR.

NAPOLEON'S SPIRITS UNDERGO A CHANGE.

8th [July, 1816]. N[apoleon] asked, as usual, for news; about the commissioners; about the island. He said he supposed that the English ministry had busily employed themselves for some time searching out for the worst part of the world to place him in, and, said he, "they have succeeded well certainly, and they have truly found out, a governor [Sir Hudson Lowe] worthy of the detestable spot they have sent me to, for one is as ugly and horrible in appearance as the other. The one is the ugliest and most frightful-looking place in the world, and the other is equally ugly as a man, and his mind answers to his looks, I believe." He then laughed very much, and appeared to be pleased with his conceit. Spoke about the commissioners again; young De Las Cases [and] Bernard [Marshal Bertrand's servant], who was sick. . . . He observed that the window-curtains were very dirty (as they really were), and ordered them to be shifted by taking those of some other room, I think he said, where they were useless.

9th [July]. N[apoleon] asked, as usual, for news. Told him that the Princess of Wales was at Tunis, in a palace of the dey, during the time the English fleet went there to enforce peace. "A brave woman!" said he; "she is *pazza* [crazy] to be wandering about in that manner. But, *poverina*," said he, "she has nothing to do, and constant change of place amuses her." I told him that Lord Exmouth had given the dey only ten minutes to determine upon complying

with the terms offered, or war, which he said was very right. Told him that I had dined at the admiral's [Sir Pulteney Malcolm's]. He asked who was there. I told him so-and-so, and the French commissioner, whom I said I believed, from what I saw, not to be a bad man; on the contrary, I thought that he was *buon uomo* [a good man], to which he assented, and said, "*Gia, gia, poverino, povero coglione.*" ["Yes, yes, poor fellow, poor dullard."] I told him that he had known De Las Cases, to which he said he knew — "in a country house," said he. I said that he had never seen him [Napoleon]; that he had asked how he was. To this he made no answer. He asked if the handsome Frenchwoman [Mme. Stürmer] was there. I replied, no.

He asked if the admiral kept a good table; if it was a better one than Sir G. Cockburn's. I said he kept a very good table; that everything was good, and no ceremony. That every one was at their ease; not so much form as at Sir G. C.'s table. "What!" said he, "is not the admiral a man who likes ceremony?" I said, quite the contrary in his own house. I here remarked that the admiral was a man beloved by every one; that I had never heard any person speak ill of him. To which he said: "I believe it true; he carries it in his countenance."

I told him that Montchenu [the French commissioner] had said that he was sent here against his will. "How so?" said he. "If he did not like to come, he had his choice to come or remain." I said that he had been



DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

PLANTATION HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ST. HELENA. (SEE MAP, PAGE 614 OF THE FEBRUARY "CENTURY".)

paid so many compliments by the king [Louis XVIII], etc., that he was induced to accept of it; that he had said it was a bitter pill, gilt over; that when it was first intimated to him that he was to go to St. Helena, he asked, "What sin have I committed, that you exile me to such a place as St. Helena?" He [Napoleon] laughed a little at this, but his countenance changed shortly after, and he looked, I thought, displeased and reserved as he went out of the room without his usual bow and "Allons."

11th [July]. N[apoleon] in rather a melancholy mood; exclaimed against the weather and the island, which he pronounced to be the most melancholy abode in the universe, and that they had sent out *il piu triste degli uomini* [the saddest of all men] as governor of it—*e piu triste, e peggio dell' isola, un animal accio* [the saddest, the very worst person on the island, a big animal], who took a pleasure in making them suffer.

THE QUESTION OF A NEW RESIDENCE FOR NAPOLEON.

Sir Hudson asked me, at Hutt's Gate, if I had any idea of which part of the island Bonaparte would prefer to have his new house built in. I replied that I thought he

would prefer The Briars. He said that would never do. He could not have that, as it was too near the town; that it was out of the question. He then asked if I thought he would like any other part better than Longwood. I mentioned perhaps Sandy Bay best [see map, page 614, February CENTURY]; that I was of opinion he would like, in all probability, Colonel Smith's place, if he could not get The Briars. That I was sure he would prefer a habitation on the other side of the island to this. He desired me to endeavor to find out for himself what place he would prefer. This he has asked me to do before, two or three times. Said that he [Napoleon] had refused to see the commissioners. Asked what Mme. B[ertrand] wanted particularly with Montchenu. I said that I had heard she wanted to inquire after her mother's health, and that Las Cases was anxious to ask about his wife, whom Montchenu had seen.

12th [July]. N[apoleon] not in the best possible humor apparently, though he was very civil to me. He appeared uneasy and melancholy. Told him that the governor had gone up yesterday in order to see if it would be possible to add new apartments to the house at Longwood, or to build a new house, whichever he (N.) would like best. He said:

"If he keeps me here at Longwood, I do not want anything from him; I do not want any additions or new house here. I hate this place; the sight of it makes me melancholy. Let him put me in some place where there is a shade, if he wants to do anything for me. Here it either blows a furious wind, or if not, when I go out the sun distracts my head, burns my brains out, for want of shade." He then said that he "would like to be on the *Plantation House side*. But," says he, "what is the use of his coming here proposing things, and doing nothing? There is Maréchal Bertrand's house, not the least advanced since he came here. The admiral at least caused the work to go on for us. He put a carpenter here, who always remained, and made the work go on. There is my fireplace has smoked for three months, and repeated application has been made to remedy it, but in vain."

I said that orders had been given repeatedly to repair it; that the governor said the reason the things did not go on rapidly was that he did not know what to do, what place he would like. That he did not like to undertake anything without knowing whether he (N.) would like them or not. That if he would once *fix a plan* for the house, the governor declared that he would order *every workman* on the island to proceed to Longwood to set about it, with a proportionate quantity of engineer officers. (This I repeated twice.)

He replied: "To this house, or in this spot? I want nothing from him." (*In questa casa, in questo luogo? Non voglio niente da lui.*) I said that the governor declared that he would do everything in his power for to accommodate him. That he was fearful that making additions to the present house would annoy him in consequence of the noise of the workmen. He said: "Certainly it would be a great annoyance to me. But I do not want him to do anything to this house on this dismal place; I want nothing from him." He then repeated what he said before, about promising to have everything done, and nothing effected afterwards, and that Maréchal Bertrand's house had had the plan arranged for months, and yet that the building did not advance. "Look!" said he, pointing to the window-curtains, "look there. I was obliged to order a pair of my sheets to be put here as window-curtains, as the others were so dirty, and I could not obtain others to replace them." I observed that a pair of sheets had been fixed up as curtains.

"That officer of engineers . . . appears

to me to be an imbecile—promises always, never performs." I could not help assenting to this. He then asked about the other engineer officers. I said they did very [little] else than walk about with long waving feathers in their hats. He said then: "Whose fault is that but the person who commands, for not making them do their duty? He is worse than them. Truly no more sad person (*il piu tristo uomo*) could have been sent out by your government. He is even worse than the island (*peggio dell' isola*). A bad man; see how he has treated that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand. He thought she was too comfortable, and he has deprived her of the little liberty she had; has prevented people from coming to visit her, which was the only solace she had. A woman like her, who has been always accustomed to see company. It was a malignant cruelty that he prevented her from [seeing that] chattering *babillard* [Montchenu]." I said that the reason it was done was Mme. Bertrand's having sent a letter to the Marquis Montchenu without first sending it to the governor. "Bah!" said he, "that is *coglioneria*. Because either her husband or herself could have gone to town to see him; that was only a pretext." He then observed that he was a very fit subject for a chief constable (*capo di sbirri*) or a chief of spies, but not for a governor. "Weak men," said he, "are always timorous and suspicious. All I want from him is to give me as little of his presence as possible! This is all I will ask from him."

He here spoke about sixteen thousand pounds, which one of the papers said was bought into the English funds in the name of Maréchal Bertrand, and fifteen thousand pounds in that of Cambacérès. Appeared to know nothing more about it than what was said in the papers. He afterwards went to look over his History in the next room.

14th [July]. N[apoleon] dressing at 5 P. M., Montholon in company. (When Montholon is present I have observed that he [Napoleon] does not generally say much to me.) Asked for news, weather, etc. Told him there was a report of Savary having escaped from Malta. He laughed, and asked if any one was with him. I told him that there was a report that some other officer was.

He said, "Ah, then it must have been Lallemand." Asked what part of Malta they were in. I said, Fort St. Angelo, and that they had been closely confined. He asked where St. Angelo was. I told him.

He also said: "Your government have

truly shown a great contempt for the allied powers in sending such a *boja* [hangman] over me, of whom they, the allies, profess to be in so much dread, and to secure whom the English have foolishly expended so much money."

NAPOLEON'S FURIOUS DRIVING.

16th [July]. N[apoleon] overtook me in the park, and made me get up in the carriage and take a drive with him. Went round the park at a furious rate. Asked several questions about the teeth; seemed to be apprehensive of some of his teeth getting carious. Asked me to breakfast himself. Spoke at breakfast about marriage. Asked me why I did not marry the Rosebud,¹ that she was a fine girl. "At least," said he, "if you do marry, marry a handsome, fine girl, and you will have something to look at if you do not get money."

At breakfast, and after, N[apoleon] asked about the commissioners, and about Mme. Stürmer. Asked whether she had ever seen him. I said yes, two or three times, and that she was very desirous of seeing him again. "And who prevents her?" said he. I said that both her husband and the French commissioner believed that he would not see them. "Who told them so?" said he. "I never said so. I believe they have never asked. I am willing to see them whenever they ask Maréchal Bertrand. They are in some capacity, either a public one or private. I have never refused seeing any person when it was properly asked, either as an individual or a public character, unless when I was ill." I repeated that they imagined that he would not see them. "Quite the contrary," said he; "they may come whenever they like, by asking Maréchal Bertrand, especially the *lady*. I will have great pleasure in seeing *her* at any time; a *lady* always, and also the others, Montchenu for example. He is a Frenchman. I would naturally be glad to see him. It is true, I have never, perhaps, done any good for him, though I

took his name off the list of the emigrants at the same time with Las Cases, and allowed him to return to France. They have never," repeated he, "asked to see me. The governor said some unconnected, unmeaning stuff about them." He, however, said that he would only receive them as private characters.

STILL BROODING ON THE GOVERNOR.

Here he began at the governor. Said that sending such a man was worse than sending him [Napoleon] to this horrible isle. "He is only fit for the keeper of galley-slaves, *un galeriano, un geôlier*. He does everything in his power to render my state (already horrible) still more miserable than it was. Look," said he, "so far from doing anything for my comfort, that application has been made for three months for the chimney, which smokes, to be repaired, without avail. This arbor I have asked for above three months to have covered with some stuff in order that I may breakfast out without being burned by the sun, but he will neither order it to be done himself, nor allow us ourselves to get it done. Bertrand's house, too, nothing done for two or three months. If the admiral had remained it would have been finished six weeks back.

"They say that movables of different descriptions have been sent out with a man who has been charged with putting them up. He has been here two or three times and gone away again. He ought to remain here to see what is wanting, and to direct it. Why does he not send up a list of what things there are, and ask what are wanting, instead of sending up what he likes himself to us, just as a jailer would to so many convicts? He promises to send up a billiard-table which the English government have sent out, but nothing of the kind is sent. He promises to have the rooms of Gourgaud and Las Cases repaired. Nothing is done to them. He comes up here, promises everything, and nothing is done.

¹ According to Las Cases, Napoleon had a habit of bestowing nicknames on people. It is plain that *boja* (hangman) was his favorite appellation for the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. During his stay at The Briars his host's merry daughter Betsy became, in his nomenclature, the Rosebud. In after years, as Mrs. Abell, she printed "Recollections" of those years at St. Helena, in which she gives the following picture of Napoleon's furious driving:

"As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed a ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hutt's Gate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and, accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am,

the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one best calculated to inspire terror: it was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroken Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punch-bowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity seemed almost hanging over the precipice, while the others were, apparently, crushed against the gigantic walls formed by the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces." See also a reference to furious driving on page 784.—EDITOR.

"He is a bad man, and, I believe, though perhaps I may be mistaken, capable of any crime. . . . *C'est le comble de l'injustice du gouvernement Anglais* to send out such a man—a Prussian, not an Englishman, a hangman (*un boja*), *un galeriano*. He is only fit to have the charge of convicts or galley-slaves." (Here he repeated, "*Le crime sur son visage*.")

"He must be truly a hangman who would unnecessarily increase the miseries of people situated like us, already too unhappy. A man devoid of humanity or heart. He adds insults to injuries. The English government sends out everything they think I may want, but coming through his hands, from his manner, it appears rather an insult than a benefit.

"Could he not inclose a list of what things were come to Bertrand, saying that the prince regent, supposing that there were not such things to be had at St. Helena, had ordered a supply of such and such things to be sent out, and to know whether I stood in need of them, or part of them? But he sends up what he likes, just as if he was giving us *alms*, so that it appears an insult, what your government intended as a civility. There is a necessary form to be observed with all people, and especially with people like us. I do not like to complain about trifles or without reason, but after a month or two, after I see what is going on, I will certainly make such a complaint of him to the prince regent as will astonish Europe. I will send it to himself; I will send copies of it to every officer in camp."

Here he said that he had treated Maréchal Bertrand very badly; that he had insulted him so grossly in a letter that if he were the maréchal he would make him account for it in a duel,¹ and "if," said he, "the governor had any courage, he would not refuse to meet him." That he had cruelly treated that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand, by depriving her of the society she was accustomed to. "A woman who all her life only existed in society. It is not punishing her husband," said he, "who, if he has a book, does not care for anything else. He is so suspicious that he would wish to cut us off from every human being for fear that I might escape. I wonder that he is not afraid of allowing Poppleton and you to remain near me for fear that you both might betray him. Only he knows that he *must* have somebody

near me, he would not allow you. He would willingly be always watching me himself if it was in his power. Have you not galley-slaves in England?" I said no, but that we had some convicts condemned to work at Portsmouth and other places for so many years. "Then," said he, "he ought to have been made a keeper and director of them. It would just be the office suited to him. *Un galeriano, un capo di spioni* [a master of galley-slaves, a chief of spies]"

O'MEARA DEFENDS THE GOVERNOR.

Here he spoke about his telling De Las Cases that he had read his letter, and observed that it was an insult to De Las Cases, and an indignity to the office of governor, which he held, to let it be known; that he had opened people's letters like a spy, and that he ought either to let it be done by some other person, or at least if he did it himself, not to let it be known. "But he suspects everybody," said he, "and, judging by his own dark, malevolent, suspicious heart, capable of committing any crime, supposes everybody to be equally base as himself. That man, if Lord Castlereagh ordered him, I am sure would mix up a dose of poison for me with his own hands, or would himself perform the office of assassin or hangman."

Here I interrupted him, and told him he was mistaken, that the governor would never do so. . . . "*Veramente ha il cuore di boja*. [Really he has the heart of a hangman.] Your government have even done worse to me in sending such a *boja* over me than in sending me to this horrible isle. There was nothing more wanting to complete their injustice than sending this *galeriano* out, and they have put the finish to it."

Here he spoke about his money, and said that he would not tell where it was (if he had any), as he supposed the English government would be villainous enough to seize upon it, as they had done before in the *Bel-lerophon*.

Made several comparisons about Sir H[udson]; said that he was not an Englishman; that he had nothing of the national appearance of the English. "A Prussian," said he.

"Generally," said he, "in the English, even the bad ones, you will see something good in the countenance, but this man has something so horrid, hangman-like, repugnant

¹ Two years later Marshal Bertrand offered to give Sir Hudson Lowe "satisfaction" in a new quarrel, growing out of complaints against Colonel Lyster, then offi-

cer of the guard. Lyster challenged Bertrand, who, ignoring him, chose to regard Sir Hudson Lowe as the principal. The latter removed Lyster.—EDITOR.

in his crime-committing, down countenance, that I cannot describe. It makes my teeth almost chatter to look at him. He is conscious of evil, for he cannot look you in the face."

17th [July]. N[apoleon] walking out in the garden. Spoke about the interview he had had yesterday with the governor. Appeared not quite so much enraged against him as before it, but still repeated a great deal of what he had said yesterday, and said that he had told the governor himself that he had unnecessarily increased his restrictions; that he had without any reason punished that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand; that he had insulted De Las Cases by informing him that he had read his letters, and by saying that if he wanted a pair of shoes or boots he must send to him first, about the slowness of the works, etc.

He said that the governor was not the man the English nation ought to have sent out; that he ought to be a person of great politeness, and a man accustomed even to give a refusal with such forms as would almost make it satisfactory to the persons refused, to temper them, instead of a rough, abrupt man of the most repulsive manners, "a man without education," said he, "without any politeness, and of a forbidding and suspicious aspect, and whose countenance, instead of inspiring any confidence, imparted to the beholder an idea of a man capable of committing any crime, and withal a *coglione*. For," said he, "if Bertrand had a mind to contrive any plot, could he not go down to town himself whenever he liked, or could he not make an appointment with a person to meet him down in the valley? Has he not the liberty of going as far as the Alarm House, and could not he see any person he liked? *Una coglioneria, minchioneria* [nonsense, stupidity], that one would think none but a simpleton would be capable of. But Bertrand may go wherever he likes. It is only me whom they wish to keep, and it was an insult offered to him by the government, and a most disgraceful one on the part of the person who gave it to such a man as Bertrand, who is esteemed by all Europe."

He here spoke about the house, and said that if he expected to remain long in St. Helena he certainly would wish to have it erected at the Plantation House side of the island, where he might have some shade, and where there were some houses near to him.

"But," says he, "as I think that as soon as the affairs of France are settled, and things

are quiet there, the English government will allow me to return to Europe, to remain in England and finish my days there, as I do not believe that they are quite so foolish as to be at the expense of eight millions [of francs] annually to keep me here when they will no longer have occasion to be afraid of me, therefore I am not anxious about the house."

NAPOLEON ESTIMATES HIS CHANCES OF ESCAPE.

Here he spoke anew about escaping, and said that if he was inclined to try it, which he was not, there were ninety-five chances in a hundred against his effecting it; "but," said he, "this jailer every week imposes new and vexatious restrictions upon me, just as if I was in a place where I had nothing to do but to step into a boat and be away. When I was at Elba it was different. It is true that while one lives there is a chance of escape; although ironed and chained down, inclosed in a cell of stone, and every human precaution taken against a possibility of it, still there is a chance of escape, and the only way to prevent it is to put me to death. This is the only sure way. *Il n'y a que les morts que ne revient pas*. Let him put me to death, and all uneasiness on the part of the European powers, Lord Castlereagh, himself, and his government will cease! No more expense then, no more squadrons to watch me, or poor soldiers, fatigued to death with pickets and guards, or harassed with carrying burdens up those precipices. I am sure those poor devils have reason to hate me and wish my death. They must, however, be conscious that the fatiguing duties imposed upon them are unnecessary and vexatious, as the sight of the island must convince every one but a suspicious *coglione* that escape from it was nearly impossible, unless, as I have said before, that while there is life there is a chance, if attempted. Where could I go to, allowing that I got out of the island? Every place I could arrive at I would find enemies to seize me. This governor's conduct will soon be known in England, and will not procure him any credit there. Those officers all will write an account of the unnecessary rigor with which I am treated, and their opinion of it. The newspapers will be full of it."

Spoke about depriving Bertrand of the power of passing in people; said that it was an insult, "and though," said he, "I would not have made use of it to cause people to come here, still it was a satisfaction to have the power of doing so. . . ."

O'MEARA'S "MEMORANDUM BOOK NO. 2."

Here begins the second set of July entries mentioned at the head of this paper. While some of the matter has no particular historical value, it is given with very few omissions to show the diary character of this part of O'Meara's journal. Redundancies and faults of style are retained, and, where necessary to make the text clear, words have been added, but always in brackets. — EDITOR.

4th July [1816]. N. walked out in the garden at 10 A. M. Sent for me to ask some questions about Emmanuel de Las Cases, who had sprained his ankle.¹ The beef and mutton sent up this day not eatable, the first being in a state of nearly putrefaction, so much so that a crew of hungry sailors just returned from a long southwest cruise would have refused to eat it. The mutton like a lantern.² Sent back again to the contractor by Captain P[oppleton], with an intimation that if a similar quantity of good meat were not sent back in lieu, that a complaint [would] be made to the governor. Admiral [Sir Pulteney] Malcolm presented his officers to N. and had a long conversation with admiral, in a great measure concerning the battle of Waterloo. N. promised to read to him a chapter of his History the next time of his arrival. Bernard better.

No answer or meat arrived at 11 P. M. Montholon's nurse went off in a pet in consequence of not being allowed to keep a young child of hers all night. Had some difficulty in inducing her to remain.

5th July. N. employed in reading and dictating. Leave granted by Sir H. Lowe to Mrs. Dove, a soldier's wife, to come to Longwood for a month in consequence of General Montholon's application. Poppleton wrote to governor a complaint about the beef. The governor's answer contains thanks to him for his exertions, but some parts of his letter are unintelligible to me. Bernard not so well as yesterday. [Prescription in doctor's cipher.] Mr. Cole [of Balcombe, Cole & Co., purveyors] came up about the meat.

N. drove out in the evening in his carriage, at six, round the park at a furious rate. The vehicle could scarcely be discerned in consequence of the clouds of dust produced by the rapidity of the course. He afterwards paid a visit to young De Las Cases,

who had sprained his ankle two days before. Marshal and Mme. Bertrand dined at Longwood with N.

NAPOLEON A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE.

De Las Cases complaining of Sir H[udson Lowe], I told him that in the list which he had sent to Sir Hudson to forward to England there were several articles (such as stockings and others) which he might either have for nothing, or if he did not like that, that he might pay the prime cost of them in England, and that the governor had told General Montholon of it, and, I believed, himself. He acknowledged this, and said that he believed the governor came with an intention to be civil, but that his manner of offering it made it appear otherwise. That he did not like to receive anything from the English government either by paying for it or otherwise, as if he took them and paid for them, in the confusion of accounts it might be supposed hereafter that he had got them for nothing. That he wanted at least to have an *opportunity of complaining*, to have the right of complaint. That if he took anything from the government he would not be able to complain hereafter, and might be accused of ingratitude if he did so. Said that if they could send a sealed letter to England that a complaint would be sent against the governor to the Prince Regent in order to get him removed. Asked me several questions about the means of getting a letter to him. I told him that it was necessary to send it through the ministers, and that if they did not approve of the contents they would not forward it to the Prince.

He said that the emperor would prefer being fettered, and treated with all form and politeness, than have the kind of liberty he had at present, and not be treated with all those forms and etiquette which he expected. That by a person in power humbling himself to the unfortunate, he really exalted his own character, instead of debasing it. He said also that the E[mperor] had received an *open* letter from his mother, which he rather conceived was an affront from the government than anything else. That he would prefer not receiving any letters to getting them *open*.

when Napoleon showed the rooms to her mother, her sister, and herself:

"Thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said laughingly, '*Regardez—voilà un mouton pour mon dîner, dont on a fait une lanterne.*' And sure enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass, through which the light shone." — EDITOR.

¹ Son of Count de Las Cases. The son at that time was sixteen years old, and assisted in the clerical work. In 1822 he assaulted Sir Hudson Lowe in a London street. In 1825 an attempt was made to assassinate him near Paris (supposedly by two Italians), and the fact that Sir Hudson was then in Paris caused some remark. — EDITOR.

² Mrs. Abell (the Rosebud), in her "Recollections," explains this phrase in describing a visit to Longwood,

MUCH ADO ABOUT LETTERS.

Napoleon sought unofficial communication with the newly arrived French commissioner, the Marquis de Montchenu; Mme. Bertrand wrote a letter inviting him to Hutt's Gate, where the Bertrands were then living, and where Las Cases, in case of his coming, was to join them; but the governor prevented the delivery of the letter. Bertrand resented this in a letter of July 2, to which the governor replied rather severely on July 4. On July 6 Montholon, at Napoleon's dictation, took a hand in the squabble. These letters are the chief subject of the following conversations with O'Meara, who at that time was calling professionally on Mme. Bertrand.—EDITOR.

6th [July]. N. out at 10 past 3 P. M. Mme. B[ertrand] informed me that she had written the letter to Montchenu in consequence of directions from N. himself, twice repeated, and that in case of Montchenu's having come up, that old De Las Cases was to have immediately proceeded to Hutt's Gate, in order to have an interview with him. This alluded to a letter written to the French commissioner by madame, inviting him to come up to Hutt's Gate to speak to her, but which letter had displeased the governor, in consequence of its not having been first submitted through him. She also said that her husband was obliged to write by the dictation of Bonaparte several things which must be unpleasant to the governor's feelings, such as accusing [him] of multiplying unnecessarily the restrictions, imposing new ones, and rendering his life miserable by them. But that all this was dictated by Bonaparte himself, and after being written, submitted to his inspection prior to being sent.

She said also that Montholon had told Napoleon that Sir H. Lowe had said that he (N.) must pay himself all the domestics, as well French as English, and that a great part of the household expenses also must [be] defrayed by him. This I believe to be chiefly false (on Montholon's part).

Bertrand asked me if I had ever heard that he had said injurious things of the governor, as he believed that such had been reported to him. Said that he had never spoken of the governor but to two people; that whatever he had to say he would say it to himself, and not to others. Said that when spoken of about him, he had always said that he did not yet know enough of him to form an opinion of him. "It is true," said he, "that he has multiplied the restrictions and imposed others, which Sir George Cockburn would probably never have done, but

I never said anything bad of him. What I wrote was dictated by the emperor, and was not my own." I asked him why [he] did not explain this to the governor, which he did not seem to like to do.

7th [July]. N. out in the garden. Saw him in his room. Mme. Bertrand greatly alarmed about the governor being angry with her husband. Told me that a letter had been written by Montholon by order of Bonaparte, containing many injurious reflections upon Sir H., accusing him of having no heart, of unnecessarily multiplying his restrictions, of studying to make his life unhappy, in very strong language. Said that instead of her husband having been instrumental to writing injurious reflections upon Sir H., that when he wanted to suppress some strong language, that Bonaparte told him he was afraid, that he was a coward, etc. That the other [Bertrand] had said that he never was so in his service, but that he was afraid to write injurious reflections upon paper, which could be productive of no good, and did not show any bravery in preparing them. Said that he had torn up a letter of five pages, written by Gourgaud by order of N., because it was full of invective. Said that Las Cases was the greatest trembler and dastard upon the earth, and that being afraid himself to go to town, like a poltroon, he had made a tool of her, and got her to write the letter to Montchenu which got her into a scrape, and had afterwards said because she had sent the letter openly that she did not take her measures right, or she might have easily got a letter conveyed to him. This he said in presence of Poppleton.¹ Said that when Sir H. got Montholon's letter he would see that everything [that] had been written by her husband was milk and honey to it. She said that De Las Cases was the principal means of embroiling the governor with Bonaparte by misrepresentations calculated to embitter his mind and render his feelings more poignantly acute to his situation. That he had said the English government had sent out two sharks to devour them—one Sir G. Cockburn, and the other Sir H. Lowe.

She was in great alarm about the sentinels having stopped some servants coming into the house with provisions, my servant with Madeira, and the label torn off the bottle. Piontkowski told her that she was in exactly the same situation with them at Longwood. That nobody could come to see her without

¹ This paragraph to the name "Poppleton" is the matter on the manuscript page given in facsimile on page 618 of THE CENTURY for February.—EDITOR.

a pass from the governor, and Sir Pulteney or Sir G. Bingham. Said that Major Harrison acted a base and dishonorable part, unworthy of a British officer and the uniform he wore; that he was there as a spy over them; that he had sent a poor sentry to camp to be flogged for having let a black fellow in to get a drink of water. That he would tell him so, and also Sir G. Bingham. Undeceived her about the orders, which only prohibited strangers without a pass, but allowed officers and their families accustomed to visit them upon putting their names down, and under these to be brigade, major-general, and naval staff, members of council. Brooke, Balcombe, Cole, and Fowler to be exceptions.

8th [July]. N. in the garden. Saw him in his room. Mme. [Bertrand] related nearly the same things as yesterday. Said she did not know whether the letter of Montholon's had been sent or not, but that she hoped it was, in order to show Sir H. that her husband was not the only person who wrote injurious reflections.

Montholon told Cipriani, in case Napoleon spoke to him concerning the proposed economy in the house, to explain to him the cause of apparently so great an expenditure, because, says M., "the emperor does not believe me!" "Why so?" says the other. "Not believe you!" *ironically*. "Oh," says M., "because he knows there is some difference between De Las Cases, Gourgaud, and myself, he does not believe me; he thinks that I may say something against them out of spite."

9th [July]. Madame spoke again about the letter. Said that it accused the governor, instead of complying with his instructions and treating the emperor in the mildest manner, had, on the contrary, done everything to make his life miserable and unhappy; that if his conduct were known to the English nation he would be removed directly. That he had left him [Napoleon] in the most sterile and horrid part of the isle, where nothing could thrive, not even a plant could grow in the garden for want of water, and also everything was blasted and withered by the continual wind, which blew furiously over this bleak and desolate spot allotted to them. That he ought to have had Plantation House; that if he intended to build a house for him, that he ought to do it over at the Plantation House side of the isle, where there was some shelter; that the emperor's health was daily declining in consequence of the bleak spot he existed in; that

if he would not do this he [N.] did not want him to make any more buildings, or to do anything else for him; that he did not want any more to be done to the wretched barn they were in.¹

P. S. The letter despatched this morning to Sir Hudson. She added that it was in contemplation to make a regular complaint to the Prince Regent, Parliament, and the English nation, of Sir H. Lowe, and to pray for his removal. That she would advise him to be more lenient, or he would lose his government; that the emperor wished to have Sir P. Malcolm as governor.

MME. BERTRAND TALKS OF NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE.

Spoke about the Bill, and Napoleon's escape from the island, an attempt at which I told her would be inevitable death by hunger, thirst, or being drowned, even allowing they could get a boat victualled, etc., and escape the cruisers, which I thought impossible. She said perhaps he could get out to an American vessel at some distance from the island in a boat. I asked her how he was to know of an American vessel being near. That no American would be let in or allowed to stay near the island; that an attempt of the kind could only be supposed to be made by people under sentence of death to whom a slender chance was open, and who could only die at best. She said that Las Cases had said that the Frenchmen would not be liable to the penalties in the Act, in assisting him [B.] to escape in a boat. I said that I thought they would in consequence of the paper they had signed.

9th [July] continued. N. out at 4 P. M. Weather very bad, and N. discontented with it. Mme. Bertrand in the evening said to me, apparently with joy, "Well, the famous letter has been sent.² I hope the governor will see that it is not my husband who writes the most violent letters." Said that the letter contained some of the severest reflections that could be upon Sir H., accused him of ill-treating them all, and particularly Marshal Bertrand. That though they were prisoners, they ought to be treated with the delicacy and respect due to their rank; that Napoleon had only two miserable rooms, so small that the furniture sent from England was useless, as it could not be put

¹ The original structure at Longwood was intended for a barn, afterward remodeled as a country house for the lieutenant-governor, and then added to for Napoleon's household.—EDITOR.

² The letter of July 8, dictated by Napoleon and signed by General Montholon, which, according to the latter, Marshal Bertrand had refused to write.—EDITOR.

into them; that Longwood House was in a state of ruin, the rain entered into nearly all the chambers; that they were in a state of constant danger from fire, in consequence of the roofs being covered with paper and pitch; that they had sent an engine certainly, which was, however, useless from want of water; that it was in vain that they tried to grow anything in the garden for the same reason, and in consequence of the eternal destructive wind; that the grounds were without fence, and that the hogs and cattle entered to the very doors; that there was a show made of building them additions, but that nothing was done in consequence of the want of an officer to be always on the grounds to superintend; that somebody in the line of an upholsterer was also absolutely necessary in Longwood; that the property of N. was in continual danger of being consumed by fire, etc., with what I have mentioned above.

She . . . spoke about N.'s health; . . . she dreaded also a fit of apoplexy might befall him. Said that Lord Holland had sent out to N. a machine for making of ice, which had never been sent to him by Sir H. Lowe. That some of the *Newcastle* officers had said so at Longwood, and that it was on board of the *Newcastle*. This I did not know myself before.

O'MEARA DECLINES A FEE.

Monthonlon this day gave twenty-five pounds to the accoucheur for delivering his wife; also left a similar sum in my writing-desk for me, which I did not know of until informed of it by Cipriani. I brought it back to him, and with great difficulty, and after much persuasion, prevailed upon him to take it back again. I told him that as surgeon to B. I could not think of taking money from him for my medical services, etc.

Mme. Bertrand asked me to get from Sir T. Reade the newspaper ("Times") containing her husband's letter to the Duke of Fitz-James,¹ and animadversions upon it, which I told her would wound both her and his feelings very much, but she still begged to have it.

10th [July]. N. out. Monthonlon made several complaints (and with reason) about the neglect of the purveyors in not sending up champagne and *vin de Grave*, which had been demanded three weeks before; about the purveyors refusing to pay a bill for fowls, etc.,

¹ The Duc de Fitz-James, brother-in-law of Marshal Bertrand, and an intense royalist. He helped to secure the condemnation of Ney, and asserted that Bertrand had taken the oath to Louis XVIII, producing a confidential letter as proof. — EDITOR.

which Sir H. had ordered they should prepare, and that Balcombe should pay; about the neglect in not sending up coals or mutton for three days or four, three fowls yesterday and five to-day, instead of five each day. I wrote to Sir T. Reade about it, and Captain Poppleton went to town himself to explain it to Sir H. It appeared to be entirely through the carelessness and inactivity of the persons employed to supply the establishment, who were sent for by Sir H. and reprimanded. It was partly owing also to the customary negligence, laziness, and stupid imbecility of the clerks in the company's stores. The wine and other articles came up in the evening.

Had a long conversation with De Las Cases, nearly of the same tendency as a former one. In the evening an answer was received by Monthonlon to his letter to Sir Hudson.

11th [July]. N. out walking opposite to dining-room. Received Captain Rich on his departure for the Cape.

Mme. B. says that De Las Cases declares that "*the emperor is his god!*" that he considers him as *such*, adding, "I believe he believes in no other!" I asked her if she knew anything about sixteen thousand pounds having been purchased into the English funds in the name of General Bertrand, which I saw in the papers. She denied any knowledge of it, said that all his money was in France; that they left it so precipitately that they had not time to arrange it, but left it in the hands of a banker there. That perhaps Marie Louise might have given orders for that sum to be invested in his name.

THE GOVERNOR HAS A TALK WITH O'MEARA.

Sir H. Lowe, passing by the house, sent a sergeant to tell me to follow him. Had a long conversation with him. He said that he would report De Las Cases to the English government for contemptuously refusing to accept of the articles sent out for the supply of the generals and others with Bonaparte, in order to prevent their experiencing any want, while, at the same time, he, De Las Cases, wrote him a letter to be forwarded to Lady Clavering, desiring some of the same articles offered to him by the governor to be purchased in England. Said that so far from being afraid of the complaints being made of him to the Prince Regent, that, did not his orders positively forbid his sending any sealed letters, he would forward any of theirs sealed. That he would forward any complaint of theirs; also that he would publish in the papers any letter of Napoleon's

that he desired, and that he had told N. himself so. Said that Montholon's letter was not at all couched in the violent terms Mme. [Bertrand] supposed; it was rather polite than otherwise. That he had answered that he would forward it to England in order to let the government know what General Bonaparte's wishes and thoughts were.

Desired me to tell Mme. Bertrand that he was very sorry that any restrictions he was obliged to lay on were hurtful to her feelings. That he *was very sorry* that she should be incommoded by them, though, says he, "she has let herself be made a tool of by them, which advise her not to do again." Said he would be very glad to see her.

On his arrival at Longwood found that Montholon was out, though Sir H. had written to him that he would be at Longwood to see what was wanting. Told me to, tell him that he had called according to his promise. Just as he was going away Montholon arrived, and Sir H. told him that he wished to do everything in his power to make them comfortable in the house. That he would make any alterations that might be desired; that he would either increase the house by additional buildings and making it two stories, or he would, if they liked, heighten the house nearly finished for M. Bertrand, and build two wings to it so as to make a comfortable house, or, in fact, anything they wished. That the reason more had not been yet done was that they had not given him any plan of what they wished to be done, and of course he did not know what to do; that if they fixed upon a plan once he would send every workman in the island, and all the means possible to complete it, with the engineer officers, etc. That he was afraid the alterations or additions in the house now occupied which might be requisite would prove an annoyance to Bonaparte in consequence of the noise of the workmen. That he would send a man to take a plan of the present house in order to propose some alterations and improvements, to be submitted to Bonaparte afterwards.¹ Montholon assented to all this, also requested that the library might be sent up as soon as possible, and the room where it was made comfortable before anything else, which Sir H. promised to do. Montholon also spoke about the billiard-table, and a good deal about the possibility of repairing and adding to the present house, which seemed to be difficult to be obtained without annoying N.

¹ Talk of a new house went on for two or three years, and finally an extensive one-story structure was finished at Longwood just before Napoleon's death.—EDITOR.

with the noise of the workmen. Nothing, however, was finally decided until the plans of the house should be drawn.

MONTHOLON'S ACCURACY AGAIN IN QUESTION.

12th [July]. N. out for some time in the garden. Mme. Bertrand asked me if Sir Hudson Lowe had said to Montholon yesterday that there was every inconvenience on the island; that it would be impossible to make a comfortable house for B., or to make him comfortable; that the climate was bad; that he had no doubt it would be prejudicial to N.'s health; that there was no object in view in keeping him in such a disagreeable place, as he could as easily effect his escape from St. Helena as from any other island belonging to his Britannic Majesty, and that he had *written the same already* to the English government; that he experienced every inconvenience himself in the island. I answered that I had been by the whole time, except about perhaps a minute; that I had not heard Sir H. say any such thing; that I was sure he had not said anything of the kind; that all I heard him say was that he was very much annoyed with rats at Plantation House, as much so as at Longwood. Told her Sir H.'s message.

13th [July]. N. did not go out, neither would he see the admiral, as he was not dressed when he arrived. Admiral on July 8 paid a visit to Mme. Montholon. N. dined in the dining-room with the others. Went to town and communicated to Sir H. a *part* of a conversation I had yesterday with N. relative to his wishing to have his new house at the other (Plantation House) side of the island, and some complaints of his respecting want of curtains, delay in Bertrand's house, neglect in not remedying the chimney which smoked, etc. Sir H. said that he would be glad that N[apoleon] would ride over and choose the spot himself, and said that he would call up for the purpose of having some conversation with him. I told him that Bertrand had seen the place he alluded to (Colonel Smith's); that I had no doubt N. would wish that in preference. He said that N. could not so easily be watched. I said I thought very easily, as he would be in the midst of his [Sir H.'s] staff, to which he assented, and then said he, "What will the Austrian commissioner do?" but afterwards that they might easily be removed. Said that the explanation I had given about the new restrictions imposed upon Bertrand's house was not correct; that the intention of Sir G. Cockburn had been to do the same, and that prior to leav-

ing St. Helena he (Sir George) had strongly pointed out the necessity of it, and acknowledged the great inconvenience of such free access being allowed to Bertrand's house; that it had been originally allowed in consequence of its being supposed that Bertrand's house would soon be finished. That it was far from a piece of revenge for Mme. Bertrand having written to Montchenu; begged of me to explain this to them. Said that Bonaparte was wrong in supposing that Longwood was the worst part of the island; that there were but very few small spots where there was any shade; that he knew nothing about the chimney's smoking or the want of curtains (which was true), that it was right to blame him for that; that he would consider about building the house for N. at the Plantation House side. That Rosemary Hall and Colonel Smith's must go together, etc.

Told him what Mme. Bertrand had informed me Montholon had said to N. as being the subject of conversation between him and Sir Hudson. He was as much astonished at it as myself, and declared (as I well knew before) that he had never said anything of the kind, and desired me to tell madame so.

Told Mme. B. what Sir H. said. Gave her the paper ["Times"] containing very severe reflections upon her husband. She repeated again what Montholon had said. Told her in answer to a request she had made of being sent some better tea, that she must make a complaint to Major Gorrequer, as the tea had been got out of the company's stores.

14th [July]. Mme. B. said that they had already read nearly the same comments in the "Star" on her husband's conduct; that the Duke of Fitz-James ought to have published the whole of the letter; that her husband did not say Louis, but only whatever king the French nation should choose (a very convenient way of explaining it away, certainly, this, and French-like); did not appear near so much annoyed at it as I expected.

Saw N. in his room. Bertrand and *femme* dined at Longwood.

SUSPICIONS AND DISSENSIONS.

16th [July]. N. out at breakfast in the garden. Mme. B. asked me if I did not think that Lady Lowe influenced her husband to impose unpleasant restrictions on them on purpose, out of spite to her, in consequence of her not having visited her; that N. also

¹ Mrs. Abell (Betsy Balcombe), in her "Recollections," says of Napoleon: "I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye,

supposed so. I endeavored to convince her of the folly and untruth of such a supposition.

17th [July]. N. out in the garden. Spoke to him for some time.

18th [July]. Billiard-table brought up. Sir H. arrived and arranged some matters with Montholon about the house, and Shortus got a wiggling. Everything connected with the buildings, repairs, etc., put under the direction of Colonel Wynyard. Mr. Jackson of the sappers and miners appointed to assist also. N. did not go out.

19th [July]. Fire discovered in the reception-room at Longwood at 5:30 A. M., caused by a beam of wood resting upon the flue of the grate, which, being made red-hot by a large fire the night before, had communicated to it, and had burned slowly all night nearly up to the ceiling. Put out by Captain P., some of the domestics, and the guard. No water in the cistern and none nearer than five hundred yards. Lots of staff-officers at Longwood afterwards. New chimney commenced. Billiard-table completed. Montholon and others trying everything to irritate Napoleon against the governor. Told him that there was not a sufficiency of victuals for the servants for their dinner. N. asked Cipriani, who told him that it was not true; that there was sufficient, though a sheep, the meat of which was unfit to be eaten, had been sent back.

20th [July]. Saw N. in his dressing-room; appeared to be melancholy. Did not say a word either to me or Marshal B. Walked about the building afterwards and went into Montholon's room. Several mules laden with red stone arrived for the chimney, etc. Dissensions between Gourgaud and De Las Cases about the room occupied now by Montholon, but which when evacuated by him both desire to have. Las Cases *dice poco e male, ma travaglia, travaglia sempre come topo nel formaggio a servirgli la messa* [speaks little and poorly, but works, works like a mouse in the cheese to get his share].

21st [July]. N. received in the garden Mrs. and Miss Balcombe [Jane], the Rosebud [Betsy], and some other ladies and gentlemen. Quizzed Jane about my being in love with her, and observed to Betsy that she grew very tall, remarking at the same time that "all weeds grow apace." Bet half angry.¹ Some mosquito-nets for his bed and yellow curtains sent up by Sir T. Reade to me for him. could not be transmitted to canvas, and these constitute Napoleon's chief charm. . . . He was, perhaps, rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country."—EDITOR.

22d [July].¹ N. out twice in the carriage. Ordered that the rooms belonging formerly to Montholon should be appropriated, the large one for a library, the others for Piontkowski, to the great mortification of *il Gesuita falso* ["the false Jesuit," Las Cases] and Gourgaud. The Gesuita pretended to be sick in order to induce N. to pity him, and accordingly bestow upon him the rooms, but it would not do. Montholon triumphant in consequence of Las Cases not having succeeded, which he partly attributed to counsels given by him to N. A ship-tank sent up to be a reservoir in case of fire.

Mme. Bertrand observed to me that the review of the Fifty-third [Regiment] was fixed on the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca, as an insult to the poor emperor. I told her that it was quite accidental that it occurred on that day; that it was a customary thing in all regiments to have an inspection on putting on their new clothing. She said also that Mme. Montholon had said that the Rosebud behaved very impolitely in not asking after her health, congratulating her on her accouchement, etc. That she was impolite also to N., and scarcely curtsied to him.

Grand dinner in camp. Present, governor's staff, heads of departments, etc.

23d [July]. Mme. B. said that it was very mean in Sir G. Bingham not to call either on her or B. since the new restrictions were laid on them. That he ought to be above it; that N. had observed the same, and said that it was unworthy of Sir G. B. That he was paying court to the governor, etc. I endeavored (but, I believe, to no purpose) to convince her that no such thing was the case; that Sir G. B. had daily intended to call on both, but something or other intervened which prevented it. That he was not a man to be influenced by such unworthy motives.

SOCIAL RIVALRY IN THE SUITE.

Saw N. in the garden. Told him that Captain Meynel would come up or send up men to arrange the arbor. Referred me to Montholon. Appeared melancholy. Went afterwards into Montholon's room, where he stayed for three hours, until half-past eight, probably because there was no other apartment for him to sit in unless he went again into his

own. Mme. [B.] said that Mme. M. puts on two additional gowns a day in order to please Napoleon. . . .

Sir G. Bingham sent to desire to see N., with Lady B. and Colonel and Mrs. Wynyard. N., however, sent word that he was unwell.

24th [July]. N. played at billiards for the first time. Went out in the carriage afterwards. N. arranged first that the rooms disposable should be arranged thus, viz., the large one for the library; the antechamber and the other small one for Piontkowski. After proceeding, however, with Montholon to look at them, he ordered that the antechamber should be made into a mess-room for Cipriani, Marchand, etc., and the other into an office for Piéron. He afterwards changed again, and decided upon keeping the antechamber as a passage for himself to go to the library unseen, and the other for a mess-room for Cipriani and Marchand, the present wine-cellar to be converted into an office, and the office into a wine-cellar.

A lieutenant and two mids, with several sailors, up at work covering the arbor with a studding-sail.

Discovered that the primary cause of the great enmity at present subsisting between Gourgaud and De Las Cases was about the governor, De Las Cases having told N. in the hearing of the other that if they wanted a pair of shoes or stockings they must send first to the governor to get leave to purchase them. This Gourgaud contradicted (though he is not by any means a friend to the governor, but merely to do an ill office to the Jesuit [Las Cases]), and said that it was a shame to tell such stories without foundation to the emperor; that they were without common sense or reason; that he had repeatedly sent down and bought whatever he wanted, and had also gone himself. This mortified the Gesuita so much that an inveterate enmity took place directly. They had previous to this been trying to do each other mischief underhandedly through jealousy or other worse motives.

Mme. B. appeared better contented, as somebody told her that N. had said in the carriage to Mme. M. that her gown was very ugly, and that she looked ugly in it. That he found fault with the yellow color of it and red ribbons about it; and also that he was

¹ On this date the French commissioner, Montchenu, wrote to M. Prieur in France about the means taken to guard against Napoleon's escape, concluding as follows: "Nothing occurs without my being informed of it, so you may reassure your good neighbors of Angoulême: I can promise that you won't see HIM again

whilst I am here. . . . Bonaparte is not at all amusing: he is always ill-humored, teases every one who comes near him, will be treated like an emperor, and behaves like one to everybody. Copy my letter and circulate it: it will reassure cowards and caution plotters."—EDITOR.

very angry with Montholon for breaking out a door in the small room, formerly his, without asking permission. She appeared to hug herself with the idea that he had found fault with Mme. M., and also because he had said that when Bertrand's house was finished he would have two drawing-rooms to sit in, and he would frequently go to her house. This pleased her greatly. She said that the reason N. would not see Mrs. Wynyard was that she had not applied through Bertrand for an interview.¹

Asked Bertrand to procure an interview for Rev. Dr. Ward, lately arrived from India, where he had been for eighteen years, at the request of Colonel Maunsell. Bertrand promised to do all he could, but said that N. had told him not to apply for any person who did not come personally to him [Bertrand]. I told him the old divine intended doing so.

BERTRAND'S CONDEMNATION.

25th [July]. Told N. of the arrival of the *Griffon* from England the night before. I informed him also that Marshal Bertrand had been tried by a council of war and condemned to suffer death, though absent. "What!" said he; "this Bertrand, this man here?" pointing in the direction of his house. I replied in the affirmative. He appeared then lost in astonishment for a few seconds, when, recollecting himself on my observing what an unjust and unprecedented thing it was to condemn a man in his absence, he said: "By our laws a man accused of a capital offense may be tried for contumacy and condemned to death, though not present, but at the same time when they get hold of that man they cannot act upon the sentence; they must try him a second time. If Bertrand were now in France he would be acquitted, like Drouot." He observed afterwards that it showed well what a rage existed in France against him. Said that it availed nothing, but that he was sorry for it on account of madame, who would take it so much to heart. He seemed greatly pleased when I told him of Cambronne's acquittal. He received this day a letter from madame, one from Lucien, and another from Pauline. Complained of rheumatic pain in

his side, and expressed his fears of the humidity of the climate.

I told Bertrand of his condemnation. He had just seen it in the paper. Did not seem much affected at it. Said nearly the same as N. about the French laws. I went in afterwards and told, along with B., madame of it, endeavoring to convince her that there was nothing in it. She bore it better than I expected.

26th [July]. Saw N. in his dressing-room. Gave him a paper of the 20th May, and told him a good deal of the news it contained about the insurrection at Grenoble. He asked who had organized it. Seemed surprised when I told him that it was said four thousand half-pay officers were concerned in it. I told him a man named [Jean-Paul] Didier was said to be at the head of it. He repeated the name two or three times, and said that he must have been in subaltern capacity in it. He asked about Lefebvre-Desnouettes. I said that he had been condemned to death like Bertrand, but that he had escaped to America.

He said: "I see what a bad state of things exists in France now, when they are forced to have recourse to such abominable and disgraceful measures as condemning Bertrand to death in his absence. The country must be in a sad state." I observed that it reflected but little credit on the Duke of Fitz-James, what he had done with respect to Bertrand. "Yes," said he, "it is disgraceful to human nature. A brother-in-law to take such measures to destroy another. The manner, too"—producing a confidential letter. "But," said he, "in these revolutions everything is forgot. What benefits you confer to-day are forgotten tomorrow. His side is changed; gratitude, friendship, relations, every tie vanishes like that," said he, making a motion with his fingers, "and all sought for is to aggrandize one's self. Such is the nature of revolutions."

A SCRAP OF FAMILY NEWS.

He asked about Marie Louise. I said that she had arrived at Parma, and that it was said she still retained the title of Majesty.

else sank into insignificance when she appeared; and yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretensions to beauty, but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queen-like and dignified. Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said, 'No.' He then desired Marchand to bring down a snuff-box, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young.—EDITOR.

¹ In her "Recollections," Mrs. Abell says of a conversation with Napoleon:

"He remarked once that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the governor's [step]-daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior, beyond all comparison, to any one I had ever before seen. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the *Northumberland*, and I always thought every one

"Già [yes]," said he, "*certo* [certainly]." He then asked about his son. I said I had seen nothing about him. I told him Camille Jourdan had arrived in England. He seemed surprised at this, and said he could not conceive why, as he never had been a patriot. He asked me by whose orders the tent was erecting, by the governor's or admiral's. I said that the men who did it were sailors, but that I could not tell by whose orders it was undertaken. That it might be by either's. N. appeared to want to know very much. I said that I had spoken to the governor about it, who had intended to have it done, and proposed to cover it with white nankeen. He laughed and said after, "Ah, this governor is a sad man (*un uomo tristo*). *Fa niente*. [He does nothing.] He promises and does nothing. Truly a weak man, a sleepy-headed fellow, a man of no memory. Ah," said he (looking very significantly at me, as much as to say I would not be here now), "if England had not men in her service of more talent than him!" His looks here and the motion of his head were so significant that I could not mistake his meaning, though he said no more. He said he liked very much Mill's Papers;¹ that he easily understood them, and they were important.

I told him about old Montchenu's kissing Mrs. M—. . . . He laughed very heartily at this, and . . . asked a good deal about the commissioners. Whether Mrs. M— was old or young, if handsome. Spoke about Mme. Stürmer; said that he would like to see her. I said that her husband was jealous of the Russian [Count Balmain]; said that he did not now live with them. . . . He asked about the botanist sent out by the Austrians, asked what he did. I said I did not know. "Ha," says he, "I think there is something in it; that he is sent out by the Austrian government in some diplomatic capacity or other. That of a botanist is a cloak for it." He then said, "Perhaps as a spy about the other [Baron Stürmer]."

He complained of pain in his side, probably rheumatic; said it was caused by the humidity of the climate. Asked some questions about his liver. I advised him to rub his side well with a flannel cloth and some eau de Cologne. He laughed, looked at me, and gave me a gentle slap in the face, laughing.

NAPOLEON'S DETESTATION OF DRUNKENNESS.

27th [July]. N. drove rapidly three times round the park in his carriage. Received

¹ By James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill.

and conversed with, for a long time, Colonel Keating of the Bourbon regiment. Appeared to be well acquainted with everything concerning the Isle of Bourbon, Mauritius, etc.

Spoke to N. in Mme. Montholon's room. N. said that he had still a pain in his side, and asked several questions about the liver, and made me show him the situation of it on my own body. Asked the symptoms of hepatitis and what caused it. Said that he thought this climate was not sufficiently hot to cause it. I gave him some explanations, and Dr. Mme. Montholon immediately entered into an elaborate lecture upon hepatitis. Described with *great knowledge* that there was sometimes inflammation on the convex and sometimes the concave side of the liver. Entered into some of the symptoms, which she had got by heart out of Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," translated into French. I told N. that intoxication was a frequent cause of it, especially when combined with the effects of a hot climate. "Then," said he, "I ought not to have it, as I never was drunk but once in my life, and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. . . . I drank three bottles of Burgundy, and was completely drunk. Oh, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can ever think of doing it again. Such headache, vomiting, and general sickness; I was nearly dead for two days."

Mme. Bertrand asked me if I thought that the English government would give up her husband. I told her certainly not. She said: "Oh, how much I ought to be obliged to the English government for sending my husband here! Perhaps, God knows, if it had not been for that he would have been taken up and shot, *fusillé*." . . .

ABSURD POSITION OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

28th [July]. Took a drive with N. in his carriage. Told him what Sir Thomas Reade told me, viz., that the Russian commissioner did not take any part in the letter written officially to the governor to see him. That it was only the French and Austrian commissioners who had applied; that the Russian would be very proud of being introduced to him, not in an official capacity, in fact in any manner which would not constrain him. He appeared surprised at this, and said that he had been told that the Austrian and Russian had applied, and not the Frenchman. He made me repeat it to him again. He said that they, the two who had applied, had taken their measures very badly

if they wanted to be presented to him. That all the powers of Europe could not force him to receive them. "It is true," said he, "they can break open the door or level the house down, and then find me where, where? . . . If they are not satisfied with the governor's report that I am here, cannot he cause them to come up when I am walking in the garden? They can see me from the other side of the ditch walking, if they do not credit this jailer of a governor, this chief of spies." He then remarked what *coglioneria* [nonsense] it was to send such a set out without any official authority, unrecognized even by the governor, and again said that no powers should force him to see them against his will; that two millions of men in arms should not make him do it. I told him that the Russian was a man of talent, and very much esteemed by those who knew him.

He . . . said that he had heard that the admiral [Sir P. Malcolm] was not to remain here more than a few months, and asked me if I believed it. I said I thought that he would not remain more than a twelvemonth. He said: "I do not think that two such opposites as the governor and him ever agree together. It must be very disagreeable to the admiral, who is a good man, to have any connection or concern with the other, who is such a *galeriano*. They surely cannot agree together. He is too good a man for such a governor and such an island. They ought to send out some ugly brute (*qualche brutta bestia*), with a mind as deformed as his face, as admiral, and then they will think things perfectly resembling each other." . . .

A BOOK WITHHELD FROM NAPOLEON.

"There was a book¹ sent out to me lately by the author, an Englishman, I believe. . . . On the back of this was written, in letters of gold, 'To the Great Napoleon, the Great Emperor Napoleon,' or 'the greatest man in the world,' or," said he, "some other *coglioneria* like that. Now, this *galeriano*, this brigand of a governor, would not allow the book to be sent to me because that was written upon it; because I was called emperor; because he thought it would be agreeable to me to see that some esteemed me, that all men were not like him. It was a proof of meanness and lowness that I did not think any man capable of, much less a general and a governor. Mean, dirty spite and malice,

¹ Hobhouse's "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon."—EDITOR.

and *coglioneria* withal, for he sends me letters directed to the Emperor Napoleon. And this is the man sent out here by England to be over me, whom you say all the powers of Europe have their eyes upon. *Uno scioccone*. [A big fool.] He pretends that we must not write a note for a pair of shoes or stockings without letting him send it, or that we must not even speak what we think. That we must not speak without asking him, *un imbecille, minchione, scempio* [an imbecile, dullard, ninny]," said he. "I could send, if I had a mind, letters to Europe by every ship which leaves the island, but I do not like to do underhand things. He pretends that we shall have no correspondence but through him; that he must know everything we do, even our thoughts. *Sciocco* [fool], I could send as many letters as I like. I could yesterday have sent by the colonel, the governor [of Bourbon], letters. He offered me to do so. I told him my way of thinking, I told him several things. He doubtless will make known what I have said to him about the way I am treated. The other, *boja*, seemed to anticipate what I would say to him, as he, in a manner, prepared him for it, as he told him about some things which I mentioned to him."

He said shortly afterwards that it must have been owing to Sir H. being possessed of the faculty of writing well ("for," said he, "he certainly writes well") that he got this situation, "for," said he, "he has never done anything. He is not known. Indeed, the only command that he had where there was anything to do he was obliged to capitulate. But by his letters he has humbugged the ministers (*coglionato il ministro*), and made them believe that he was possessed of more talent than he has." . . .

He praised Sir Thomas Reade, and asked some questions about him.

I told him that it was asserted that the Emperor of Austria was going to take a fourth wife in the daughter of the Elector of Saxony. He replied that it was very probable, "for," said he, "he would have married her before if it had not been for me. He wanted to do it, but I would not let him. I prevented it because she was a very bad and a wicked woman." . . . He said that the Emperor of Austria was a man of no affection or feeling. . . . He abused the island; said, "*Soggiorno più infame di questo non c'è nel globo.*" ["A sojourn worse than this could not be found in the world."]

(To be continued.)

THE WARFARE OF RAILWAYS IN ASIA.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.



AMERICA, Germany, Belgium, Japan, China, Italy, France, Turkey, England, and Russia are to-day building or projecting railroads in Asia. Suddenly, and for the first time, everyone of the nine countries first enumerated discovers that at the beginning of 1900 its railway lines, at some point, touch or encroach upon those of the tenth—America at Hankau, Germany at Tientsin, Belgium at Ching-ting, Japan in Korea, China at various points, Italy at Tai-yuan, France at Wu-chang, Turkey and Germany in Armenia, while England, touching Russian lines at Peking, Niu-chuang, and other points in central China, also is threatened at Herat and Kabul in Afghanistan, and is fearing even for her northern boundary of India in the Pamirs.

This situation has been foreseen by Russia for at least a generation. Like a hand, the palm of which firmly covers Siberia and Transcaspia, the Czar has planted his railway system in Asia. From this strong palm five fingers radiate, and feel their way preparatory to closing in for the next firm grasp. At present an apparently weak and insignificant finger of steel is gradually slipping from its point of connection with the palm, in the Caucasus, toward Constantinople; it has made some progress. The next finger almost touches Teheran, and is gliding down through Persia to the gulf. The middle finger slips out from under the palm at Merv, in central Asia; it has touched Herat, and, unless stopped, will soon reach Kandahar and the Arabian Sea, touching British India teasingly in the ribs near Karachi. The index-finger, starting from Samarkand, has already reached the border of China. It will penetrate through the center, its tip finally emerging at Peking, that long-coveted plum, the capital of China, on which already rests Russia's thumb, like a powerful lever coming down from Siberia.

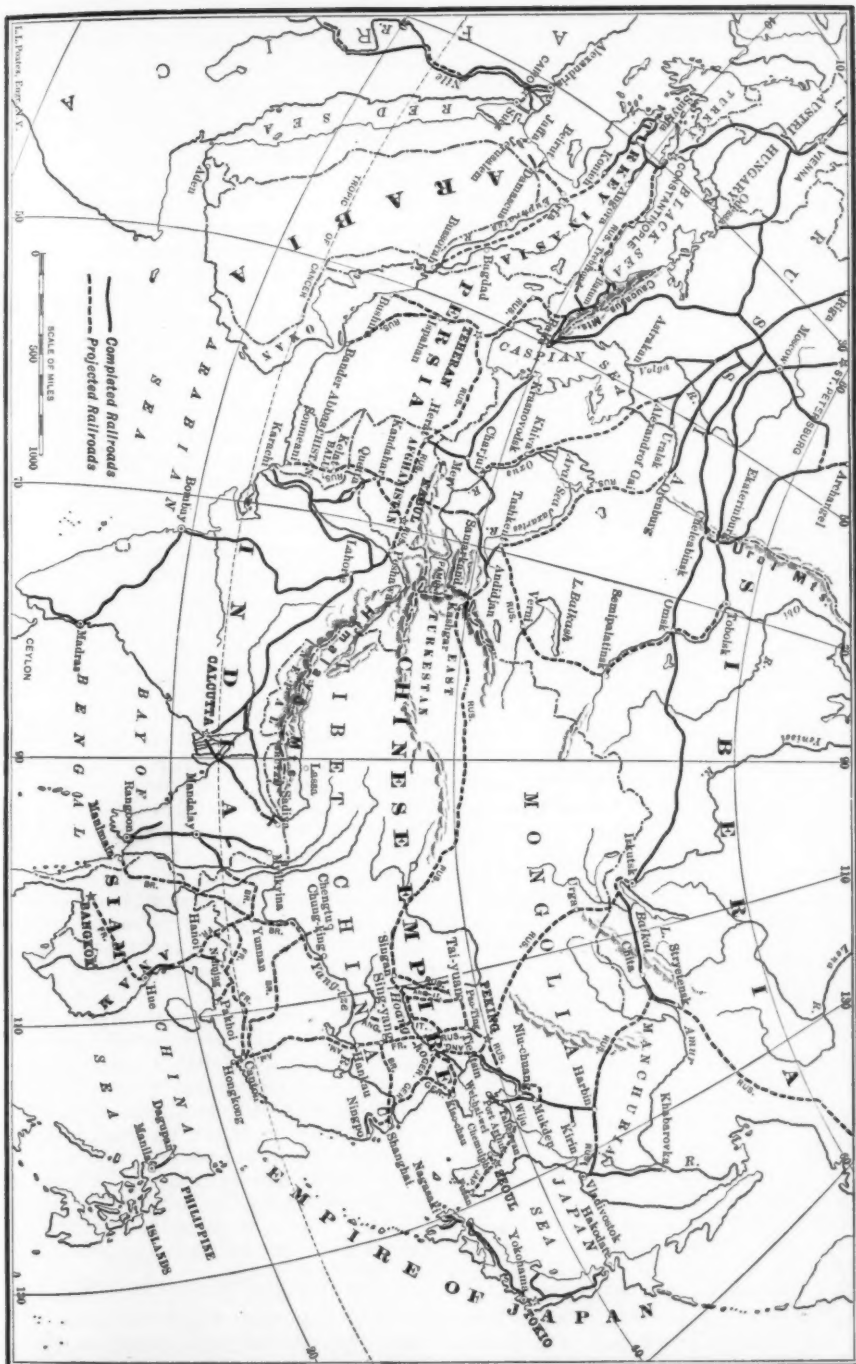
Russia is almost ready once more to close her ever forward hand, to advance the palm, and again reach out for more; but now, for the first time in the history of

her railway advance into Asia, the Great Bear finds her right of way contested, not by weak, semi-civilized tribes, but by every other great power of the world. Nevertheless, either one by one or altogether, as opportunity offers, Russia is determined to advance her railway tentacles, although now at every point other hands are extended to meet hers, and the final grapple must soon occur. Where and when will the first struggle take place?

RUSSIAN ADVANCE INTO TURKEY.

Up to the beginning of 1900 Russian railway schemes in Turkey have made less actual progress than in any other Asiatic country, partly for the reason that it is the inviolate policy of the Czar to build railways only into territory over which he is ready to proclaim sovereignty, partly on account of the violent opposition of the Sultan, backed by the powers, and partly for the reason that hitherto there has existed no unbroken rail connection between Moscow and Armenia. But now that the road from Petrovsk to Baku, along the western shores of the Caspian, is about completed, and Germany having secured a concession to build a railroad from Konieh to the Persian Gulf at the mouth of the Euphrates, Russia has demanded extensive concessions from the Porte, and her Armenian railroad is being surveyed from Batum to Trebizond and along the shores of the Black Sea to Constantinople. In violation of the treaty after the Crimean war, Batum has been fortified until it is impregnable, and forms a base for the next advance on Turkey.

But Turkey, also, is awakening from her lethargy. Numerous railway concessions have been granted, and iron rails are proceeding from Constantinople, Smyrna, even from Jerusalem and Damascus, toward a common point of meeting on the Euphrates. Here, too, Russia will doubtless meet her rivals, but it is the quiet back-door way to Constantinople that will receive most of Russia's attention. Skirting the shores of the Black Sea, this will ever be under the protection of her fleet, and in the event of



attacks by the Kurds or Turks, Russia may consider the peril to the road ample excuse for annexing Turkish Armenia. It will all depend upon how the powers are engaged when the crisis comes.

The railway advance from Beirut, in Palestine, on the Mediterranean, has passed Damascus, and is continuing to Aleppo and beyond, with Urfa, on the banks of the Euphrates, as its present prospective terminus, while the railroad projected from Constantinople has proceeded half-way across Turkey to the same point. When they meet, in the near future, a continuous trip from Paris to Palestine, and even to Jerusalem, will be possible, as the line from Damascus is also being projected in that direction, leaving but a very short distance unsurveyed between Jaffa and Port Said, where the Anglo-Egyptian system of railroads begins; and finally, when this gap is closed, it will be possible to go from London to Khartum by rail in less than a week, and long before Cecil Rhodes completes his Cape-to-Cairo project an all-rail route from Calais will be ready to complete its connection.

Arabia is still destitute of railroads, but it is to be seen whether, after closing her hand on what she now has under her fingers, Russia will not reach out and cover the country from Tiflis to Aden with a feeler in the shape of a projected railroad, following up the logical belief of every loyal subject of the Czar that Russia is heir apparent to all Asia and must soon accomplish her inexorable destiny. It would be casting a reflection on the astuteness Russia has always shown in her railway advance to doubt for one moment that, if opportunity offered, she would parallel the Red Sea with her iron rails, and thus nullify the strategic value of the Suez Canal to England in time of war; for with railway control of the Red Sea, Russia could send all English war-vessels around the Cape of Good Hope before they could attack her in the far East.

RUSSIA'S RAILWAY POWER IN PERSIA.

IN Persia the power of the Czar is greater than that of the Shah. The country of Iran is surveyed for a network of projected Russian railways, some of which are even now under course of construction, so that St. Petersburg and Teheran will soon be bound closely together by iron rails. The point of advance into Persia is from Tiflis; at Teheran one branch will turn south to the Persian Gulf, while the other will proceed eastward, through territory which is virtually Rus-

sian, to a connection with the Transcaspian Railway at Herat. The affairs of all northern Persia being administered by Russian agents, no great difficulty is likely to be encountered until the vicinity of Herat is reached. What steps England will then take will depend upon the ministry in power at the time. Hitherto England has always receded in her demands as Russia advanced, and when war occasionally seemed imminent, Russia, with Oriental patience, waited, and before many years a new English ministry would prove pliable, and the Muscovites would carry their frontiers still nearer India without the loss of a man.

The line from Teheran south to the Persian Gulf divides at Ispahan, the main line going on to Bushire, near the head of the gulf, while the branch proceeds across the country in a southeasterly direction to Bander Abbas, at the head of the Gulf of Oman. These are the two branches which are destined, in all probability, to become as important commercially to America as to Russia, notwithstanding the fact that they give to the latter country its long-coveted outlet to the Indian Ocean, a matter of the greatest strategic as well as commercial importance to Russia. Through these two ports must enter all material for the construction of the central Asian railways. A few months ago Russia ordered from American manufacturers twelve million dollars' worth of railway material, wherewith to build a branch line of the Trans-Siberian system, and much of this material must go from New York via the Suez Canal to Vladivostok, Siberia. The Persian Gulf is almost midway between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Russia, alone of all European countries building railroads in Asia, does not supply her own material, but looks to America for rails, cross-ties, locomotives, equipment, and even the tools with which to lay her thousands of miles of track, as well as the steel bridges she erects across the various rivers. Most of Russia's projected Asian roads will be built entirely with American material, and her Eastern roads now accessible to our ships are entirely American-built. It may be readily understood why Russia will strive to secure a series of ports on the Indian Ocean as outlets for her railroads.

THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER FLEET.

IN connection with her Transasiatic railroads, Russia conducts several steamship lines, the greatest of these being the Russian Volunteer Fleet, composed of superb

ocean steamships, really auxiliary cruisers to her navy, which run from St. Petersburg on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea, to Vladivostok, Siberia. Between these terminal points (it is fifteen thousand miles from St. Petersburg by water to Russia's nearest Siberian port) there is not a single coaling-station belonging to Russia, and in time of war the Czar could no longer rely on friendly states to provide his fleet with coal. Almost any of the great powers would have the Russian navy at its mercy. But were the Dardanelles Russian territory, a convenient port on the Mediterranean would be attained. With the Persian Gulf in her possession Russia would, indeed, add greatly to her security. A new naval base would be established, and England would be put to an enormous expense for maintaining an increased fleet of war-ships in Indian waters.

In addition to this, Russia would begin to become a power in ocean commerce. With a new outlet, by rail and water, from her European possessions, she would soon build up populous cities on the coast of the Arabian Sea, and garrison them well with the pick of her soldiery.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE route through Persia is not Russia's only project for reaching the Indian Ocean. At the risk of England's declaring war, she has advanced her railway to within a few miles of Herat, and now evidently contemplates a dash to Kandahar, and then on through Baluchistan. Only those who remember how quickly Russia has laid rails in the past can realize how suddenly the world may be startled with the news that this road has been completed. Russia does not invite scrutiny of her railway projects. It is still necessary to obtain a permit from the minister of the interior to travel on the Transcaspian Railway, and the railroad from Merv to the gates of Herat was built before the world was notified of Russia's intention.

It is the strong middle finger of Russia's railway hand in Asia that reaches down to Herat; it will stretch farther, and all the while the great hand behind this finger is being strengthened. The Transpersian line, which ends at Herat, will give a direct all-rail communication between Moscow and India's frontier; but, not content with this, Russia is preparing to build a railroad from Orenburg, directly connected by rail with St. Petersburg, twelve hundred miles around the Aral Sea, and along the Syr Daria River to Samarkand, which is already connected

with Herat by rail. Since the opening of hostilities in South Africa, which will keep England busy there, and the entrance of Germany into Asia Minor as a possible railway ally of Russia, the Czar's government now seriously contemplates extending the Alexandrof Gai Railroad to Charjui, bringing Moscow about two thousand miles from Herat and Samarkand, which is six hundred miles nearer than by any other possible route. From Samarkand south through Bokhara and Afghanistan, Russia has projected, and is already building, a more direct line to Kandahar. Her railway frontier in Turkestan is now about three hundred miles from Kabul; Herat is only three hundred and ninety miles from Kandahar; and from that point to Kabul is three hundred and thirty miles.

For more than a decade England has not advanced her Indian frontier. Her railway lines to the west still end just beyond Quetta, some eighty miles from Kandahar, and at Peshawar, about one hundred and seventy-five miles from Kabul; but to both cities lines have been surveyed, and the rails are ready to be laid whenever a ministry in London feels that occasion calls for such a step. England once held Kandahar, but an over-honest ministry recalled the troops from what has been termed India's scientific frontier; for with troops in Kandahar and Kabul it is believed that an invasion of India would be impossible.

England's theory of a buffer state to stop the encroachments of Russia has proved a failure. In the Pamir region, to the north, the Indian frontier already touches Russia, and a railroad is projected from Andidjan (the present terminus of the Transcaspian Railway) to the plateau of the Pamir; but whether Russia's railway will ever enter this inhospitable plateau, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, is doubtful. However, at Kandahar and at Kabul a meeting of the Russian and Indian railways seems inevitable in the near future, and at last the frontiers of the two countries will become adjacent. This may or may not come about without war, but in any event it will give some advantages to England, for it will bring Calcutta within a week or ten days of London; and even far-off Singapore, only eighty miles north of the equator, will be drawn nearer to the English capital, in point of time, than many parts of Canada already tapped by rail. The enormous gain to merchants in transportation of certain goods, the rapid delivery of mails and the quick travel possible will probably more than com-

pensate England for any disadvantages she may see in having Russia for so near a neighbor. Of course the advantages to Russia would be greater still, for while England would probably have free access to the entire line from Calais to Calcutta in time of peace, yet should war ensue, she would still have to send her troops to India by the roundabout, tedious water route, while at all times Russia's troops would have right of way from St. Petersburg to the frontier of India, and to her naval transports on the Arabian Sea.

CENTRAL ASIA AS A BASE FOR RUSSIA.

THE Transcaspian and central Asian countries are now pretty well covered with railroads, constructed or building, and at every town the Russian government has stationed thousands of Cossacks and native soldiers. At a moment's warning Russia could mobilize a vast army, and in a few hours could throw a number of battalions across the Afghan or the Chinese frontier. Her influence in western China is paramount; but in Afghanistan, with all her preparations and the expenditure of millions, she can penetrate no farther than the frontier of her railroads, for it would take as many men to carry sustenance through the barren, rocky mountains as there would be fighters in the army. If there is to be war it must be along or within reach of railroads and troop-trains. Central Asia has become the base from which Russia must enter India and western China, and she has transformed it from an abode of robbers and slave-traders to a prosperous, peaceful, agricultural community. The former ruffians are now drafted in her army, and are ready to follow where they are led.

Russia's steel fingers do not cease for a moment to harass her old foe of the ages, but the index reaching straight across China from Tashkent, while paralleling the Anglo-Italian concession in the valley of the Yellow River, touches other European interests. This line has been surveyed for its entire distance, but the exact route of several hundred miles through the desert of central China has not as yet been decided upon definitely. Nevertheless, its completion will give Asia three distinct transcontinental lines from Paris to the Pacific. Throwing, as it does, one half of China under Russian influence, it is the greatest strategic line, from a territorial standpoint, that Russia has yet advanced. Almost parallel from Peking to Kashgar, where the Russian system ends, China has recently completed the erection of a telegraph line, and along this route from each

end both countries expect to build a railroad. Russia is already extending one of the many tentacles of her Transcaspian system to Kashgar, and another she is sending up through her own territory to Omsk, to connect the Transchinese with the Trans-Siberian system. It is the Transchinese line which, like a bent finger, its knuckle against England at Singan, turns north to press firmly with its tip the city of Peking, where the Trans-Siberian system (Russia's railway thumb) presses down with all its weight upon China's capital, the two holding it between them with the grip of a vise.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN SYSTEM IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM.

THE base of the thumb may be said to be Omsk, where the Semipalatinsk road will connect with the Transcaspian system, and more than one line of steel sinew with Moscow and St. Petersburg. The thumb and forefinger have closed together, and in little more than a year they have added so much territory as to make Russia, instead of England, possessor of the largest amount of the earth's surface. More than this, every acre of Russia's possessions is contiguous, and every mile of her frontier is fortified by railroads.

As much of the Trans-Siberian system proper as will ever be built is now about completed, for construction-trains make their way with few breaks from Lake Baikal eastward, and over frozen rivers to Stryetensk, on the Amur, the terminus of the road; for it is a branch, called the Chinese Eastern Railway, that leaves the main line at Chita and proceeds to Vladivostok, with other branches to Port Arthur and Peking. But Russia contemplates an additional and still more direct line to Peking, and as now projected it will proceed from the banks of Lake Baikal through Mongolia, a Russianized province, to the Chinese capital. It may be a wild idea, but Russian engineers are actually talking of a railroad from Stryetensk to Bering Strait, over a comparatively easy route that does not enter the Arctic Circle. This imaginary line, they hope, would connect with the American line which is now being built to Dawson City, the distance from which to Stryetensk is about three thousand miles. If this road ever is completed they figure that New York will be placed in railroad connection with London, Calcutta, and Cape Town.

From Vladivostok and Talien-wan (the outport of Port Arthur) a steamship line is projected to our Pacific coast, Russia being

anxious to establish close trade relations with us.

Although not surveyed three years ago, the Chinese Eastern Railway is now almost completed, thanks to American tools, material, and methods. From Harbin, on the Sungari River, it is now possible to travel to Port Arthur and Niu-chuang, and even to Peking itself, by the English line from Niu-chuang, although Russia is now building a road into the Chinese capital from Mukden, paralleling the English line. Another line is projected from Kirin to Korea, but this will not be even talked of until through communication with European Asia is possible via the Trans-Siberian Railroad, at least a year hence, and then the protests of Japan will be treated from a far different standpoint. One more year of peace and good will in the far East is all Russia asks before the war of the railroads breaks out.

While in Port Arthur and the far East during the summer of 1899 I was made to realize the secret of Russia's successful conquest of Asia by rail. She replaces instability with stability, at the point of the bayonet, it is true; but it cannot be conceived that Manchuria, now a Russian province, will ever be content to return again to the rule of her mandarins. Russia encourages Chinese merchants to cross her borders; she protects them, and they no longer hide their wealth in fear of being compelled, by dishonest officials, either to disgorge or be tortured to death. The Manchu farmers are protected from the raids of robbers and extortionate tax-collectors, and the coolies, ever accustomed to blows and abuse, take naturally to the brutal treatment they receive from their Russian masters, who employ them by tens of thousands on the Chinese Eastern Railway. In fact, the Manchus are so glad to work for the Russians that often they tear up miles of track after it has been completed merely for the pleasure of doing the work over again—and being paid for it. But now that Cossacks guard every mile these depredations are less frequent.

RAILWAY COMPLICATIONS IN CHINA.

Russian railroads in the far East now ostensibly end at Peking, but there is the French alliance, to say nothing of the Belgian syndicate so called, but which is believed to be really a Franco-Russian concession from the Chinese government to build an extension of Russia's railway south from Peking into forbidden territory; for there is

a treaty between England and Russia that neither shall advance upon the other's sphere of influence in China, or even allow their individual citizens to do so.

England, with her usual Anglo-Saxon honesty of purpose, adheres rigidly to these agreements; Russia, on the other hand, with true Oriental chicanery, declines diplomatically to keep any part of any treaty she enters into unless compelled to do so by armed force stronger than her own, so that in matters diplomatic the wily Oriental always comes out first, and indignant John Bull blusters loudly because he is left so far behind. So it is that the only part of China that Russia does not cover with her closing hand is that comparatively small sphere where all interests of the world clash. She uses France's paw for that.

The alleged Franco-Russian concession (the greater portion of the money to build the road having been subscribed in Europe more than a year ago) will soon be completed. This line will cross the proposed Russian Transchinese line at Ching-ting, about one hundred and sixty miles south of Peking. From its northern terminus, ten miles south of Peking, trains are now running to Ching-ting. From Ching-ting this joint line runs through a rich mineral and coal country, and across the Hoangho River into the valley of the Yang-tze-Kiang, and to Hankau, on its very banks, notwithstanding Russia's agreement with England to keep out of the Yang-tze valley. At Hankau, the center of the tea trade, where ocean steamships ply with safety, Russian business houses are superseding those of England; and it is rapidly becoming a Russianized city. This is as far south as Russia's threatening domination has advanced, but a friendly power, America,—in other words, the Brice Syndicate,—is now preparing to build a railroad through the richest section of all China south from Hankau to Canton, where ends the French system running north from Tongking. Recent reports from Peking indicate that Russia is still striving to have the American concession withdrawn from the present projectors, so that together with France she may herself build this road. From Canton a French railroad is projected due east to Yunnan, where it meets the lines of English railway from Mandalay and India; but the railways France has projected in China are not likely to realize an early completion, and they form the weak link in the chain.

Germany, thus far, has confined herself to Shantung province, with roads running

from Kiao-chau harbor to the Hoangho River, and one to the Grand Canal.

England's railway influence in northern China is spasmodic, and mostly in conjunction with other nations. In her venture from Shan-hai-kwan to Niu-chuang, Russia has outgeneraled her at every point, and is paralleling this line to Peking preparatory to driving England out of the district entirely.

From Tientsin England and Germany jointly have secured a magnificent concession for a railroad, which will follow the Grand Canal for its entire route to Shanghai. This will be an easy piece of construction. Germany will control this line from Tientsin to the point of intersection of her Southern Railroad, and England has agreed not to connect her naval station Wei-hai-wei with this or any other railway. From Shanghai England will build, independent of any other nation, to Nanking, on the Yang-tze-Kiang, and southward from Shanghai to Wen-chau. With Italy she has secured a most valuable concession in the Shansi and Honan districts, where, with Russia paralleling her every line, she hopes to exploit in peace the wonderful coal- and iron-beds in her possession. From Hong-Kong England is building a short road to Canton, and a recent concession gives her the right to build from Wu-chau, near Canton, northwesterly to Cheng-tu, beyond the Yang-tze-Kiang; but elsewhere in central China she is conspicuous by her absence. From the termini of the Anglo-Italian railroads at Singan and Sing-yang to Chung-king and the Yang-tze-Kiang (where England's iron rails will again begin their journey southward), a distance of about four hundred miles intervenes, and should this ever be occupied by rails it will give two direct trunk-lines from Peking to Burma and Tongking. No work has as yet been done on the concession from Chung-king to Yunnan, but from this point southward England has projected two lines of railway, one through Siam to Maulmain, on the Gulf of Martaban, the other to Kun-long ferry, on the boundary-line of Burma, where the railroad from Mandalay now ends. From Mandalay a road is now completed northward to Myitkyina, on the Irrawaddy, while from the Calcutta districts a railroad is in course of construction to Sadiya, on the Brahmaputra. Only one hundred miles separate these two towns, and a rail connection

would complete the round-Asia route of projected railroads.

France, though backward in the building of projected Chinese railroads, is rapidly pushing her line across Burma from Hue, and has completed a small section in Tongking, from Hanoi to Lang Son, on the Chinese border. In Korea a recent concession authorizes her to build a railroad from Seoul, the capital, to Wi-ju, on the Yalu River, on the boundary of Russia's new possessions, and only a little more than a hundred miles from Mukden, on the Chinese Eastern Railway, and as near the heavily garrisoned Russian outposts, Niu-chuang and Port Arthur, from which points rails could doubtless be quickly laid to Wi-ju to connect with the line of Russia's ally, in case of emergency.

Japan's only railway concession on the continent of Asia is in Korea, from Fusan to Seoul, the capital. This is almost the greatest thorn in Russia's side, promising to be the cause of the evidently inevitable conflict over Asiatic railway concessions, and may compel Russia to winter her Pacific squadron in Nagasaki harbor. Japan, feeling sure of the backing of England and China, wishes to bring matters to a trial of conclusions before the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which will forever settle the doom of Korea as an independent nation; but Russia has given England assurances which, for the sake of peace, Great Britain accepts as if she really believed them to be in earnest.

The Chinese railroads about Peking enter into the situation only as possible spoils to the victors after the break-up, but there may be trouble when the division comes, unless Russia is allowed to arrange the matter peacefully and to her own satisfaction, for she now considers Peking a Russian city, and to all intents and purposes it is.

Such is a statement of fact concerning the warfare of railways in Asia. There are two possible results. England, Italy, Germany, Japan, and the United States may awaken to the situation soon enough to checkmate Russia by completing their routes. In this event virtually a new world will be opened to peace, civilization, commerce, science, invention; but if these countries continue too long to be apathetic, the Great Bear will have all Asia in the merciless grasp of his steel-shod claws, and no man can foretell the outcome.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Date-Line.

THE stir in the minds of men occasioned by so great a change in the date as the one made this year seems to be universal. That 1900 is the last year of the nineteenth century, and not the first of the twentieth, naturally settles itself, so far as THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is concerned, with the following definition from The Century Dictionary:

3. A period of one hundred years, reckoned from any starting-point: as, a *century* of national independence; a *century* of oppression. Specifically, one of a number of hundred-year periods, reckoned either forward or backward from some recognized era. Thus the *first century* of the Christian era began with the year A. D. 1 and extended to the end of the year 100; the *third century* began with 201 and ended with 300; and the *eighth century* began with 1701 and ended with 1800, the year completing the hundred-year period in each instance giving name to the century.

It is idle for one to try to avert a feeling not untinged with mysticism at this passage from eighteen to nineteen in so intimate a matter as the date of one's diary and letter-heads. In vain one says to himself, no real epoch is approaching, no actual corner is being turned; any moment in one's life may begin a more important period. One may reason about it as ineffectually as one reasons about birthdays when one has passed youth.

Perhaps it is because the date-line that one passes, though imponderable and in itself a fashion of speech, does, after all, truly stand in the imagination for that flight of time which is the very tread of fate. The pathos of the unescapable is in it. Time moves on for all of us to the inevitable and unknown terminus, and it is natural to turn from the thought of a century's flight to the flight of the individual life.

There is a sense that comes in the full tide of being that the time ahead is shorter than the time that has passed. We may hold that it is possible that some of the best accomplishments of a career lie in its later fortunes; but this is only an effort at self-comfort, such as Longfellow put forward in "Morituri Salutamus," where are fondly arrayed the accomplishments of the aged. The moment comes and comes again when the fact is forced upon the mind that youth is gone, that the time that remains is curiously brief.

There's not enough for this and that:
Make thy option which of two.

It is then that one thing after the other seems strangely not worth while. Emerson's "Terminus" states the conclusion most poignantly, but not the surprise with which the conclusion is reached.

Those who give way to the effects of this discovery are probably natures lacking in initial energy. When we see old men enthusiastic in schemes up into the seventies—even the nineties—we find an overplus of the common vitality which makes most men keep up their interest in life beyond the period of youthful force. And when we see men early to recognize that their "best days" are gone, there is an under-supply of the energy with which average natures are endowed.

There are those who in their very youth, probably through lack of vital fire, realize that life at the longest is short; they start discouraged. And yet logically they are right. Human life, in comparison with the spaces of history, with the stability of some forms of vegetable growth, with the endurance of inanimate matter, and with our imagination of eternity, is indeed cruelly or, if you please, ridiculously brief.

So, indeed, all men should pray, if prayers could be made and heard after the fact, that they be born with an ample share of the intoxication, the illusion, of hope, with physical energy as well as energy of purpose, with resolution which should start with their lives and stay with them to the end.

It may be said that it is rational that youth should cherish schemes, and that many of them are of a kind that middle and old age must abandon, in the very nature of things; it is right that the "thoughts of youth" should be "long, long thoughts," and that the "long thoughts" of youth should be calmly and philosophically relinquished in later years. True enough! But there are long, long thoughts that are the part of wisdom in the middle-aged and the old. It is not only the rich, with their endowments, their institutions, which will last in proportion as they are wisely framed—it is not only the rich, we say, who can build well, and for more than a day, no matter how late in life. There are examples that can be set; there are words that can be said; there are wise and long-living results that can be attained by purely spiritual means. Deeds pregnant with great followings over a large field, or over a small, may take little time in the doing. Almost every newspaper tells of an "every-day hero," a hero who may be a child that, with an instinct of altruism, loses its own life in rescuing another's; or it may be one whose capability for heroism may be revealed only in tottering age. There may go from the last years of the oldest a sweet and saving influence that, passing from heart to heart, will never fail in the long procession of souls.

Fortunate for those who can cross any given date-line, no matter how far on in the list of lines possible yet to be crossed, not in the mood of Arnold's melancholy "Growing Old," but in the

masterful temper of Emerson's familiar trumpet-call:

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Benefits of Jury Duty to the Juror.

A REFORM much needed in at least one large city of the United States is a more uniform enforcement of the laws relating to jurors. Altogether too many classes of citizens are exempt from a service which is one of the best possible schools of citizenship; but if all who are not exempt by law were held to their duty with the strictness of a compulsory military system, a service which is now vexatious and burdensome to a relatively small number of citizens would be light when distributed among many, and would be accepted in a cheerful spirit as a fair contribution to the welfare of the State.

A great many abuses cluster about the shirking of jury duty, or the general desire to shirk it. Hundreds of citizens never go to the polls lest their names should get on the jury-lists. They have not the manhood to assert a conviction in regard to public men and public measures, nor the fairness to share in the ordinary burdens of citizenship. This is a spirit of meanness which prevails mostly among those who can best afford the loss which may be supposed to be incident to the gift of their time, and who can least afford to be without the physical and moral protection of the laws. With an equanimity which nobody frowns upon, they sponge upon their fellow-citizens in the matter of personal service to the community.

Other hundreds of citizens who would think it cowardly to throw away their votes in order to escape jury duty are willing, nevertheless, to seek exemption as a favor from politicians and lawyers who do a wholesale brokerage of friendship in this line, so lightly do the commissioners of jurors hold to their duties. This method of evasion by favor is so general that those who connive at it suffer abrasion of conscience to no greater extent than they would if they were to encourage beggary by bestowing a dollar of somebody else's money on every passer-by.

Those who seek exemption after they are summoned to appear in court meet with firmness, yet with proper consideration, at the hands of the judges. If every branch of the machinery of the republic stood the strain of human weakness as well as the bench, ours would be, indeed, an ideal form of government.

Our judges, with their ability to weigh the average justice of decisions by jury, are always the stoutest defenders of the jury system. They would perform a public service if they would lead, unitedly, in a movement to strip the system of many of the present legal exemptions, and to hold

every citizen of competent intelligence and education to compulsory jury duty in rotation.

Several other necessary reforms would benefit from the proper enforcement of even the present jury laws. It might ultimately be questioned whether those who are incompetent to decide an ordinary question of fact in the jury-box are capable of selecting lawmakers and of determining public policies through the agency of the ballot-box. With the limitation of the suffrage to those having the moral right to exercise it might come compulsory voting,—which many think one of the reforms in the direction of better government,—and compulsory sharing, perhaps, in other burdens of citizenship.

Aside from the obligation to render jury service, every citizen who evades it, no matter what his status in life may be, throws away a great opportunity for self-improvement and for the cultivation of interest in his fellow-man. Employers of young men in positions of trust could not seek their own interest more surely than by submitting to the inconvenience and expense of encouraging their assistants and clerks to study the errors and contentions of life from the vantage-ground of the jury-box. Every father should urge his son to look upon the folly of deceit and passion from the bulwark of justice, and should do so, first of all, by his own good example as a faithful juror.

A Neglected Art.

No one who has had correspondence with French men or women can have failed to remark the grace and charm of even their briefest notes—the nice adjustment of word and phrase to express the relationship between sender and receiver, with the proper degree of respect or affection, or, indeed, of respect in affection. Courtesy in letter-writing is one of the most delightful survivals of that old régime with which, politically, we are much out of sympathy. In France the accomplishment is characteristic alike of the *grande dame*, the gentleman, the shopkeeper, and the seamstress. It is a part of the education of every French boy and girl, and if it strikes an American sometimes as carried to an artificial extent, it is perhaps because in France epistolary communication—like nearly every other of its institutions—is carefully elaborated on a theoretical basis. Whatever we may think of a Frenchman's judgments, he would scorn that one should assume him not to be a creature of rational conduct. You may not think his reason for doing a thing cogent, but he always has one, and always is ready to give it, and he cannot condemn an act more utterly than by his "C'est ridicule!" This nicety in matters of formality is at the basis of the French idea of society as an organization, and it has permeated the official life of all other countries. To any one with a feeling for art the grace of French correspondence is a perpetual delight, like a strain of beautiful music.

There is nothing in which the character of the superior man or woman expresses itself more than in letter-writing. When a warm heart and a witty mind are united in the free play of a friendly epis-

tle the charm is perennial. England and America have produced examples of admirable literary letters, both in substance and in form. It is, however, not the matter, but the manner, upon which we wish to lay stress—the need of cultivating the graces of every-day correspondence. Do parents give themselves any solicitude about this part of their children's education? Are our preparatory schools awake to this desideratum? Are our universities, which of course cannot undertake such preliminary work, bringing pressure in this direction upon the schools which send them the large proportion of their matriculates? And yet what training can be more practical for man or woman? What doth it avail to know Latin and the "ologies" if one writes an uncouth, flabby, or ungracious note? To know just the right way of saying the thing that is to be said is an art more to be

desired than much knowledge, and one that goes farther in making life agreeable. Many a young woman's career has been wrecked on the maxim that "knowledge is power." "I am told, madame, that your daughter knows a great deal," said a Frenchman to the mother of a blue-stocking. "She should be very careful that nobody finds it out." The consciousness of book-learning excites the antagonism of a healthy nature; while tact, kindness, and grace, the ingredients of a well-expressed letter, are the sort of good that more communicated more abundant grows. There is no better way of inculcating them in children than to insist upon their relation to letter-writing. A child that has learned the sort of consideration for others that is involved in a courteous and kindly letter is already a useful member of society.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Homeopathic Practitioner.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

One day while strolling down a lane,
I found young Strephon lying
Beneath a tree, in bitter pain,
Wounded and wan and sighing.

Within his hand he held a dart
From out Dan Cupid's quiver,
And while he plained his broken heart,
His tears ran like a river.

"O cruel Cupid!" loud he cried,
"The wound you gave is mortal,
For Chloë has my suit denied,
And turned me from her portal.

"Ah, woe is me! I die of love"—
Just then the air was thrilling
With rippling laughter from above,
Tuneful as song-birds' trilling;

And on a branch that gently swayed
Sat Cupid, deftly stringing
His bow, then to the wound he'd made
Another dart went winging.

"Coward!" I cried, "the hurt he had
From others should secure him."
"Nay," laughed the wanton little lad;
"It will not kill, but cure him.

"For though the former shaft I sent
Was tipped with Chloë's flushes,



Unto the latter one I lent
The charm of Celia's blushes."

And when, next evening, I espied
Celia and Strephon straying
Through woodland pathways, side by side,
With lover-like delaying,

"Faith, Dr. Cupid," whispered I,
"Your cures are made instant;
The famous motto you apply,
' . . . similibus curantur.'"

Beatrice Hanscom.



ETIQUETTE



CEREMONIOUS INSISTENCE



SIMULTANEOUS ACCEPTANCE



CEREMONIOUS SIMULTANEOUS REGRETS

* The Old to the New.

WHEN the breath of the winter has coated the earth,
And the air is a-riot with tingle and mirth—
A carnival time when each highway foretells
The rush of our flight and the dash of our bells;
Till everything fitted with runners is out
To join in the racing and romping and rout;
When, sky-line to sky-line, there 's nothing on wheels—
Say, where are you chaps with your automobiles?

In summer, I grant you, your newfangled cart,
Which merely the twist of a lever will start,
All nicked and polished and geared like a bike,
Is really the nobbiest thing on the pike.
But here is a season which nature has wrought,
When glitter and "bearings" and tires go for naught.

Why, even staid Dobbin now kicks up his heels—
Yet what can you say for your automobiles?

Can all of your patents and mountings galore
Supply the sweet music of bells, just before?
The cold, pulseless lever your vehicles own
Make up for the pull of the gallant old roan,

As, laying his ears back and flinging the snow,
He passes the best that the neighbors can show?
Now, had n't *you* rather have something that *feels*
For winter—you praters of automobiles?

And Lucy, I reckon she 'd always prefer
The old-fashioned cutter—for me and for her,
With buffalo-ropes and a brick for our feet,
And drawn by a flier that lightning can't beat,
And a long country road, in the moonlight, the
whiles
Through drift and through hollow we cover the
miles;
And a deep, cozy seat, with a back that conceals
Our doings—no, thank you, no automobiles!

Edwin L. Sabin.

Oh, Fair Ellen Bahn.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, when parted from thee, love,
Me heart it does ache to a painful degree, love;
An' sure 't is I feel that you will agree, love,
To save me such pain, your sight I should see, love:
An', vourneen, I fear me heart it will break,
An' you, an old maid, will weep at me wake.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, when you frown upon me,
love,
More black than the night is the day unto me, love;
Sure so heavy my grief, I keep from the sea, love,
Lest, slipping within, I sink forty degree, love:
An', vourneen, I fear wid your frowning I 'll die,
An' you, an old maid, will wake me an' cry.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, when you don't speak to me,
love,
The sweetest of music is sour unto me, love;
An' when from this earth wid me wings I do flee,
love,
Though softly you t'ase, I can't come to thee, love:
An', vourneen, och hone! you 'd thremble wid fear,
An' you, an old maid, to weep at me bier.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, give one kiss unto me, love;
Wid the greenwood me roof, I happy would be,
love;
Say one kiss a day, one sweet kiss from thee, love,
An' I 'd live widout doubt to a hundred an' three,
love:
An', vourneen, an' when I 'm a hundred an' three,
Than to be an old maid, you 'd wed 'long o' me.

Jennie E. T. Dove.

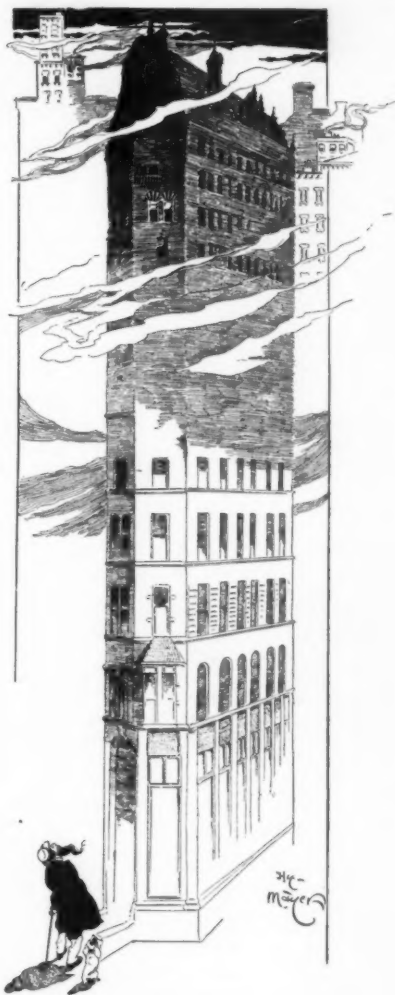
Talk on Tap.

KATE HARRIGAN, fat, fifty, and voluble, hails Bachelor Reynolds, who is on his way down to town.

"Whoa! Hullo, there! Good marnin', Mr. Reynolds. 'T is a lovely cool marnin', barrin' the hate." (Lowering her voice as she approaches his wagon.) "Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me what 's good fer the croup in a baby? Me Mike has n't got it yit, but

I tharht he might git it, an' 't is bist to be prepared. Was n't it arfil about the deat' of Mrs. Cassidy? Only fifty, an' arftin women of her age lives to be eighty. Father Ry'n says it's th' on-dootifulness of the childher that do be makin' the parents oulder than they was yairs ago—sure, I dunno. You 'd not know anny one that wants to buy anny hay? We have none to sell, but I might hair of some one wantin' to sell, an' 't would be aisy tellin' him if I knew. Did you hair about Mamie Canty? She ran away wid a man ould enough to be her brother-in-law. An' they do be sayin' that the peopel that barght the Mills place is Hoongarians. Sure, 't is a pity we can't kape furriners out. Some that you meet talk English that it would puzzle an American to understand. Well, it does be harrd gettin' along these days. You 'd not be havin' an ould refrigerator you 'd want to sell? I 'm tellin' ould Mike that ours milts the ice faster than we can put it in, an' between that an' the rheumatism an' the taxes bein' due, an'—oh, Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me what's good fer feather-atin' in hins? I have a rooster that the hins has pecked as bare as a—I was tellin' Mike about it, but he's busy plantin' pertaties, an' what do you think of the chance fer a crop?—I dunno. Sp'akin' of pertaties, my boy Jimmy do be worryin' me wid goin' arf bathin'. Sure, there's enough things that needs doin' widout bathin'. Can you tell me is cod-liver oil good fer mowin'-machines? Mike ran out of oil, an' I was offerin' him the cod-liver oil I used whin Jimmy broke his leg fallin' out of the cherry-tree last April. Sure, that b'y 'll be the deat' of me wid his venturesome ways. Was n't it arfil the Jones losin' their calf? They 'd been yairs, ye might say, raisin' it fer the market, an' to have it killed that-a-way! I think it was a weasil that done it. I suppose you must be in a hurry, so I 'll not kape you, but can you tell me what's good fer chilblains in winter? Last winter Michael soofered arfil, an' it's June now. But June is the month fer butter. You 'd not care to buy anny, I suppose? In May it's grass butter an' not fit t' ate, an' indade it's only in June an' October it's fit to put down. Michael's father's aunt's cousin used to make illigant butter, but she got consumed an' died, an' gev up makin' it. Do you want anny kittens? I have five, an' barrin' they're sickly, they 'd make nice company fer you in th' avenin'. An' how's your little b'y?—ah, sure, I forgot you are n't the marri'd wan. You look like your brother—I wonder how your little b'y 'd be if you had wan." (Mr. Reynolds starts his horse.) "Well, good-by, an' thank you kindly fer callin'. Oh, an', Mr. Reynolds, if you see anny paint that 'd do to paint the ice-house an' it's chape, will you mind askin' if they 'd be willin' to sell anny? Times is so harrd, an' Michael wid the rheumatism" (raising her voice as the wagon recedes), "an' baby comin' down wid the croup like as not, an' the hins nakid, an' the weather so dry, an' Mrs. Cassidy dead,—rest her sow!—an' I think we 'll have rain wan of those fine days." (Shrieking.) "Good-by, an' God bliss you."

Charles Battell Loomis.



SIGHT-SEEING IN THE METROPOLIS.

The Nodding of Homer.

THE erring tyro nimbly cites—
Whose Pegasus goes roughly shod,
Who blunders much, when much he writes—
That Homer, too, was known to nod.

O reckless bard, what vain excuse!
(Though "bard," I fear, 's a mild misnomer;)
Take heed of this for future use:
'T was not his nodding made him Homer.

Joseph Jastrow.



Romance Below Stairs.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

BARNEY was a footman; Bridget was a housemaid;
Her slim feet made no more noise than a little, frightened mouse made,
That scuttered swiftly by,
And sent her skirts as high
As showed how shapely shapely ankles can be when they try.

Over the heads of the two of them a red-haired Cupid hovered
With a four-leafed clover in his hand to keep them undiscovered.
A bit of a brogue had Barney,
He 'd filed his tongue on the Blarney;
And Bridget's accent was like zephyrs loafing round Killarney.

He kissed her on the stairway; he kissed her in the hall;
He kissed her under her tilty nose, and paid her cheeks a call.
Her mistress said she was "neat,"
But Barney said she was "shweet,"
And swore the very thought of her, faith, took him off his feet.

Now, when they had an evening out, they took it both together;
And if the outer season matched their own sweet inner weather,
They flew to Cinthral Park,
And chose a bench in the dark;
And there they 'd spark and spoon awhile, and then they 'd spoon and spark.

Young princes woo young princesses in no more royal bowers,
Nor in pools of shade more sheltered from the moon with trees and flowers.

The snobs may prink and fidget,
But Cupid 's no man's idiot:
He smiles no more on a king and queen than he smiles on a Barney and Bridget. *Rupert Hughes.*



Florence Scovel Shinn

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